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THE METROPOLITAN.

PRINCE LUCIEN BONAPARTE'S MEMOIRS.

FROM the great interest excited by the announcement of the Prince of Canino having determined to publish his own MEMOIRS, as well as from the highly-important nature of the work itself, we feel great pleasure in having it in our power to publish, *Exclusively*, the following Extracts from the early part of it, with which we have been favoured.

We shall commence with the Prince's account of himself and family.

"When the revolution opened in 1789, the grand era of political reform, I entered my fifteenth year. After having been alternately for some time at the College of Autun, and at the Military School of Brienne, lastly at the seminary of Aix in Provence, I returned to Corsica. My mother, a widow in the prime of her life, devoted herself to the care of her numerous family. Joseph, the eldest of her children, was twenty-two years of age, and seconded her attentions to us with ardour, and with a paternal affection. Napoléon, two years younger than Joseph, was just returned from France with our sister, Marianne-Eliza, from the Ecole Royale of St. Cyr. Louis, Jerome, Pauline, and Caroline, were all children. A brother of my father, the Archidriere Lucien, was become the chief of our family, and though gouty and bedridden for some time past, he watched over our interests without ceasing. If providence had struck us with a cruel blow in depriving us so early of our father, it compensated for that loss, as far as possible, in leaving us yet for some time that excellent uncle, and in endowing the best of mothers with that spirit of constancy, and strength of soul, of which the future that opened before us, furnished the opportunity of giving abundant proofs in a course of wonderful prosperity, as well as in that long exile which still holds us beneath its inexorable influence, and to the termination of which she had not the consolation to look forward in her dying hour. A brother, worthy of our mother, the Abbé Fesch, completed our family.

"Although holding one of the first ranks in the island in every respect, our fortune was not very brilliant. Several voyages of my father to France, where he was deputy of the noblesse to Louis XVI., and the expenses of our education, superior to his means, notwithstanding the benefits he derived from government, had much impoverished our fortune.

"The education of my two elder brothers upon the continent, mine, and the deputations of our father to Paris, had rendered us entirely French. Corsica had been declared, since the 30th of November 1789, an integral part of the monarchy; and that declaration, which had satisfied the wishes of the islanders, had completely effaced from their minds the bitter remembrance of the conquest. The philosophical ideas, and revolutionary

agitations which prevailed upon the continent, fermented also in our heads; and no one hailed with more ardour than we did, the dawn of 1789. Joseph enters into the administration of the departments. Napoléon, prepared by serious studies to march with giant steps in his career of prodigies—and the third brother, a mere boy, ran to throw himself into the popular societies with the lively enthusiasm of a youthful and ardent head, filled with the remembrances of college, and the great names of Rome and Greece.

"I think it right to suppress all details that are foreign to public affairs: of what avail would they be? Amidst the numerous recollections of my early years, I notice only those which appear to me to be useful."

After describing the state of the island at that period, the Prince thus proceeds to speak of the celebrated Paoli.

"Our ancient chief, the famous Pascal Paoli, was returned; he had only passed through Paris, and although they paid him every mark of respect that was due to so great a man, he judged with severity the chiefs who then directed the revolution. Louis XVI. had inspired him with a profound interest. Paoli foresaw the future: he arrived in Corsica, weary and discontented. Every political phasis increased his discontent. It was at that moment that his arrival at Ajaccio was announced to us. We had for a long time offered up prayers for his return. The enthusiasm which his name alone inspired, gave him a superior moral force over the government. He was the friend, the father, the idol of the towns and hamlets. As soon, therefore, as his arrival was promised at Ajaccio, all business ceased—nothing was thought of but his reception. The authorities, the Gamison, the popular society, thought only of Paoli; their impatience to see him increased every hour.

"My age gave me access only to the popular Society. I thought night and day of nothing but the discourse that I should pronounce before the hero. But being rather diffident, as a young man, of my phrases, I had recourse to our library: after having rummaged over all the books without ceremony, I appropriated several passages that pleased me; and it was, above all, Bodin and Needham that I secretly put under contribution. I made choice of those civilians the least known, that I might deck myself with some of the spoils without fear of detection. I was desirous also to treat of some patriotic subject on the history of Corsica, with a view of leading to applications favourable to our illustrious auditor. I did not need upon this occasion to have recourse to foreign aid: I chose for my subject the death of the curate of Gnagno, who, surrounded in the hollow of a ravine by the Genoese troops, from whom he could not escape, but upon condition of taking the oath of obedience to the tyrants of his country, preferred to die of hunger. Above twenty years afterwards, I celebrated that sublime death in one of the cantos of my poem of the "*Ceméide*," under the name of Rosol. No ancient republic offers in its history a more heroic martyrdom than that of the curate of Gnagno. It exalted my imagination; I composed my speech with a palpitating heart, and, I believe, it possessed sufficient merit to make me regret its loss.

"Thus prepared, I ran with a crowd of my countrymen to meet Paoli. He had already received my two elder brothers as the sons of a man who was dear to him, who had possessed his entire confidence, and who had served with him in the war of independence; he welcomed me as such: his caresses intoxicated me; and I counted the moments that delayed our sitting. It opened at length; Paoli was seated in front of the tribune in an arm-chair, ornamented with laurels and crowns of oak. I conquered my momentary agitation, and poured forth my fragments of Needham and Bodin with confidence and warmth. I remember only that they dwelt

chiefly upon the preference that the people should give to a republican government. Well chosen for the chief of our ancient republic, and adroitly joined together, those fragments of two grave civilians might well cause wonder and astonishment in the mouth of an orator of seventeen; their effect, therefore, surpassed my hopes. Paoli, in embracing me, called me his little Tacitus. The members of our club who took their part in my triumph, announced then that I had got another harangue ready upon the subject of the death of the curate of Gnagno, and Paoli promised us a second audience.

"This time my success was without alloy. Our hero was affected with the cries of hatred against the Genoese which sprang forth from my subject, and resounded in my passionate recital. The hatred of the Genoese, that patriotic passion of his whole life, moved every fibre of his soul; and when, in my peroration, the martyred curate pronounced with an expiring and prophetic voice the name of Paoli, the avenger of liberty, the tears were seen to flow down the cheeks of the venerable father of his country. I enjoyed with delight those tears. Paoli declared that he would take me with him, and that I should never leave him. Heroic old man! how happy was I to follow thee to the simple residence of Rostino! how little did I then think that my stay with thee would have been of so short a duration, and that the political tempest was soon to separate us for ever!

"The village of Mostino is situated on the mountains, and composed only of cottages and some small houses. Paoli inhabited a convent, where he lived with a noble simplicity. He had every day at his frugal but well-served table several guests. Every day a numerous crowd of mountaineers waited for the moment of his going out to see and speak to him: they surrounded him with filial respect. He spoke to all like a good father; but what at first surprised me extremely, was his recollecting and calling by their names the chiefs of families whom he had not seen for above a quarter of a century. Those calls, that remembrance, produced upon our islanders a magical effect. The fine head of the noble old man, ornamented with his long white hair, his majestic figure, his mild but penetrating look, his clear and sonorous voice, all contributed to throw an inexpressible charm upon what he said. To imagine a patriarch legislator in the midst of his numerous race, I do not think that either painting or poetry could borrow more noble features than those which I contemplated for several months at Rostino.

"Notwithstanding my enthusiasm, upon reflecting one day on the prodigious memory of Paoli, I began to question myself how it was possible. That same scene repeated several times at each walk, and almost in the same terms, ended by inspiring me with doubts. I was as much as I could be at the side of my hero. I began by observing all the preparations for these daily walks; a monk went always to the cabinet of Paoli before he walked out: I slyly followed him, and I beheld him for several successive days descend into the middle of the crowd, and talk with the chiefs of those who were waiting for an audience. . . . I was upon the track for making discovery: it appeared evident to me that the precursor monk supplied, by his confidential reports, the memory of the patron. I must own that discovery displeased me: although I observed how greatly that paternal friend rendered so many good old men happy, the shadow of a deception offended my young imagination, and cooled a little my enthusiasm. I had been less scrupulous as to my speech. . . . We are always more indulgent towards ourselves.

"But the friendship which he evinced towards me appeared to increase every day; and the little cloud which had arisen over our walks, was shortly dissipated. Paoli loved to talk to me of England—of the true liberty which reigned in that happy country—of the good sense of its in-

habitants—of the admirable equilibrium of its political powers. ‘England,’ said he, ‘is not a monarchy: it is a wise and powerful republic: happy would it be for France if she would take England for her model.’ All those conversations astonished me, they were beyond my comprehension: my wise interlocutor did me more honour than I deserved: his lessons appeared strange to me, and soon they ceased to please me: I observed, under the Anglo mania, which I understood but very vaguely at that time, a little antipathy towards France; it wounded me deeply. Paoli perceived it, and he adjusted his lessons to what he called my college prejudices. He made the same attempt with my two elder brothers, that he had made to win me; but with more circumspection, as he was very anxious to gain us entirely; he had frequent conferences with Joseph and Napoléon, but he soon saw the inutility of his efforts. Notwithstanding the horror with which the revolutionary excesses inspired us, we felt assured that they would be calmed, and that the benefits of the revolution would survive its atrocities: we were Frenchmen, and we had faith in the future. Besides which, our island had maintained itself pure from the dreadful excesses which had sullied so many communes of the continent.

“We approached, however, the year of 1793! The sentiments of Paoli against France manifested themselves more openly every day. Every day he became more discontented with us, and less certain of persuading us to join him in the defection which he meditated. The catastrophe of the 21st of January gave the perishing blow to his hatred. He shook with rage—he could no longer contain himself. ‘Behold,’ said he, ‘your French wallowing in innocent blood! Behold them! Well, will you still dare to defend them? I can no longer bear it. The sons of Charles can never be capable of abandoning me. But the brothers must decide: they must choose between France and me. But there is no longer any France. The monsters have destroyed all that merited to live. . . . They have murdered their king, the best of men. . . . *A saint. . . . A saint. . . . A saint!* (He repeated with increasing ardour at every word.) Corsica will have no more to do with them, neither will I. Let them keep for themselves their blood-stained liberty: it was not made for my brave mountaineers: it were better to return to the Genoese. I expect you, brothers—and woe to him who shall pronounce in favour of that horde of brigands! I will not own one of them; no, not one, not even the sons of Charles!’

“I still behold the ardent old man: his countenance sparkled, his anger appeared to aggrandise him. His error was deplorable, since he saw in our immortal revolution only the crimes of the Reign of Terror. It was in vain that we told him that the execrable regicide of Charles the First had not prevented the establishment of English liberty after a time. He would not hear us. But the motive which misled him was as pure as his soul. He was wrong in despairing of the fortune of France—of seeing the salvation of his country only in the union with England, which he esteemed above all other nations. He deceived himself with regard to the future: but he never ceased, notwithstanding his error, to be worthy of himself. Those who have explained his conduct as arising from motives of vulgar ambition, did not know him. Peace, honour, and glory to his ashes! They are worthy of the pantheon of a great and free nation. . . . They are worthy to repose beneath the roof of Westminster Abbey.”

The following is the account of the escape from Corsica.

“Perceiving that the storm was about to burst over us, the popular Society decided upon sending a deputation to the popular Society at

Marseilles, and to that of the Jacobins at Paris, to solicit their prompt aid: I was named chief of the deputation, and we departed a few hours afterwards: we well knew him who had raised the standard of war; and were aware that we had not a moment to lose.

"Scarcely, indeed, had we departed, when the spirit of insurrection broke out, and knew no longer any limits. '*Vive Paoli!* Long live Paoli! Let Paoli govern us! We will have only what he ordains! Death to his enemies!' Such were the clamours of the immense majority. The horn of the islanders resounded in every valley, and its menacing voice carried defiance even to the ramparts of Ajaccio. My mother had at that time with her only her two youngest sons, three daughters, and her brother, the Cardinal Fesch. But it was not the first time that she had performed the part of both father and mother to her family; and she again displayed that firm and courageous spirit which had distinguished her in her early years, during the wars of independence. She provided for all like an expert chieftain; she dispatched numerous messages to Joseph and Napoléon, both by sea and land, and gave notice that they would soon arrive in the port, with the representatives of the people, and succeeded in neutralising the partisans of Paoli in the town.

"But this great chief had not forgotten the art of making the most of time. To regain us or to stop us, he determined to have the most precious hostages; and while waiting for the French fleet, my mother was upon the point of falling into the hands of irritated enemies.

"Awakened suddenly in the middle of the night, she beheld her chamber filled with armed mountaineers She at first imagined that she was surprised by her enemies; but by the light of a torch of fir, which fell upon the countenance of the chief, she felt re-assured: it was Costa of Bastelica, the most devoted of our partisans. 'Quick, make haste, Signora Letizia; Paoli's men are close upon you; you have not a moment to lose; but here I am with all my men. We will save you, or perish with you!'

"Bastelica is one of the most populous villages in Corsica, situated at the foot of Monte d'Oro, in the middle of a forest of chesnuts, the growth of centuries: it contains inhabitants renowned for their courage and audacity, and for unbounded fidelity in their affections. One of these intrepid hunters, while traversing the chain of mountains which separates the island into two parts, had encountered a numerous troop descending towards Ajaccio. He learnt that this troop were to be introduced during the night into the town by the party of Paoli, and to carry off our family prisoners to Mostino. He had even heard it affirmed that they were to take all the children of Charles alive or dead. To return like an arrow to his village, and inform the chief of our partisans, to arm all who had a gun or a poniard, and to traverse with hasty strides the forest of Bastelica, was but the affair of a moment. After a forced march of several hours, our brave friends entered the town during the night, about three hundred in number, having only preceded our enemies by a few miles.

"My mother and her children arose in haste, having only time to take their clothes with them, and, placed in the centre of the column, they left the town in silence, the inhabitants being still plunged in sleep. They entered into the deepest recesses of the mountain, and, at break of day, they halted in a forest, from whence they could discover a part of the shore. Several times the fugitives heard from their encampment the troops of the enemy traverse the neighbouring valleys; but Providence deigned to spare them from an encounter that must have been fatal. On the same day the flames, arising in thick columns from the middle of the town, attracted the eyes of our friends. '*It is your house that is burning,*' said one of them to my mother. '*Ah! never mind,*' she replied, '*we will build it up again much better: Vive la France!*' After two nights of a

march, skilfully directed, they at length perceived the sails of the French vessels. My mother took leave of her brave defenders, and rejoined her eldest sons on board the frigate of the representatives of the people. The rage of our enemies was thus reduced to expend itself upon the stones of our house."

That fearful period, the Reign of Terror, is thus described.

"I had departed with the deputation from Ajaccio; and a favourable wind wafted us to France in twenty-four hours. I had left it about four years, without having finished my studies at the seminary at Aix; and I was about to re-appear in it, charged with a political mission. My vanity was exalted to so high a pitch, that I fancied myself a personage of sufficient importance to attract the notice of the crowd which covered the port of Marseilles, where we landed in the evening. We scarcely allowed ourselves a moment of repose, so great was our anxiety to arrive at the popular Society. In a vast saloon, which admitted very little light, were seated the members of the Society, all of them with red caps upon their heads. The galleries were filled with noisy women. As soon as the president had announced that a deputation of patriots from Corsica were the bearers of important news, a hearing was allowed us, and I was called to the tribune, before I had thought of what I had to say. I began by declaring that the nation was betrayed in Corsica, and that we were come to invoke the aid of our brothers. As I was ignorant at that moment of the flight of our family, I did not then feel any personal hatred against Paoli: I wished to keep fair with him; but the acclamations from the galleries augmented in proportion to the violence of my words, and, for the first time, I experienced how much the passions of those who listen have power over those who speak. Carried away by the cries and applause from the galleries, I soon began to talk in a manner calculated to increase their excitement. It was not only a speedy succour that I demanded, but I painted Paoli as having abused the national confidence, and as having only returned into his island that he might deliver it up to the English. They, above all, were not spared in my figures of rhetoric. It was the chord most likely to touch the feelings of my auditors, and I made it my favourite theme. I was overpowered with caresses and compliments; they would not let me quit the tribune; and I chattered away for about two hours at random. Motion upon motion succeeded one after the other. An order for printing my speech, a message to the administrators of the department to send troops to the aid of Ajaccio, a deputation of three members to accompany us to the Jacobins of Paris, to denounce the treason of Paoli, and to demand vengeance;—all these measures were adopted with rejoicing and unanimity. My colleagues not having funds sufficient for the journey to Paris, I determined upon accompanying the deputies of Marseilles alone, and we left the assembly together at midnight.

"Solitude and repose having calmed my mind, the image of that Paoli, who for so long a time had been the object of my worship, began to trouble my inmost soul, in a manner that very much resembled remorse. I called to mind our conversations at Mostino; I had been uttering without premeditation sentiments in direct opposition to those which for several months I had heard proceed from lips which I revered. Furious cries against Paoli had replied to my impassioned eloquence. They had associated with me, to accompany me to Paris, a set of men, whose repulsive aspect, savage language, and the *ton* of the *Halles* in their manners, had disagreeably surprised me. After an agitated sleep, I awoke discontented and undecided. The Marseillaise deputies came to fetch me to breakfast with them at the café: I followed them. They conducted me

to the Cannebière, the principal street of Marseilles. I admired that long place, surrounded with superb edifices. An immense crowd of men, women, and children, were walking, and pushing against each other to get on. I inquired of one of the *Brothers and Friends*,* if it was a day of festival. 'O no,' he replied with great tranquillity, 'it is only about twenty aristocrats, who are giving us a little trouble: don't you see them?' I looked in the direction to which he pointed, . . . and I beheld the guillotine, red with blood, at work! . . . There were some of the richest merchants whom they had for above a quarter of an hour been murdering! and that crowd, whom their bounty had so often fed, were walking in the street of the Cannebière to enjoy the spectacle! and the shops were full of customers as usual, and the cafés were open! . . . and the cakes and ginger-bread were circulating around us as upon the day of a fair!!! Never shall I forget the first time I walked in the streets of Marseilles.

"I left the coffee-house, upon I know not what pretext, as soon as possible, and I declared the next day that I would not go to Paris; that the deputies of the Marseillaise club did not want me to accompany them to fulfil their mission, and that I should await the promised succours to return to Corsica with my companions.

"A few days afterwards my fugitive family arrived in the port of Marseilles, deprived of every resource, but full of courage and in good health. Joseph, Napoléon, and myself, struggled against our ill-fortune. Napoléon, an officer of artillery, devoted the chief part of his salary towards the support of his family. Joseph was appointed commissary of war, and I was placed in the administration of the military subsistences. Under the title of refugee patriots, we obtained rations of bread; and these moderate succours sufficed to maintain us, aided, above all, by the good management and economy of our excellent mother. The recital of the dangers that she had run, the burning of our property, and the order to seize us, dead or alive, that had been given by Paoli, would soon have vanquished all further scruples on my part; and I should have gone to Paris very willingly, if the Marseillaise deputation had not already set out. At the same time my employment required my presence at St. Maximin, a small town, a few leagues distant from Marseilles; and I went there to succeed the keeper of the military stores, who was promoted to the rank of inspector.

"The republic had been but a few months in existence; and its arms, victorious over foreigners, plunged deeper every day into his own vitals. Already the populace were become too much accustomed to the scaffold. '*Woe to those who stop!*' said the savage Collet d'Herbois. The orators of the Gironde, grown wise too late, and desirous of enjoying their victory, had wished to stop, when the 31st of May arrived to overthrow them. The departments that had embraced their defence had laid down their arms. Danton and Robespierre had pushed the republic beyond all limits. To mark with one word that melancholy epoch, the title of *Moderate* was a sentence of death. The constitution, purely democratic, of 1793, was little worthy of its author, the philosopher Condorcet: although accepted by the primary assemblies, it was about to be suspended as impracticable; and the dictatorship of the convention was sustained by the *levée en masse*, by the laws against the suspected, by the forced loan, and the maximum; but, above all, by the irresistible valour of our armies, who had thrown down all obstacles before them. The convention marched victorious up to its knees in blood. . . . Lyons and La Vendée alone dared to resist that terrible dictation; every commune in France, from the largest to the smallest, had a club and revolutionary committee,

* Names which the Jacobins gave themselves.

which absorbed all the power, when the commissaries of the Convention were absent. Such was the crisis which agitated all the fibres of society, when I found myself launched, at eighteen years of age, in the middle of Provence, separated from my family, far from all my beloved countrymen, alone, a stranger without acquaintance, in a town divided into parties furiously exasperated against each other.

"I arrived at St. Maximin about the end of August in that year, at the moment when the revolutionary army of General Casteen came to Marseilles, to repress the spirit of rebellion excited by the example of Lyons, and which obstinately resisted the forces of the Convention. Some days after, Toulon surrendered to the combined fleets of England and Spain, meaning to submit to the Bourbons, whose rule it was certainly very pardonable to prefer to the Reign of Terror; but the hatred of treason, and the horror of a foreign yoke, raised to the highest pitch the universal indignation of the people. As for myself, I beheld, in the invaders of Toulon, those same English whom Paoli had called, after having separated our island from France, and for whom we had been driven from our home. The tribune of St. Maximin soon, therefore, resounded with the speeches of the young Corsican refugee; and the popular favour carried me rapidly from the arm-chair of the society to the presidency of the revolutionary committee. In a few days I had acquired a little dictatorship; and although this success was quite unlooked for, I was not the less proud at having obtained it.

"To strengthen my influence, I passed all my evenings at the patriotic club; where the whole town came to hear me. The few persons who were well educated were shut up as suspected: it was not, then, very surprising that I should have the advantage over all my rivals of the tribune. There was, therefore, no applause but for me. The women, rich and poor, came regularly to the sittings, bringing with them their work; for all worked, that they might not be accused of aristocracy, and joined in chorus with the men in applauding me, and in singing the patriotic hymns.

"So great and easy a success might have turned my head, if I had been ill-inclined or weak; for what might I not have done, or have suffered to have been done? Who would have thought, in that little demagogical Babylon, of daring to repress a hair-brained youth, whose inflammatory speeches in the evening at the club, and whose signature in the day at the committee, could have thrown terror and death into the bosom of a thousand families! A convent was filled with the suspected. It depended upon us to make the arbitrary choice, in those asylums of innocence, to expedite them to Orange! . . . and the revolutionary tribunal of Orange was the worthy tribunal of aid of Fouquier Tinville. . . Poor France!

"How many times I have thanked Providence for not having abandoned me to the intoxication of so extraordinary a position, so dangerous at my age, and for having surrounded me with plain and simple persons, ready to assist me in the good intentions with which I had inspired them, as they would have been equally ready to have aided me had I been inclined to have committed excesses. For in those moments of democratical despotism, (the worst of all despotisms,) the power of an orator, as long as he commands popular favour, is stronger than public conscience. I have often looked back upon myself: I have felt that my good sentiments were powerfully seconded by favourable circumstances. I was a refugee patriot, and a martyr to the revolutionary cause. These titles placed me beyond the reach of being suspected of aristocracy and of moderation. I could, to a certain point, brave the most prevailing prejudices, and follow the right road. But if, like many others, instead of these fortunate antecedent circumstances, I had been placed between my personal secu-

city and my conscience ;—if the terrible, the inexorable (*en avant, en avant,*) *forward, forward,* of the menacing democracy had resounded without ceasing behind me ; if, like so many others, I had been reduced to the infernal alternative of *kill or die* ;—can I be quite certain of what might have befallen me ? I flatter myself that I should have remained faithful to the good side, and that my moral courage would not have deserted me. Yet how many Frenchmen, who were as good or perhaps better than I was,—have they not slipped upon the edge of the precipice ? How many of these unfortunate beings, born of parents equally virtuous as my own, and gifted, like me, with a good education, have fallen ! Yes, it is by far the worst of all social states, where an honest man is exposed to become criminal,—where the fate of every one is at the mercy of all,—where we are never certain of what we may say, what we may do, or what will become of us on the morrow. Young men !—read the history of 1793 ; not in the pleadings of those rhetoricians who call themselves historians, but in the pages of the inexorable ‘*Moniteur* ;’—read with patience, and you, like your fathers, will hold the government of the multitude in detestation. Beneath the despotism of one alone, or of several, we risk becoming the victims ; beneath the democratic despotism, besides the same danger multiplied a hundred fold, we run another still more horrible—*that of becoming executioners !*

“ If we seek justly to appreciate that great tempest of 1793, two sentiments will simultaneously arise from its serious examination :—indulgence and pity for the individuals who were influenced by being so cruelly circumstanced ; but also hatred, strong, durable, and profound, to the government of the multitude.

“ But we will return to St. Maximin. About twenty, at least, of the inhabitants were confined as suspected persons. I found them commodiously lodged, and tolerably well treated. My revolutionary committee was composed of artisans and work-people, and an ancient monk, the only one of them who could write, and who before my arrival was at their head. I was fortunate enough to inspire this ex-monk with a species of enthusiasm for me : he had nothing particularly amiable in his character, but he was not mischievous. He followed me everywhere, resigning the pre-eminence with all his heart, and was as useful to me as he could have been prejudicial : I placed him, therefore, in my administration, and gained him entirely. The situation of the suspected was ameliorated ; and some of them were let out to act in patriotic pieces in a private theatre ; and, above all, the committee came to the resolution not to send any of them to the butchery of Orange. One lady, very amiable and well-born, was more compromised than any of the others : she was the sister of the author of the ‘*Travels of Antenor*.’ I had a great deal of trouble in persuading her to perform in republican pieces ; but I would not give up so good an actress, and I almost forced her to take the part of Junie, with us, in the *Brutus* of Voltaire. This little act of dictatorship, however, was the means of giving liberty to our victim. We thus passed, the least terribly that we could, that most dreadful year : we were null in acts, but, in requital, we were not sparing of words and addresses to the Jacobins of Paris. As it was the fashion to take antique names, our ex-monk took, I believe, the name of Epaminondas, and I that of Brutus. All the other members of the committee followed our example ; and in our sittings we could have made a vocabulary of Greek and Roman names. They have, in a pamphlet, attributed to Napoléon this borrowed name of Brutus ; but it belonged only to me. Napoléon thought to elevate his own name above all those of ancient history ; and if he had been desirous of figuring in such masquerades, I do not think he would have chosen the name of Brutus.

“ The good inhabitants of St. Maximin let me do as I pleased ; they

were as well satisfied with our theatrical representations, as with the declamations from the tribune. The women were delighted that there had never been a single victim in our little town, and that we performed comedies; I believe, indeed, that at that period there were very few communes of which they could say so much good.

"But a storm from the higher regions was about to burst over our heads. Barras and Fréron were at Marseilles!

"Some months which had elapsed after my arrival at St. Maximin had been filled with the successes and crimes of the Jacobins. In September, Lyons had fallen; Collot d'Herbois and Fouché de Nantes, had *courageously* destroyed with grape-shot the vanquished population, and pulled down with French hands the finest edifices of the second town of France, which, forty years afterwards, was doomed to be again delivered up to the horrors of civil war. The army of General Carteau, with whom was Napoléon, was besieging Toulon. The proscriptions of the suspected, organized more widely by the law of Merlin de Douai, extended over three hundred thousand citizens, and consigned them without mercy to the dictatorship of each of the communes.

"In October, Marie Antoinette was dragged to the scaffold in a tumbril, with her hands tied, in the midst of six hundred thousand Parisians, stupified and trembling before a handful of brigands.

"In November, the assassins deified themselves with their mock worship of reason; for that reason, which they endeavoured to substitute for the gospel, was but the idol bathed with human blood, which presided over their frantic orgies. The heads of the Girondins, of Bailli and Lavoisier, those worthy interpreters of true reason, were the first sacrifices of the new worship. Powerful members of the Convention traversed the departments to prevent the rage of the populace from cooling. Barras and Fréron were at Marseilles!

"Our little commune vainly hoped to escape from their lynx eyes. Some miserable denunciator had informed them that St. Maximin had not furnished the smallest repast for the guillotine, and that in the house of our suspected, open to the families of the prisoners, they were sufficiently calm to make a practice of amusing themselves with the charms of music. They immediately took the resolution of destroying such a *scandal*, and two *familiars of the representative inquisition* were charged to put us in the right road.

"I was walking one day with the ex-monk, Epaminondas, when an old woman, whose son was among the suspected, ran towards us. 'In the name of heaven,' she cried, 'citizen president, come and defend us! They are carrying off our children to Orange.' 'To Orange!' I exclaimed;—'and without an order from the committee! Let the tocsin be instantly sounded.' We returned to the town as fast as possible; and we encountered on our road numerous persons dispersed in the fields in search of me. The whole town was in an uproar; I renewed the order to sound the tocsin, which was instantly obeyed. I then convoked the popular society and the committee upon the place which was close to the house where the prisoners were confined, and I ran thither, accompanied by about a hundred persons. The prison was surrounded by an amazed crowd, who prevented us from seeing the door of entrance. They made way for us. Five or six carts were already there, filled with a part of our prisoners, chained together. A man, girt with a tricolored scarf and a hat and feathers, presided over the ceremony, surrounded by some *gend'armes*, and, accompanied by a secretary, beplumed like himself, was writing in his portfolio the names of the victims. The chief of the band was one of the familiars of Barras. I sprang before him. 'In the name of the law,' I cried, 'retire from hence! The revolutionary committee have not ordered any delivery of the prisoners. The popular society is

about to assemble ; come there, and present your authority ; and in the meantime let the suspected be replaced whence they were taken. Gend'armes, release the suspected.' The familiar, surprised at my audacity, attempted at first to frighten me with the names of those who sent him : he called me a *ci-devant* and a moderate, and endeavoured to continue his work. The gend'armes, who had already in the same way cleared out several prisons, acknowledged only the mission of their chief ; and the names of club and committee, so powerful to kill and destroy, were too feeble to save. Fortunately, the *tocsin* had raised all the population. The relatives of the victims had regained courage at my words : several were armed. I profited by my advantages, and ordered the crowds to release the captives, and the delegates to follow me to the committee. In a few moments the suspected were in their chambers, and the doors of the house, well closed, were guarded by a numerous troop, who acknowledged only my orders. Thirty victims were thus saved, and thank God, I cared but little for the danger to which I had exposed myself with all my heart.

" The delegate of the representatives of the people was but a miscreant, who, I afterwards heard, had been one of the servants of Barras. He sought after these missions to provide for the guillotine ; but he was not in order with his papers, and, fortunately for us, he was frightened. In the presence of the united committee I demanded his papers : he stammered and hesitated. Whether he had not got them, or whether he was afraid of compromising his master, whom we had in our turn menaced to denounce at Paris, he became pacified by degrees, and told us that he had been deceived. He said that he only acted from motives of pure patriotism, and according to the orders of the members of the Convention ; that he had not got his papers about him, but that he depended upon us, and had nothing further to say, since the revolutionary committee was presided over by a Corsican patriot, and the popular society had all agreed not to expedite any of the suspected to Orange. We received all his compliments, without confiding too much in them, when suddenly he decided upon going away : he would not even do us the honour to sleep at St. Maximin ; and he disappeared with his *alguazils*. Among the suspected whom I had saved, were several members of the Rey family, one of the most respectable in the town ; but it will be seen hereafter the recompense I received from a young man belonging to that family ; but his conduct towards me did not prevent me from considering that day to be one of the happiest in my life.

" The end of that demagogical year was marked by the taking of Toulon. It was in 1793 that the genius of Napoléon was revealed to the French nation!!! But the tempest was destined to continue a length of time before a transient meteor of the social organization could arise upon the horizon, triumphant over every storm. The first months of 1793 beheld, on the contrary, the Jacobins redouble their atrocities ; and Robespierre, the most cruel hypocrite, and greatest coward of them all, obtained an unlimited power. Some ardent imaginations have not hesitated to celebrate the praises of that man, and of his Couthon and St. Just : they have not even feared to insinuate that Robespierre was a patriotic victim, immolated by various conspirators more guilty than himself. They have mentioned that he fell, because he did not wish to proceed in the path of crime. These assertions are contradicted by facts. The revolutionary tribunal was never more active than during the last months of the power of that merciless tribune. Then were struck, with hasty blows, all those whom birth, fortune, or talents, distinguished from the crowd. In the month of April, Malesherbes, the most virtuous of men, was dragged to the scaffold at seventy-two years of age, in the same cart with his sister, his son-in-law, his daughter, his granddaughter,

and the husband of that young woman! Even the judges of Fouquier Tinville turned away their eyes at the aspect of the venerable old man. Robespierre, far from stopping, caused Lavoisier to be condemned (in May) a few days after Malesherbes; and, that he might have nothing to envy the most savage tyrants, he dared to sacrifice the honour of her sex, the angel who bore upon earth the name of Elizabeth. Robespierre was then at his apotheosis of power. Because he afterwards decimated his accomplices, and because he struck at Danton and his partisans, was he for that reason to be considered more excusable? Blood cannot wash away blood. And as for his festival of the Supreme Being,—what else was it but a contempt for the religion of all Frenchmen, and a denial of the gospel? Blood was not sufficient for the incorruptible! He desired even to thrust his sacrilegious hands into the very depths of our conscience. No, so many crimes can never be comprised in the philosophical sentiment of indulgence. We should strike them, each and every one of us, with a universal anathema, especially when those horrible names have lately resounded as a rallying signal in the ears of France and of dismayed Europe.

"The brother of Robespierre, after the capture of Toulon, had been sent as commissary to the army of the Alps. Napoléon was considered as the hero of that memorable siege, and was appointed general of brigade: he was at Nice, where he commanded the artillery. His connexion with the army had brought about an intimacy with the young Robespierre, who appreciated him. It appears that the ruler of the Convention had been informed of the uncommon talents of the conqueror of Toulon, and that he was desirous of replacing the commandant of Paris, Henriot, whose incapacity began to tire him. Here is a fact which I witnessed.

"My family owed to the promotion of Napoléon a more prosperous situation. To be nearer to him, they had established themselves at the Château Sallé, near Antibes, a few miles distant only from the headquarters of the general; I had left St. Maximin to pass a few days with my family and my brother. We assembled together, and the general gave us every moment that was at his own disposal. He arrived one day more pre-occupied than usual, and, while walking between Joseph and myself, he announced to us that it depended upon himself to set out for Paris the next day, and to be in a position by which he could establish us all advantageously. . . For my part, the news enchanted me. To go to the great capital appeared to be the height of felicity, that nothing could overweigh. 'They offer me,' said Napoléon, 'the place of Henriot. I am to give my answer this evening. Well, what say you to it?' We hesitated a moment. 'Eh! eh!' rejoined the general; 'but it is worth the trouble of considering: it is not a case to be enthusiastic upon; it is not so easy to save one's head at Paris as at St. Maximin. The young Robespierre is an honest fellow; but his brother is not to be trifled with: he will be obeyed. Can I support that man? No, never. I know how useful I should be to him in replacing his simpleton of a commandant of Paris; but it is what I will not do. It is not yet time; there is no place honourable for me at present but the army. We must have patience: *I shall command Paris hereafter!*' Such were the words of Napoléon. He then expressed to us his indignation against the reign of terror, of which he announced the approaching downfall: he finished by repeating several times, half gloomy, half smiling, '*What should I do in that galley?*' The young Robespierre solicited him in vain. A few weeks after, the 9th Thermidor arrived, to deliver France, and justified the foresight of the general. If Napoléon had taken the command of Henriot, on which side would have been the victory? . . . Ten days before the 9th Thermidor, the defection of Paoli had been consummated.

A general parliament, under his presidency, offered to the King of England the title of King of Corsica, which was accepted; but with which the English were not contented. Paoli soon suffered the punishment of his error. Those whom he had called, desired to reign in the island where his presence rendered every other domination than his impossible. There was, therefore, a perpetual struggle between them. What regrets must he not have suffered in his last days! For he lived a sufficient time to behold that France, which he had abandoned, arise from the abyss into which she had fallen. He lived long enough to behold the victories and the accession to the consulate of that son of Charles, whose head he had proscribed."

The following is the account of the Prince's arrival in Paris, and of the state of affairs there at that period.

"I arrived in the great capital a few days after the opening of the legislative councils, which I entered three years after. I found my brother in high favour with the Directory. It was through his influence that I was appointed commissary of war to the army of Moreau; which I joined, after having remained a month at Paris. During this month's stay, I beheld everything on the bright side. French society, restored to ideas of true liberty and public order, appeared to me the more admirable, when I compared them with the convulsions of jacobinism, and with the reaction of the royalism of the south, of which I had nearly become the victim. I assisted frequently at the sittings of the councils, which made me take a disgust to the functions that I had hitherto been happy to obtain. I would willingly have renounced them all not to have been distant from the public tribunes; but I was obliged to depart for Munich, Brussels, and Holland, where I went in turn during the course of the year 1796, to execute an employment, ill or well, in which I occupied myself with less ardour than in reading the political journals and pamphlets. Until that period my sentiments had not kept pace with the prevailing opinion; but I then found it accorded with my own. Here at last, I said to myself, is a republic! The division of power is a guarantee of our liberty. At the general quarters of the armies, I was very fond of making speeches, and frequently got into quarrels with the jacobins or the royalists. Soon the glory of Napoléon, who had just terminated in a few days his first campaign of Italy—that wonderful glory covered me with its brilliancy; my chief paid me a great deal of attention, and they excused both my indolence in my administration, and my eternal discussions. I obtained the friendship of the general-in-chief, Tilly, who commanded at Brussels, and that of the excellent General Eblé, commandant of the artillery at Malines, with whom I remained above a year. The last, above all, was an honest and sincere republican, and agreed perfectly with me in my sentiments; we were strictly united in friendship. We thought the republic was established by the new constitution; the hatred with which it inspired the two extreme factions was its highest commendation.

"These impressions of my youth may have left me some prejudices; I owe to them, perhaps, an erroneous opinion upon the directorial régime; but I still wish to think that the régime was not so bad, and that, if the different factions would have yielded to it, the great republic was founded upon a solid basis. As I have nothing to say of myself that merits public attention, having been, until 1798, out of all political employment, I may be permitted to speak of my opinions. Those opinions of 1796 and 1797, have been confirmed by succeeding events; and, notwithstanding all the ill that has been said of the directorial constitution, I think now, as I did then, that a good Frenchman, and a reasonable

man, might be a sincere partisan of a republic founded upon so good a legislative basis. If, notwithstanding these bases, the constitution could not resist the internal convulsions and military reverses, it is only to the relative weakness of an executive power, too moveable, to which it must be attributed; and also with a small portion of good fortune in 1798, and less violence among the parties, the directorial *régime* might have completed the revolution, and perfected it by gradual and pacific ameliorations. This assertion will, without doubt, appear difficult to reconcile with the 18th Brumaire. Yet, notwithstanding, the 18th Brumaire, properly considered, fully confirms it. It is what I hope to develope in the course of these Memoirs.

"The directorial republican constitution offered more guarantees for public order than the monarchy of 1791. Let us compare the bases of the two codes. As for the code of 1793, which separates them, it was but a senseless democracy, inapplicable to a great nation.

"In 1791 the sovereign or legislative power was concentrated in a single body, which was to be renewed every two years.

"In 1795 the sovereign power was divided into two bodies, of which the fifth part was to be renewed every year.

"Now the concentration of the sovereign power in one individual or in a body,—what is it, then, but despotism?

"The frequent and complete renewal of the individual or of the body, in which the sovereign power is deposited,—what else is it but anarchy?

"The constitution of 1791 was a confessed medley of the principles of despotism and anarchy. It only displaced despotism or legislative unity . . . It exchanged an hereditary master for a biennial master. The new master was more absolute than the old; for there were no longer either parliament, or noblesse, or clergy, or provincial states to oppose him. On the other side, the biennial renewal of this absolute sovereign incessantly brought the whole in question. Every two years, we might pass from a republic to a monarchy, and from a monarchy to a republic; there only needed for this a sudden transport of enthusiasm, or a decree wrested by fear. What a state of society! The assembly, called the Constituent, had not then constituted anything. It had worthily proclaimed the principles of liberty, of civil equality, and universal toleration, noble and holy inheritance that we owe to it; but it had erred completely in the application. It was an assembly of philosophers rather than an assembly of legislators. And was it to be wondered at? How, at the first step, could it attain its end, in that arduous career, where the history of the world only signalizes five or six names for the admiration of posterity? For the task which that assembly had given itself (forgetting the limits of its mandates) was absolute: Entirely to renew a social order! . . . Solon and Lycurgus were very far from having so great a task to fulfil. And they had passed a long life in meditating upon what we were expected to perform at once. The constituent assembly had for antecedents only the theories of Rousseau, of Montesquieu, and of other great writers, the example of England, and that more recent one of America. But its work answered only those antecedents in its immortal preface, the declaration of rights: as for the book itself, its deplorable influence was and must remain in an inverse sense to the intention of its authors.

"The executive power, formed by the constituent assembly, had the wisdom to retain, even after the flight of Louis XVI. to Varennes, the unity of that power and its succession; but it had overturned, in its impetuous course, all the defenders of royalty. It placed then a throne without a basis and without support, before a sovereign all-powerful, and changing continually. It left to that shadow of a king neither the pro-

posal of the laws, nor the right of dissolving them. A suspensive veto for two years served only to expose it to the vengeance of an absolute master. The constituent assembly having concentrated the supreme power in a single popular body, it had founded the democracy, and it would have been therefore more wise and less cruel, (intentions apart,) to have sent Louis XVI. out of France . . . With the constitution of 1791, there was no longer any possibility of royalty. The president of the United States had more power than they had left to the king of the French.

"And in 1795, the executive directory had more power than Louis XVI. In the first place, there was no longer only one sovereign. The legislative power, divided between the two councils, left to the Directory a relative force superior to that of the king of 1791. One of these two councils, being accessible only to men of forty years of age, offered a still stronger guarantee of order and stability. The reading of each proposition three different times, with an interval of three days between each, prevented the council of five hundred from coming to a hasty decision without time for reflection. The two councils, therefore, being renewed by fifths every year, rendered the change almost imperceptible, and without danger. All the advantages, therefore, were on the side of the Directory.

"It will be observed, without doubt, that an executive power of five chiefs did not offer to a great nation so strong a guarantee as the unity of the hereditary executive power of 1791. It is true that the Directory had neither unity, nor right of inheritance; but its renewal was as prudently combined as that of the councils. Chosen by the council of ancients upon a tenfold list, formed by the council of five hundred, the Directors were named for five years. One amongst them only went out every year. This method left to the executive power almost as much force as if it had not been temporary. And besides, is it nothing to be freed for ever from minorities, regencies, and disputes of succession? But this order of ideas did not appertain to the epoch of the Directory. I am advancing too far upon the subject, and I hasten to retrace my steps.

"The monarchy of 1791 had still against it the power of the clubs, whose existence it had consecrated at the same time that they were prohibited in the directorial charter. That single difference was decisive. The work of 1791 might have become less imperfect, if the great orator had not closed his eyes at the moment when the court had learnt to appreciate him. A sentiment common to all parties made them look upon the death of Mirabeau as a national calamity. But this powerful, intrepid, and true statesman, who did not bend before the opinion of the day when he thought it pernicious, could he, in spite of that opinion, have established two chambers? That is not probable. Besides, the death of Mirabeau, which preceded by four months the publication of the charter of 1791, left a void, which the well-disposed endeavoured in vain to fill up. A project of revisal, concerted among the friends of the constitutional monarchy, was frustrated by some unfavourable circumstances; but if it had succeeded, that revision would have remained powerless before a single, absolute, and biennial chamber. To subdue and bring back opinions towards the system of the two chambers, against which public opinion had pronounced its anathema, required the greatest civil courage, united with a magical influence. It was necessary to brave the name of aristocrat: and let us not fear to say it: if we go to a battle as we would go to a fête, civil courage is, in general, less common amongst us. We would sooner brave death than the hisses of an assembly, or of the multitude. We sacrifice too much to the pleasure of being applauded; and, when we are contradicted in our opinion, instead of appreciating the courage of our opponents, we excommunicate them without toleration.

Thus, twenty days after the death of Mirabeau, we beheld one of those great geniuses, the honour of the eighteenth century, the famous Abbé Raynal, treated with the most profound disdain, when he went himself to read at the bar of the assembly a prophetic address, in which were the following passages. 'Called to regenerate France, you ought to consider what you can usefully preserve of the ancient order, and, above all, that which you cannot abandon; France being a monarchy Purify the principles, by seating the throne upon its true basis, the sovereignty of the true nation; fix the limits, by fixing them in the national representation, was what you had to do. And you think you have done it! . . . But, in organizing the powers, the force and the success of the constitution depended upon the equilibrium; and you had to defend yourselves against the bent of prevailing ideas; you ought to have seen that the power of kings was declining in opinion, and that the rights of the people were increasing. Thus, in weakening without measure that which tends naturally to increase, you arrive forcibly at the sad result, *of a king without authority . . . a people without restraint.*' . . . And that illustrious old man who, upon the brink of the grave, performed so admirable an act of patriotism, was scoffed at: they were provoked at his audacity. If Jean Jaques, Voltaire, and Montesquieu, had accompanied him, they would not have met with better success What would have been the science of those men compared with the science of the day? That intolerance of opinion has too often overwhelmed in our assemblies the voice of our best citizens; and perhaps our giant of the tribune, our Mirabeau himself, died in time for his glory!

"The names of Raynal and Mirabeau bring me back to Napoléon. Napoléon, in one of those congés which he went to pass at Ajaccio, (it was, I believe, in 1790,) had composed a history of the revolutions of Corsica, of which I wrote two copies, and of which I much regret the loss. One of those manuscripts was addressed by him to the Abbé Raynal, whom my brother had known on his passage to Marseilles. Raynal found the work so extremely remarkable, that he decided upon communicating it to Mirabeau, who, returning the manuscript, wrote to Raynal, that this little history appeared to him to announce a genius of the first order. The reply of Raynal accorded with the opinion of the great orator, and Napoléon was enchanted. I have made a great many researches in vain to find those manuscripts: they were, perhaps, destroyed in the burning of our house by the troops of Paoli.

"These literary communications had strengthened the admiration of Napoléon for these two great men of genius. The death of Mirabeau afflicted him very sensibly. The address of Raynal to the constituent assembly was not without influence upon us; and if Paoli had confined himself to the party in France favourable to the ideas of political equilibrium, we should have seconded him with all our efforts.

"The course of events had decided it otherwise; and we could but felicitate ourselves. Napoléon had arrived at the theatre of that great war for which he felt himself born; and from his field of victory, it sufficed for him to send some officers and arms to tear Corsica from the English and from Paoli, who disputed it with them. Already the young renown of Napoléon had effaced the former renown of the ancient chief. Among the officers sent into Corsica, was the brave Costa, of Bastelica, the defender of our family in the days of adversity.

"I had just arrived at Genoa in time to see the departure of our islanders, and to embrace Costa, for whom I had always had from my childhood a particular friendship. Had it not been for the impatience which I felt to behold, in the midst of his triumphs, my brother, already master of Lombardy, I should have set out for Ajaccio. In the course of a few days, we learnt that the whole island had revolted, and that Paoli,

in despair, had taken refuge in London, where he received, till his last hour, that respect which was his due. They even wished to perpetuate that respect by erecting to his memory a tomb in Westminster Abbey. It is also in an English tomb that Napoléon reposes!!! But what a tomb! What a vengeance! O eternal shame to free men, who become the instruments of despotic kings! I fear not, noble British nation, although amidst ye, to let this fraternal cry escape me. I have travelled in your provinces; and in your palaces,—in your houses, and in your cottages,—I have often been affected with the sight of the image of Napoléon . . . and I have exclaimed a hundred times, on beholding it, 'Here is what attests the sentiment of reparation in a nation that knows how to appreciate a hero!' Those who confined, and suffered the victim to die, upon the rock of St. Helena,—did they show themselves worthy of the great people whom they governed?

"I had obtained permission to quit the north, to go to Milan, where our army had made its entry. Napoléon was no longer at Milan. The revolt of Pavia had just broken out: and it was said that the general was gone to the banks of the Adige, to chastise the guilty city. I hastened to Pavia: upon the road, my eyes were struck with the distant reflection of a vast fire . . . It was the village of Binasco, delivered up to the flames, to expiate the assassination of several of our straggling soldiers. I traversed the burning ruins. Pavia presented me in a few moments after with a spectacle even more deplorable. That great city had been delivered up to pillage in the morning: the traces of blood had not been effaced: the bodies of the peasants, who had refused to surrender, were not carried away: people were occupied by funeral rites within the gate by which I entered. The streets and places were transformed into a perfect fair, where the conquerors were selling to hideous speculators the spoils of the vanquished! What miseries, even in the most just of wars, in the most necessary of victories!

"I could only remain with my brother half a day: he was to return in the evening, upon his favourite line of the Adige: he gave me his instructions, and I departed for Corsica. After some days of a stormy voyage, I found myself in my beloved native town, where I thought only of obtaining the suffrages of my fellow-citizens for the epoch when I should become eligible.

"The last six months of that year and the following (1796 and 1797) were filled with the exploits of Napoléon and the army of Italy. From Montenotto to Campo-Formio, it was a continuation of prodigies."

Napoleon's return to Paris is thus spoken of:

"Upon his return to Paris, Napoléon, brought into contact with the executive power of five persons, tossed amidst the factions, and swung from one side to the other, became disgusted. I never knew of the project which several writers have attributed to my brother, of entering the Directory and having a dispensation on account of age granted to him. It might have been mentioned, but he never attached any importance to it: far from wishing to become a part of the Directory, he thought it his duty to withdraw from it. The East, that country of great renowns, charmed his imagination; he projected, obtained, and prepared the expedition to Egypt. He wished me to accompany him; but the elections of the year 1796 approached, and I preferred being a candidate for the deputation. The expedition to Egypt sailed from Toulon.

"That mysterious expedition revealed itself by the taking of Malta, while I traversed France to take my seat in the council of five hundred, to which I had been unanimously named. I was struck, during my journey, at the diversity of opinions among public men, upon the departure of Napoléon. Some, already seduced by the news from Malta, were

in extasies at his departure, and presaged such successes, that should even efface the prodigies of Italy. Others accused the Directory of perfidy. 'The lawyers,' said they, 'wanted to get rid of a hero, who had suffered himself to be duped by them.' But the greatest number appeared to me to disapprove of the absence of the general, and of so fine an army. I strongly partook of that last opinion, which the change in our military affairs soon rendered universal. But it was to the government, far more than to the general, that those reproaches ought to have been addressed. I will not deny that an immense ambition of glory, the most noble of all egotisms, had not greatly influenced the determination of Napoléon. A victorious career upon the traces of Alexander and Cæsar, must have inspired his soul; that brilliant personal future might even have dazzled him, and overcome the present interest of his country. . . But he did not leave France without renowned generals; and he took with him only thirty thousand men. It would have been, on his part, too great an excess of vanity, to have supposed that his presence was indispensable for the public security. The political horizon presented at that moment but very feeble presages of a new tempest. England alone was in arms against us . . . And Egypt was the point where England was the most vulnerable; Egypt, the advanced post of war and commerce towards India, post of watchfulness towards the Bosphorus . . . A conqueror was very justifiable in shutting his eyes upon every other consideration to spring towards that Egypt, the possession of which, assured to France, promised the abasement, more distant but certain, of London and St. Petersburg. And what weight should we not, in fact, place in the political balance, if Egypt could have remained ours; if one of our old marshals were now in the place of the great viceroy; if the valiant Clauzel, instead of triumphing over the Arabs of Atlas, were encamped with his army upon the banks of the Nile, become one of our rivers! . . . So great a result could not have been too dearly bought by all our sacrifices, and perhaps even by the disasters of Aboukir.

"But that dazzling perspective, so natural, so noble, so heroic for Napoléon, to whom repose was a burthen, completely changed its aspect when taken in a point of view with respect to the government. The duty of the Directory was to devote itself to the certain and coolly calculated present interest of the republic. It was a part of its responsibility to moderate the ardour of our heroes, and to direct, instead of following, them with the enthusiasm of the battle-field, or with the weakness of an uneasy and subdued magistracy. For the chiefs of a republic weakness or enthusiasm are equally criminal: the slumber or intoxication of a pilot places the ship equally in danger. The Directory had studied that great question under every aspect. Several of its members had at first opposed it; they had felt that after the peace of Campo-Formio, the events at Rome and in Switzerland had offered pretexts sufficiently plausible for the ill-humour of Austria. They thought and said with reason, that the projected expedition would draw upon us a war with Turkey, and that, in giving us a new enemy, we should awaken the former; that it secured the English ascendancy at Constantinople. And thus, in raising these perils, it threw far distant from the land of France the first of our generals, and thirty thousand chosen men, and delivered over our marine to perilous chances. All these considerations were developed, and patriotically sustained by the Director *la Reveillère* . . . and as they did not produce any effects, the government was left without excuse. But the assertions of M. de Montgaillard, and of those who followed him, are contrary to the truth, when they attribute the project of the expedition to Egypt to the desire of removing, at any price, the victorious general. Far different is the jealousy and inquietude, which one, subordinate to them, yet so powerful, could excite, from the criminal resolution of depriving

the country of thirty thousand warriors, to rid themselves of a rival. On the contrary, they only yielded to Napoléon. The fault of the government was weakness; and that fault was sufficiently weighty for the chiefs of a republic, without attributing to them an imaginary plot. Since the *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor, the Directory had gained strength at the expense of that of the legislative body; but soon that strength began to decay. The expedition to Egypt appeared to have marked the end of its bright days. Scarcely arrived in the chamber of representatives, I assisted only at the fall of the Directory. Here begins my legislative functions; and I must pass less lightly over acts in which I concurred. I fear that my opinions, my votes, and my discourses, may not always be worthy to fix the attention of my readers; but I must give them, such as they were: I cannot pass them over in silence, since I write the memoirs of my public life."

But here we must close our extracts, reserving till our next number our remarks on this most valuable and interesting addition to our historical documents.

SEPTEMBER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LONGINUS," A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS, "THE ANGLO-POLISH HARP," AND OTHER WORKS.

WEAVE us a thousand dahlias into one,
 Bold the device, and rare its radiance be!
 Serve us a banquet, long before the sun
 Go down, in molten rainbows, to the sea:—
 Velvet the lawn of fountains where 'tis spread;
 Sweet with clematis every near alcove;
 And let September's cornucopia shed
 Her choicest stores, to music from the grove!
 Pine-apples bring, and plums of various hue,
 Peaches, th' elixir of the solar beams,
 The fruit that melts in nectar, and the dew
 With which the grape, gold, green, or purple, teems:
 While tints autumnal soothe us, and the breeze,
 Unwooded on stubble lands, goes dancing through the trees.

THE SERENADE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"LIST, mother, the strains of soft music I hear,
How sweetly the melody falls on my ear!
Withdraw those dark curtains, the moon's silver light
Will make the sad chamber of sickness seem bright;
Throw open the lattice—I pine for the air,
And give me yon roses to twine in my hair;
I feel what those exquisite numbers must be,
I know my young lover is singing to me."

"O! hush, gentle daughter, no lover is nigh,
He has left thee in sorrow and sickness to die;
Thy beauty has vanished—thy triumphs are o'er,
And gay serenaders shall woo thee no more:
My voice only greets thee with pitying strain;
I sit by thy pillow, *I* weep for thy pain;
Thou hast now, my poor child, on this desolate sod,
No friend but thy mother, no hope but thy God."

"Hark! mother—the sounds more exultingly rise,
A peal of loud joyfulness swells to the skies;
Our friends some glad festival surely prepare,
And summon us thus in the pageant to share."
"Our friends are all changed, love—they pass by our door,
Their smiles and their banquets rejoice not the poor:
O heed not their faithlessness—quick heaves thy breath,
These subjects befit not the chamber of death."

"Again the clear voices the chorus repeat,—
Say, mother, was harmony ever so sweet?"
"I listen, my child, but I hear not a tone,
That music is breathed to no ear but thy own.
O think not of passion, of pomp, or of mirth,
Thy heart must be weaned from the trifles of earth:
Those voices proceed from a region of light,
My daughter, I feel thou must leave me to-night."

"O mother! a knowledge prophetic is thine,
I am passing from life, yet I do not repine;
Thanks, thanks, for thy patience and tenderness past,
But most for this faithful rebuke at the last;
Though the world has its injuries heaped on my head,
I mourn not—my mother hangs over my bed,
And the God whom she taught me to serve and to love,
Has sent his kind angels to call me above."

SNARLEYYYOW; OR, THE DOG FIEND.¹

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL.

BY CAPT. MARRYAT.

CHAPTER XXII.

In which Snarleyyyow proves to be the devil, and no mistake.

THAT the corporal mystified his lieutenant, may easily be supposed; but the corporal had other work to do, and he did it immediately. He went up to Jemmy Ducks, who looked daggers at him, and said to him quietly, "That he had something to say to him as soon as it was dusk, and they would not be seen together." Vanslyperken ordered the corporal to resume his office, and serve out the provisions that afternoon; and, to the astonishment of the men, he gave them not only full, but overweight; and instead of abusing them, and being cross, he was good-humoured, and joked with them; and all the crew stared at each other, and wondered what could be the matter with Corporal Van Spitter. But what was their amazement, upon Snarleyyyow's coming up to him as he was serving out provisions, instead of receiving something from the hand of the corporal as usual, he, on the contrary, received a sound kick on the ribs from his foot, which sent him yelping back into the cabin. Their astonishment could only be equalled by that of Snarleyyyow himself. But that was not all; it appeared as if wonders would never cease, for when Smallbones came up to receive his master's provisions, after the others had been served and gone away, the corporal not only kindly received him, but actually presented him with a stiff glass of grog mixed with the corporal's own hand. When he offered it, the lad could not believe his eyes, and even when he had poured it down his throat, he would not believe his own mouth; and he ran away, leaving his provisions, chuckling along the lower deck till he could gain the forecastle, and add this astonishing piece of intelligence to the other facts, which were already the theme of admiration.

"There be odd chops and changes in this here world, for sartin," observed Coble. (Exactly the same remark as we made at the end of the previous chapter.)

"Mayn't it all be gammon?" said Bill Spurey.

"Gammon, for why?" replied Jemmy Ducks.

"That's the question," rejoined Spurey.

"It appears to me that he must have had a touch of conscience," said Coble.

"Or else he must have seen a ghost," replied Smallbones.

"I've heard of ghosts ashore, and sometimes on board of a ship,"

¹ Continued from vol. xvi. page 352.

but I never heard of a ghost in a jolly-boat," said Coble, spitting under the gun.

"'Specially when there were hardly room for the corporal," added Spurey.

"Yes," observed Short.

"Well, we shall know something about it to-night, for the corporal and I am to have a palaver."

"Mind he don't circumvent you, Jimmy," said Spury.

"It's my opinion," said Smallbones, "that he must be in real earnest, otherwise he would not ha' come for to go for to give me a glass of grog—there's no gammon in that;—and such a real stiff 'un too," continued Smallbones, who licked his lips at the bare remembrance of the unusual luxury.

"True," said Short.

"It beats my comprehension altogether out of nothing," observed Spurey. "There's something very queer in the wind. I wonder where the corporal has been all this while."

"Wait till this evening," observed Jemmy Ducks; and, as this was very excellent advice, it was taken, and the parties separated.

In the despatches it had been requested, as important negotiations were going on, that the cutter might return immediately, as there were other communications to make to the States General on the part of the King of England; and a messenger now informed Vanslyperken that he might sail as soon as he pleased, as there was no reply to the despatches he had conveyed. This was very agreeable to Vanslyperken, who was anxious to return to the fair widow at Portsmouth, and also to avoid the Frau Vandersloosh. At dusk, he manned his boat and went on shore to the French agent, who had also found out that the cutter was ordered to return, and had his despatches nearly ready. Vanslyperken waited about an hour; when all was complete, he received them, and then returned on board.

As soon as he had quitted the vessel, Corporal Van Spitter went to Jemmy Ducks, and without letting him know how matters stood on shore, told him that he was convinced that Vanslyperken had sent him into the boat on purpose to lose him, and that the reason was, that he, Van Spitter, knew secrets which would at any time hang the lieutenant. That in consequence he had determined upon revenge, and in future would be heart and hand with the ship's company; but that to secure their mutual object, it would be better that he should appear devoted to Vanslyperken as before, and at variance with the ship's company.

Now Jemmy, who was with all his wits at work, knew that it was Smallbones who cut the corporal adrift; but that did not alter the case, as the corporal did not know it. It was therefore advisable to leave him in that error. But he required proofs of the corporal's sincerity, and he told him so.

"Mein Gott! what proof will you have? De proof of de pudding is in de eating."

"Well, then," replied Jemmy, "will you shy the dog overboard?"

"Te tog?—in one minute—and de master after him."

Whereupon Corporal Van Spitter went down into the cabin, which

Vanslyperken, trusting to his surveillance, had left unlocked, and seizing the cur by the neck, carried him on deck and hurled him several yards over the cutter's quarter.

"Mein Gott! but dat is well done," observed Jansen.

"And he'll not come back wid de tide. I know de tide, Mein Gott!" observed the corporal, panting with the exertion.

But here the corporal was mistaken. Snarleyow did not make for the vessel, but for the shore, and they could not in the dark ascertain what became of him, neither was the tide strong, for the flood was nearly over; the consequence was, that the dog gained the shore, and landed at the same stairs where the boats land. The men were not in the boat, but waiting at a beer shop a little above, which Vanslyperken must pass when he came down again. Recognizing the boat, the cur leapt into it, and after a good shaking under the thwarts, crept forward to where the men had thrown their pea jackets under the bow-sheets, curled himself up, and went to sleep.

Shortly afterwards the lieutenant came down with the men, and rowed on board; but the dog, which, exhausted with his exertion, was very comfortable where he was, did not come out, but remained in his snug berth.

The lieutenant and men left the boat when they arrived on board, without discovering that the dog was a passenger. About ten minutes after the lieutenant had come on board, Snarleyow jumped on deck, but, as all the men were forward in close consultation, and in anticipation of Mr. Vanslyperken's discovery of his loss, the dog gained the cabin, unperceived not only by the ship's company, but by Vanslyperken, who was busy locking up the letters entrusted to him by the French agent. Snarleyow took his station under the table, and lay down to finish his nap, where we must leave him for the present in a sound sleep, and his snoring very soon reminded Vanslyperken of what he had, for a short time unheeded, that his favourite was present.

"Well, it's very odd," observed Spurey, "that he has been on board nearly half an hour, and not discovered that his dog is absent without leave."

"Yes," said Short.

"I know for why, mein Gott!" exclaimed the corporal, who shook his head very knowingly.

"The corporal knows why," observed Jemmy Ducks.

"Then why don't he say why?" retorted Bill Spurey, who was still a little suspicious of the corporal's fidelity.

"Because Mynheer Vanslyperken count his money—de guineas," replied the corporal, writhing at the idea of what he had lost by his superior's interference.

"Ho, ho! his money; well, that's a good reason, for he would skin a flint if he could," observed Coble; "but that can't last for ever."

"That depends how often he may count it over," observed Jemmy Ducks—"but there's his bell;" and soon after Corporal Van Spitter's name was passed along the decks, to summon him into the presence of his commanding officer.

"Now for a breeze," said Coble, hitching up his trowsers.

"Yes," replied Short.

"For a regular *shindy*," observed Spurey.

"Hell to pay, and no pitch hot," added Jemmy, laughing; and they all remained in anxious expectation of the corporal's return.

Corporal Van Spitter had entered the cabin with the air of the profoundest devotion and respect—had raised his hand up as usual, but before the hand had arrived to its destination, he beheld Vanslyperken seated on the locker, patting the head of Snarleyyow, as if nothing had happened. At this unexpected resuscitation, the corporal uttered a tremendous "Mein Gott!" and burst like a mad bull out of the cabin, sweeping down all who obstructed his passage on the lower deck, till he arrived to the fore-ladder, which he climbed up with tottering knees, and then sank down on the fore-castle at the feet of Jemmy Ducks.

"Mein Gott, mein Gott, mein Gott!" exclaimed the corporal putting his hands to his eyes as if to shut out the horrid vision.

"What the devil is the matter?" exclaimed Coble.

"Ah! mein Gott, mein Gott!"

As it was evident that something uncommon had happened, they all now crowded round the corporal, who, by degrees, recovered himself.

"What is it, corporal?" inquired Jemmy Ducks.

Before the corporal could reply, Smallbones, who had been summoned to the cabin on account of the corporal's unaccountable exit, sprung up the ladder with one bound, his hair flying in every direction, his eyes goggling, and his mouth wide open: lifting his hands over his head, and pausing as if for breath, the lad exclaimed with a solemn sepulchral voice, "By all the devils in hell he's come again!"

"Who?" exclaimed several voices at once.

"Snarleyyow," replied Smallbones, mournfully.

"Yes—mein Gott!" exclaimed Corporal Van Spitter, attempting to rise on his legs.

"Whew!" whistled Jemmy Ducks—but nobody else uttered a sound; they all looked at one another, some with compressed lips, others with mouths open. At last one shook his head—then another. The corporal rose on his feet, and shook himself like an elephant.

"Dat tog is de tyfel's imp, and dat's de end on it," said he, with alarm still painted on his countenance.

"And is he really on board again?" inquired Coble, doubtingly.

"As sartain as I stands on this here for-castle—a kissing and slobbering the lieutenant for all the world like a Christian," replied Smallbones, despondingly.

"Then he flare fire on me wid his one eye," said the corporal.

"Warn't even wet," continued Smallbones.

Here there was another summons for Corporal Van Spitter.

"Mein Gott, I will not go," exclaimed the corporal.

"Yes, yes, go, corporal," replied Smallbones; "it's the best way to face the devil."

"Damn the devil!—and that's not swearing," exclaimed Short—such a long sentence out of his mouth was added to the marvels of the night—some even shrugged up their shoulders at that, as if it also were supernatural.

"I always say so," said Jansen, "I always say so—no tog, no tog, after all."

"No, no," replied Coble, shaking his head.

Corporal Van Spitter was again summoned, but the corporal was restive as a rhinoceros.

"Corporal," said Smallbones, who, since the glass of grog, was his sincere ally, and had quite forgotten and forgiven his treatment, "go down, and see if you can't worm the truth out of him."

"Ay, do, do!" exclaimed the rest.

"Smallbones—Smallbones—wanted aft," was the next summons.

"And here I go," exclaimed Smallbones. "I defy the devil and all his works—as we said on Sunday at the workhouse."

"That lad's a prime bit of stuff," observed Spurey, "I will say that."

"Yes," replied Short.

In a few seconds Smallbones came hastily up the ladder.

"Corporal, you must go to the cabin directly. He is in a devil of a rage—asked me why you wouldn't come—told him that you had seen something dreadful—didn't know what. Tell him you saw the devil at his elbow—see if it frightens him."

"Yes, do," exclaimed the others.

Corporal Van Spitter made up his mind; he pulled down the skirts of his jacket, descended the ladder, and walked aft into the cabin. At the sight of Snarleyyow the corporal turned pale—at the sight of the corporal, Mr. Vanslyperken turned red.

"What's the meaning of all this?" exclaimed Vanslyperken, in a rage. "What is all this about, corporal? Explain your conduct, sir. What made you rush out of the cabin in that strange manner?"

"Mein Gott, Mynheer Vanslyperken, I came for orders; but I no come keep company wid de tyfel."

"With the devil!—what do you mean?" exclaimed Vanslyperken, alarmed. The corporal, perceiving that the lieutenant was frightened, then entered into a detail, that when he had entered the cabin he had seen the devil sitting behind Mr. Vanslyperken, looking over his shoulder, and grinning with his great eyes, while he patted him over the back with his left hand and fondled the dog with his right.

This invention of the corporal's, whom Mr. Vanslyperken considered as a staunch friend and incapable of treachery, had a great effect upon Mr. Vanslyperken. It immediately rushed into his mind that he had attempted murder but a few days before, and that that very day he had been a traitor to his country—quite sufficient for the devil to claim him as his own.

"Corporal Van Spitter," exclaimed Vanslyperken with a look of horror, "are you really in earnest, or are you not in your senses—you really saw him?"

"As true as I stand here," replied the corporal, who perceived his advantage.

"Then the Lord be merciful to me a sinner!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, falling on his knees, at the moment forgetting the presence of the corporal, and then recollecting himself, he jumped up—"It is false, Corporal Van Spitter; false as you are yourself—confess," con-

tinued the lieutenant, seizing the corporal by the collar, "confess, that it is all a lie."

"A lie," exclaimed the corporal, who now lost his courage, "a lie, Mynheer Vanslyperken! If it was not the tyfel himself it was one of his imps, I take my Bible oath."

"One of his imps," exclaimed Vanslyperken; "it's a lie—an infamous lie: confess," continued he, shaking the corporal by the collar—"confess the truth."

At this moment Snarleyyow considered that he had a right to be a party in the fray, so he bounded forward at the corporal, who, terrified at the supernatural beast, broke from Vanslyperken's grasp, and rushed out of the cabin, followed, however, the whole length of the lower deck by the dog, who snapped and bayed at him till he had gained the fore ladder.

Once more did the corporal make his appearance on the fore-castle, frightened and out of breath.

"Mein Gott! de man is mad," exclaimed he, "and de tog is de tyfel himself." The corporal then narrated in broken English what had passed. For some time there was a confused whispering among the men; they considered the dog's re-appearance on this occasion even more wonderful than on the former, for the men declared positively that he never came off in the boat, which, had he done, would have unravelled the whole mystery; and that a dog thrown overboard, and swept away by the tide should be discovered shortly after perfectly dry and comfortable, not only on board of the cutter, which he could not have got on board of, but also in his master's cabin, which he could not get into without being seen, proved at once that the animal was supernatural. No one was now hardy enough to deny it, and no one appeared to have the least idea of how to proceed except Smallbones, who, as we have shown, was as full of energy as he was deficient in fat. On all occasions of this kind the bravest becomes the best man and takes the lead, and Smallbones, who appeared more collected and less alarmed than the others, was now listened to with attention, and the crowd collected round him.

"I don't care for him or for his dog either," exclaimed Smallbones, with a drawling intrepid tone; "that dog I'll settle the hash of some way or the other, if it be the devil's own cousin. I'll not come for to go to leave off now, that's sartain, as I am Peter Smallbones—I've got a plan."

"Let's hear Smallbones,—let's hear Smallbones!" exclaimed some of the men. Whereupon they all collected round the lad, who addressed the crew as follows. His audience, at first, crowded up close to him, but Smallbones, who could not talk without his arms, which were about as long and thin as a Pongo's are in proportion to his body, flapped and flapped as he discoursed, until he had cleared a little ring, and when in the height of his energy he threw them about like the arms of a windmill, every one kept at a respectable distance.

"Well, now, I considers this, if so be as how the dog be a devil, and not a dog, I sees no reason for to come for to go for to be afraid; for ar'n't we all true Christians, and don't we all fear God and honour the king? I sartainly myself does consider that that ere dog could not

a have cummed into this here vessel by any manner of means natural not by no means, 'cause it's very clear, that a dog if he be as he be a dog, can't do no more than other dogs can; and if he can do more than neither dog or man can, then he must be the devil, and not a dog—and so he is—that's sartain. But if so be as he is the devil, I say again, I don't care, 'cause I sees exactly how it is,—he be a devil, but he be only a sea-devil and not a shore-devil, and I'll tell you for why. Didn't he come on board some how no how in a gale of wind when he was called for? Didn't I sew him up in a bread-bag, and didn't he come back just as nothing had happened; and didn't the corporal launch him into a surge over the taffrail, and he comes back just as if nothing had happened? Well, then, one thing is clear; that his power be on the water, and no water will drown that ere imp, so it's no use trying no more in that way, for he be a sea-devil. But I thinks this: he goes on shore and he comes back with one of his impish eyes knocked out clean by somebody or another somehow or another, and, therefore, I argues that he have no power on shore not by no means; for if you can knock his eye out, you can knock his soul out of his body, by only knocking a little more to the purpose. Who ever heard of any one knocking out the devil's eye, or injuring him in any way?—No; because he have power by sea and by land: but this here be only a water-devil, and he may be killed on dry land. Now, that's just my opinion, and as soon as I get's him on shore, I means to try what I can do. I don't fear him, nor his master, nor any thing else, 'cause I'm a Christian, and was baptized Peter; and I tells you all, that be he a dog or be he a devil, I'll have a shy at him as soon as I can, and if I don't, I hope I may be d—d, that's all."

Such was the oration of Smallbones, which was remarkably well received. Every one agreed with the soundness of his arguments and admired his resolution, and as he had comprised in his speech all that could be said upon the subject, they broke up the conference, and every one went down to his hammock.

(To be continued.)

TO WEIMAR, ON THE DEATH OF GOETHE.

AN! well mayst thou, Germania's Athens, mourn
O'er the bright days that ne'er shall be again,
When princely Carl did o'er thee nobly reign,
Thy halls with art and genius adorn.
Thy intellectual Titans all are gone,
And Ilm's fair nymphs, in sorrow's heart-wrung strain,
Bewail the chiefest of that star-born train,
And thee of all thy peerless glories shorn.
Yet aye will the Teutonic muse her eye
Turn to thy groves, and lingering a tear,
Drop o'er the glories that have passed by,
While to her mind may soothingly appear
Their starry spirits on the midnight sky,
Beaming with mental light o'er a far brighter sphere.

CHURCH GOERS.

How sweetly wide, this sabbath morn,
The chime of village bells is sent
O'er the hamlets, o'er the fields,
With sabbath sunshine blent.

The noble hears and quits his hall—
The peasant quits his cottage-home :
All cheerfully, all pleasantly,
To church the people come.

They come from far off heathy moors,
From lonely farms, from quiet dells,
Led strongly, irresistibly,
By the sweet chime of sabbath bells.

Across the fields, across the green,
From shades emerge they to the light :
And seen in groups, or singly seen,
It is a cheering sight.

And who are these, this homely pair,
Who slowly come, yet come not late ;
Who now have nearly reached, and now
Are entering at the churchyard gate ?

The feeblest she of ancient dames,
And he the greyest of old men :
They've had, I trow, long, long ago,
Their "three-score years and ten?"

Well are they known, old Charles and Ruth,
And kindly greetings do they get,
As they by earlier comers there
Are in the churchyard met.

The pastor—will he, Levite-like,
Pass by them on the other side ?
Not he—the venerable man,
Untouched by human pride.

Their faces brighten in his smile,—
A recognition that accords
From spirit unto spirit there,
Far more than passing words.

'Tis but three fields unto their home—
Three narrow fields, the young would say
But unto them, in their old age,
It is a long and toilsome way.

Two years it is since last together
This well-known sabbath walk they tried ;
And since, though wooed by loveliest weather,
They have not left their own fire-side.

It was for them a grievous time,
For they were then in sables drest,
And followed one, the last of nine,
Their son, to his eternal rest.

They see his grave, their parents' graves,
Their children's, where themselves shall lie ;
For they have fixed, and see the place
With no repugnant eye.

Why toil the aged pair to church,
This bright and breezy summer's day,
When they have reasons manifold
In ease at home to stay ?

Come they their sorrows to renew ?
For the sad place must still be passed,
Where all their earthly hopes are laid,
The earliest and the last.

It may be ere life's taper closes
Its flickering light, and all is o'er,
It sends up strongly from the socket
A flame more brilliant than before.

It may be that youth's buoyant feeling,
Till death that is not wholly dead,
Has urged them, with one final impulse,
For the last time this path to tread.

The shepherd goes his usual rounds,
The labourer eyes his resting team ;
The ploughboy laid beside the brook
Throws grass upon the stream.

All in sweet indolence enjoy
Animal life in summer weather ;
And seem to care not if their breath
And being end together.

Not so our old and honoured pair ;
They threescore years and more have trod
Duly this path ; to them this house
Indeed has been the House of God !

And that they now this path retrace
Good reason have old Charles and Ruth,
For to their minds this day recur
Sweet memories of their youth.

It was their wedding-day. It was,
Like this, a sweet and flowery time ;
And strongly brings it back to them,
The presence of their prime.

Church Goers.

To church they move, a tittering group
 About their knees their children climb :
 How full of bliss and pain art thou,
 Old, backward-looking Time !

How hush'd is now their cottage hearth ;
 Its stillness gives the heart a shock :
 'Tis silent as a hermit's cave,
 Far in the desert rock.

There was a time that clock's loud tick,
 In life's familiar stir was drown'd ;
 But Death has left such quiet there,
 Disturbing is the sound.

Yet of their lives, the bright, the dark,
 The deepest shades, have past away :
 This day they dwell upon the bright—
 It was their wedding day.

The flitting by of household birds,
 And leaves that fluttered round the door,
 In the rich flood of summer light
 Flung shadows on the sanded floor.

Cried Charles, " It is a holy time,
 When nothing may conflicting strive ;
 The fields with happy life are stirred—
 The village is alive !"

So strong in youthful thoughts they grew,
 To stay at home had been a sin :
 Then thinking of old neighbours here,
 They could not, might not, rest within.

And, blessings on them ! here they come,
 Moving in kind observant eyes :
 Thus tottering on, firm place have they
 In all deep human sympathies.

Age honours them—they honour age,
 Each mutually exalting each :
 And if they yet would something learn,
 Their lives, well-spent, have much to teach.

By suffering have they been refined—
 And now around their path is strown,
 Peace, passing far all earthly peace,
 More fresh and sweet than roses blown.

RICHARD HOWITT.

LETTERS TO BROTHER JOHN.¹—No. VII.

Whitechapel Churchyard,
August 15th, 1836.

Ἐν ὀνόματι τοῦ κυρίου.

MY DEAR JOHN,

I DID not give you my usual letter last month. The reason that I *did not*, is simply because I *could not*; and the reason why I do not ask pardon for the omission, is because the fault does not rest with me, but with circumstances over which I had no control.

In the present letter I shall endeavour to answer the following question. "What are the condition and habits natural to man?" It is of the most vital importance that this question should be answered; because, surely, all men will agree that nature is the best judge of what is most fit for us—of what is best calculated to ensure us the highest degree of happiness which the circumstances in which she has placed us will permit. I say that to ascertain this is of the very first importance; because, having done so, it will serve as a basis whereon to model our conduct—and its contemplation will serve as a guide to regulate us in our habits with a view to the promotion of our health—health being (Mr. Bulwer notwithstanding) the very first and most necessary ingredient in the composition of the mundane happiness of mankind. Let us, therefore, endeavour to ascertain what is the natural condition of man, and then, all we shall have to do, in deciding upon the fitness and propriety of this or that particular habit, with a view to the acquisition and preservation of health, will be to examine it, and see whether or not it be in accordance with his natural condition. For you may take this as an infallible rule, that whatever is *unnatural*, is also *improper*. Is it—can it be necessary to say a word in proof of the truth of this precept? Will any man pretend to say that he knows better what is good for him than the power which created him? Surely not.

What then is the natural condition of man? Was he designed to preserve his primitive patriarchal state? or was he designed to emerge from this into that state in which we find him existing in society as at present constituted?

If you were asked what is the condition most natural and proper for any animal, would you not answer, without hesitation, "*that in which he enjoys the highest degree of health and strength, and the greatest share of happiness?*" I think you will certainly concede thus much. The question, therefore, is, "Has man, by emerging from the simplicity of his patriarchal habits into the polished refinement of high civilisation, improved his health and increased his happiness?" If he have not—if, on the contrary, he have suffered both in health and happiness—then it follows that his present condition is an unna-

¹ Continued from vol. xvi. p. 302.

tural one, and that, in order to counteract its pernicious effect on his health, he must take the primitive patriarchal state as the model by which to regulate his conduct, and decide upon what habits are calculated to injure, and what to benefit, him.

That man, in his aboriginal condition, and in that condition only, is in the full enjoyment of his physical perfection, requires no proof. You have but to look through the world in order to see the fact. Everywhere (the climate being favourable to his development) you will see man, in his primitive state, *ceteris paribus*, infinitely surpassing man in his state of civilised refinement, not only in physical energy and physical formation, but in all the harder and more manly virtues of the mind, as courage, patience under suffering, firmness of purpose, &c. &c.

Take, for example, the North American Indian, if the blessings of civilisation have not yet exterminated the last of the race—take the Red Indian. Contemplate his figure as he stands erect on his mountain-top in bold relief against the heavens! What a beautiful outline! What grace, what symmetry, what strength of limb! Observe how every muscle is thrown out, while every fibre of them is like cord! If danger threaten him, see how he starts away with the bound of the stag and the speed of the antelope; or stands at bay and resists it with the strength and courage of the lion; or submits to his fate with the heroism of a stoic philosophy—a heroism which that philosophy has ever taught, but, alas! how seldom practised. Yet how simple are the habits of this energetic being—living almost entirely in the open air, or imperfectly defending himself from the inclemencies of the weather by the rudest contrivances; snatching a hasty meal now and then from the bison's hump, and washing it down with a gourdful of water from the nearest spring!

Compare this unsophisticated Indian with that product of civilisation, the city *bon-vivant*, rejoicing in the glories of Falstaff's paunch, Bardolph's nose, and Corporal Nym's intellect; or with the delicate and attenuated nurseling of rank and wealth; or the pale-faced inhabitant of the city counting-house. Observe these under circumstances of pressing and unexpected danger. They have neither the Indian's strength to resist it, nor his speed to fly from it, nor his courage to submit to it. Yet self-preservation is the very first and most imperative of nature's laws, and must there not be something extremely rotten in that state of things which makes it impossible to obey this law?

Again, if you survey the several grades of society, you will find that the class of men who enjoy the highest degree of health and strength, is precisely that whose condition approaches the most nearly to that of primitive simplicity—I mean the tillers of the soil—the agricultural labourers. On these civilisation has conferred but little, save the harness and the yoke of incessant labour, and the envy, hatred, and malice, and secret heart-burnings, consequent upon the comparison which they continually draw between their own condition and that of their superiors.

Again, that a high degree of civilisation is hostile to health, are not our numerous and crowded hospitals, our multitudes of thronged

dispensaries, and our countless hosts of medicine vendors and medical practitioners of every grade, proof sufficient? How ludicrous is it to hear people boast of these institutions, I mean our hospitals and dispensaries, as among the blessings resulting from civilisation! Why, it is civilisation that makes them necessary! Would it not be better *not to require them*, than to have them? Thus civilisation first introduces disease and pestilence amongst us, and then expects us to be very grateful to her for erecting pest-houses to receive the infected. This is as though I were purposely to break your leg, and then lay claim to your most grateful thanks for condescending to take the trouble of setting it again!

It is clear, then, that a high degree of civilisation, with all its necessary consequences of artificial diet, artificial hours of rest, confinement in shops and warehouses, and factories and counting-houses, together with its cares, its anxieties, the excitement of its hopes, its depressing fears, the turmoil of the brain, and mental fever inseparable from it—it is clear, I say, that a state of society entailing upon us such consequences as these, must be, in a high degree, prejudicial to health. And to me, I confess, this one fact alone would be an unanswerable proof that a state of society like this in which we live, was never designed for man. From the moment man begins to emerge from the primitive simplicity of his habits, and to seek to live by his wits rather than by the sweat of his brow, from that moment his intellectual and physical well-being are at perpetual war with each other. As he advances in refinement and knowledge, he retrogrades in physical strength. Now, it seems to me most insulting to the wisdom of the Creator to suppose that this should be so. If it had been intended that man's chief care should be the culture of his mind, it seems to me, I repeat, most insulting to Omniscient Wisdom and Omnipotent Power to suppose that they would have so constituted him that the very means which he must take in order to cultivate his mind are such as cannot be adopted without injury to the health, and great risk even to the existence of his body—the welfares of both mind and body being at the same time indissolubly bound up together. Nothing can be more notorious and more generally admitted than the fact, that the close confinement and sedentary habits necessary to study, and the culture, as it is called, of the mind, are highly detrimental to bodily health. We know, too, that feebleness of body has a direct tendency to enfeeble the mind. The same causes, therefore, which *directly* enfeeble the body, have the effect *indirectly* of enfeebling the mind. The very means, therefore, which are necessary to educate and polish the mind, have also a strong tendency to destroy it! Here's a bungling piece of business! Why this is to build up with one hand, and at the same time to pull down with the other! Can this be the work—can this be agreeable to the design, of infinite Wisdom? Would it not have been just as easy for Almighty Power to have so constituted his master-miracle, that the same means which are essential to confer on his mind the intended culture and necessary polish, should be also equally efficacious to confer on his body the necessary health and strength? It is, however, quite unnecessary to multiply arguments in order to prove that man, in his primeval habits,

is a stronger, a healthier, and a hardier animal, than in his condition of refined civilisation. The fact is evident to our senses, if we choose to exert them—we have but to cross the Atlantic to see it and feel it. You ask me for directions which may guide you in the preservation of your health and strength—you ask me what is good for you and what hurtful—you consult books—you consult physicians—you search everywhere for precepts of health. Is not example better than precept? Go, visit the wigwams of the Red natives of the far West—take a lesson from the untutored Indian—observe how hardly he lives—how abstemiously he fares—yet what energy and physical vigour is his. If you would enjoy the like degree of health and strength, “go thou and do likewise.” He who would be *hardy* must live *hardly*. It is a fatal error to suppose that full and luxurious feeding, and a multiplicity of comforts, so called, are conducive to health and strength—the exact reverse is the truth. We should, like the Indian, only eat *that we may live*, and not, like men of refinement, only live *that we may eat*.

Has the sum of human happiness been increased by civilisation and refinement of manners and customs? Oh! think for one moment on the myriads of human lives that have been sacrificed to the demon of war among civilized states, from the wars of the Jews to the slaughter at Thermopylæ, and from the slaughter of Thermopylæ to the slaughter of Waterloo. The tomahawk does its work by twos and by threes, but the sword and the spear, and the gunpowder of civilisation, sweep men from the face of the earth by hundreds of thousands. Happiness is but another name for contentment—and contentment needs no definition—it defines itself. But if it must be defined, I should say, that it consists in a preference for one's own condition to any other. Contentment is the perfection of happiness, and like every other kind of perfection, cannot be increased. He who is perfectly contented, is without a want unsatisfied, and without a wish ungratified. He has no want, no wish unfulfilled. Surely if any condition can be called happy, it is this. Once again consult the native of the American forest. He will tell you that he is perfectly satisfied with his condition—that he would not exchange it for any other—he told the Spaniards so who charitably undertook to improve his condition; but the Spaniards soon convinced him, by the unanswerable arguments of fire and sword, that he did not know what was good for himself, and that if he did not know he ought to be taught; but the poor Indian could not learn, and so they exterminated him and all his race, save a miserable remnant, from the face of the earth. It was *civilised Spain* that did this.

The Indian's wants, his appetites, his passions, are extremely few and easily satisfied: all he wishes for he possesses; therefore he is contented and happy; his cares are still fewer, for he has but one, that of obtaining a daily supply of food. The whole business of his life, like that of other animals, may be comprised in two words—subsistence and amusement: these are within his reach, therefore he is happy.

Now just look through society as it at present exists, and tell me where am I to find one man who, like the Indian, is perfectly con-

tented with his lot; who experiences no want, who is conscious of no wish ungratified, who, in a word, is, like the Indian, perfectly happy. Why, it is notorious to a proverb, that the whole range of civilised society can scarcely furnish a single instance. How can it be otherwise where "all is vanity and vexation of spirit?"

That we have a greater variety of excitement, a greater number of pleasures, more extasies, than the simple savage, I readily admit; but so much the worse for us. Pleasure is not happiness, it is an unhealthy excitement depending upon feelings which are themselves the result of a morbid sensibility, which is again, in its turn, the result of depreciated health. Take a single example of this; the pleasure, for instance, which the dram-drinker derives from his morning dram, or the opium-eater from his accustomed pill. In both these instances it was necessary, first of all, to create a want, in order to enjoy the pleasure of gratifying that want. Every ungratified want is a source of uneasiness; the more refined we become, the more we multiply our wants, and, consequently, the sources of uneasiness. He who has many wants, the greater number of which must ever go ungratified, is clearly a less happy being than he who has but few wants, and those such as can be readily satisfied. In comparing our present condition with the patriarchal, we look only at the number of pleasures which we enjoy, and which are unattainable by man in a state of nature, and we altogether forget to enumerate the legions of evils from which the simple denizen of the forest is wholly free. These pleasures, we know, are the result of a highly-cultivated state of society, and we are thankful to that state of society for supplying us with them; but all the pains and miseries which we endure we set down as a sort of necessary tax imposed on us by nature as the price of our sublunary existence. Whereas, if we would only take the pains to think a little dispassionately, we should soon see that it is the same artificial state of things to which we are indebted for, by far, the greater number of our evils and our griefs, as well as of our pleasures; and if we were to strike a balance between all the pain and all the pleasure consequent upon an artificial state of society, we should find that balance would be greatly on the side of pain; thus proving that, by emerging into our present condition, we are losers instead of gainers in the article of happiness.

I know, my dear John, very well, that all this is so abhorrent from the preconceived opinions of mankind, that those who are too lazy to think for themselves, and those who think in chains, and those who are afraid to think, and those who don't know how to think, will not stop to ask themselves whether it can be true; but, taking it for granted that it must be false, because in opposition to the general opinion, will pass it over as a piece of mere extravagance. Peace be with them, worthy souls! and let them pass on. I write not for such as these. But to you who are not, I hope, of their number, I say, that a proposition being opposed to the general opinion, forms no argument whatever against it; because there is hardly any man so ignorant as not to know, that there is scarcely any one well-ascertained truth which was not once in opposition to the general opinion. Leave the

general opinion, then, to the good folks above-mentioned, but do you dare to think for yourself; and, in doing so, do not be satisfied with a shining surface, but look *through* and *beyond* the surface. I want you to look *through* the gloss, and the glare, and the glitter, and the gingerbread gilding wherewith civilisation, like a painted courtesan, carefully conceals her deformities. I want you (not to swallow the gilded nut *whole*) but to *crack it*, in order that *you* may see the rottenness and bitterness which lurk within. Depend upon it, my dear John, the refinement of which we make so loud a boast is no better than an impostor, a smiling impostor who comes to us with a wreath of roses round her brow and pleasure's wine-cup in her outstretched hand, while she conceals poison and the dagger beneath her spangled robe.

"Man's reason," say the favourers of the present state of things, "was given him in order that he might exert it and improve his condition." Granted. But *has* he improved it? And *is* the present state of things the result of reason? I say, he has *not* improved his condition. In the first place, what are to be considered improvements? Ask the lover of polish and refinement, and he will tell you that the possession of a splendid mansion, a superb equipage, and an opera-box, is a decided improvement on the primitive condition of man. Ask the Indian whether he be of the same opinion, and he will tell you, that all these appliances would be considered by him, not improvements, but sheer nuisances. Yet, as this question is entirely one of *individual feeling*, and not of reason, or knowledge, or learning, the savage is as competent a judge as the man of refinement. It is a question on which every man must judge for himself. If the Indian is happier without them than he would be with them, surely he is right in denying that their possession would be an improvement of his condition.

"O but," says the man of refinement, "he does not know their value; he is not used to them: only let him accustom himself to them, and he will soon find that they are indispensable to his comfort." Can anything be more grossly absurd, more ridiculously childish than this? Why this is precisely the same thing as though I should say to you, "My dear John, allow me to put you in *pain*, in order that you may enjoy the luxury of *ease* afterwards." Or as though I should say to you, "Why do you not chew opium every day? It is true that you do not want it, or wish for it, and that you do not like the taste of it,—what then? that is only because you do not know the value of it, because you are not used to it; but only accustom yourself to it for a month or two, and you will find it quite indispensable to your comforts." You would consider this a very pretty doctrine, would you not—thus to create a want, a painful want, merely for the pleasure of gratifying it?—and that, too, accompanied by the risk of not being able to acquire the *means* of gratifying it? Yet, if you were to be guilty of this folly, that is, of creating in your system, by habit, a craving after opium solely for the sake of satisfying that craving, you would only be guilty of precisely the same folly of which they are guilty, who would multiply the Indian's wants, and, therefore, the

chances and number of his disappointments, by teaching him the use of luxuries which he neither wants nor wishes, and which nothing but habit can bring him to enjoy. For this is to multiply his wants, and, consequently, to multiply his vexations; for who, having numerous wants, can expect to have the luck of having them all gratified, and an ungratified want is a vexation, and it is of these very paltry little vexations, arising out of ungratified wants and disappointed hopes, that by far, by very, very far the greater portion of human misery is made up. Great misfortunes, like great fortunes, fall to the lot of but few. It is the little irritations, and vexations, and disappointments, and heart-burnings, and jealousies—it is these which, like swarms of gnats and gad-flies, for ever hover over and around us, and sting us into perpetual repinings, and sometimes almost into madness. Now all these petty vexations, which constitute the sum total, or nearly so, of the miseries of life, are the direct results of an artificial state of society—the Indian is a total stranger to them.

On the contrary, if the man of refinement is happier in the possession of a splendid mansion, a superb equipage, and an opera-box, than he could have been had he never possessed them, then he is right in considering them an improvement. But *here* is the rub:—is he happier than he otherwise would have been? What! does the highest attainable degree of earthly happiness depend on the possession of a carriage and an opera-box? Is it not possible for a man without these to be as happy as he who has them? No man, I am sure, will make an assertion so monstrous as this. Very well, then; it is granted that a man may arrive at the highest attainable degree of sublunary happiness without the aid either of a carriage or even an opera-box: may he not also be as happy as his terrestrial existence will permit, even although he be compelled to live in a house of somewhat smaller dimensions than that of his Grace of Northumberland in the Strand? Yes. Very well:—may he not be happy even should his hard fate condemn him to lord it over no more than the paltry number of some half dozen or so of liveried lacqueys? Yes. Perhaps, even, two or three might suffice? Yes. Nay, perhaps he might contrive to be equally happy without any servants at all! Surely the *æ plus ultra* of human happiness cannot depend on the possession of servants! If so, then the phrase, “human happiness,” becomes a mere solecism in terms—there is no such thing. For human happiness signifies the happiness of mankind, and the word “mankind” signifies the great bulk of the human race. When, therefore, we speak of human happiness, we speak of the happiness of the great bulk—the great majority of the human race. But the great majority of the human race keep no servants, but are servants themselves. How, then, can human happiness depend on the possession of servants? Ever bear in mind, John, that when you speak of *mankind*, of *human happiness*, of *the welfare of man*, &c. &c., ever bear in mind, I say, that such phrases denote, *not* the affluent, but the poor and the needy; the tiller of the soil, the worker in the loom, the toiler at the forge, “the lean, unwashed artificer.” Oh, how much error, how much nonsensical reasoning has resulted simply from a forgetfulness of this fact!

Thus, you see, my dear John, we might go on paring away one after another, until we had pared away the entire mass of what are falsely called the necessary appurtenances to the comforts of man; and stripped him of everything but food, freedom, and health. For I will defy you to lay your finger upon any one of the so-called comforts resulting from civilisation, and say, "Here, stop—this thing is essential to human happiness—he who has never known nor possessed this, can by no possibility ever be so happy a man as he who possesses it."

The three grand essentials, therefore, to human happiness—nay, the only three essentials—are food, freedom, and health. Of these the savage is in full possession—or *was*, until civilisation, in the plenitude of her tender mercies, shed her blessings around him. Does modern society possess them? Does society, as at present constituted with us, possess these, the only three essentials to human happiness? Food we have, it is true—but even this the infernal art of the scientific cook labours diligently and but too successfully, to make the bane, rather than the support, of life. HEALTH we absolutely have NOT. I do not think that, through all England, there is more than one man in a hundred who does not find it necessary, at least once in a year, to take medicine—that is, to take the master-piece of God's creative power to the doctor to have it MENDED. Why, I would discharge my tinker, if my saucepan required mending so often.

And then, as to freedom: are we free? Go, visit our overgrown cities and manufacturing towns. Throughout these you will find every man's neck in the collar—every back saddled—every mouth bitted and bridled. Some are broiling at the forge—some sweating in the saw-pit—some imprisoned in the factory—some building, some pulling down—some sweeping the streets—some sweeping the chimneys. And for whom are they toiling? For themselves? No. Of the luxuries which they produce they are as destitute as the savage Indian. The toil alone is theirs—the produce belongs to their masters. Through the agricultural districts it is still the same—toil, toil, toil, from morning till night, is still the lot of civilised man. Even the few who might be free, if they had but the wisdom to be so, are still slaves—the slaves of artificial appetites, of artificial passions, of artificial desires—the slaves of fashion—the slaves of *civilisation*. There is no man *free*, in artificial society, but the *beggar*—and no man so *happy*.

Again: is the present state of society the result of the exercise of man's reason? This is a searching question, my dear John. Is it reasonable that ninety-nine men should toil from morning till night, and fare no better than the *uncivilised* savage, solely in order that one man may live in laziness, wallow in luxury, and enjoy all the so-called blessings of civilisation? Ambition, love, and avarice, may, I think, be safely set down, together with wine, as the grand pursuits of mankind—that is, of civilised mankind. Are these reasonable pursuits? On the contrary, has not proverb been heaped upon proverb, and aphorism upon aphorism, to prove their unreasonableness—their futility—their absurdity? No, John, no—it is not to *reason* that we

owe the present state of things: it is to the passions—to the appetites of man that we are indebted for brandy and gunpowder—and all the other blessings of civilisation.

We are accustomed to pity the *poor savage*, as we arrogantly designate him. We might keep our sympathy to ourselves—he does not want it. The fact is, we judge of his feelings by our own—we compare *him* with *ourselves*. But this is to compare two things which are dissimilar, which is absurd. We see him destitute of certain appliances, the privation of which, we know, would produce in us a painful want. But he, never having known these appliances, does not miss them, does not wish for them, and cannot therefore feel the want of them. The pain which elicits our pity while contemplating his condition is *in us*—it is *we*, and not *he*, who feel the pain which we pity—and while we fancy we are pitying the pains of another, we are, in fact, only pitying our own. It is the *contemplation* of his *apparently* wretched condition—it is, I say, the *contemplation*, not the thing contemplated, which is painful to us; and that pain can of course only exist in us, the contemplators.

Let the contemplator and the contemplated change places for a brief space. Introduce the Red Indian to our crowded assemblies, our crammed and heated drawing-rooms—dress him in tight pantaloons, and a well-starched cravat—make him lie in bed till one o'clock in the day, and go to rest at five in the morning—explain to him our whole code of manners—our code of laws—our code of honour—our whole manner of life. The Indian would pity our infatuation—our miserable condition—with as profound a feeling of commiseration and contempt as ever swelled the bosom of the most philanthropic refinement.

But it is said, that “Heaven intended the earth should be ploughed, and sown, and manured, and laid out into cities, and towns, and farms, and country-seats, and pleasure-grounds, and public gardens,” that, therefore, man was intended to do all this, and that the simple fact that he *does so*, is sufficient proof of this intention; that, therefore, man has no natural condition, but that every condition into which he brings himself is natural to him. “In short,” says a learned physician, lately quoted in one of our periodicals, on the subject of diet, “whatever the ingenuity of man has been able to discover, THAT is proper for him.”

It may possibly be thought presumption in me to say so, but I declare, that I am astonished that men, that *grey-headed* men, should be found capable of promulgating a doctrine like this—a doctrine under which every species of vice, and crime, and banded villainy, and every state of society, however degraded, may find shelter and support. The Whiteboys of Ireland, the Guerillas of Spain, the brigands of Italy, the Arab thieves of the desert—nay, the very footpads, pick-pockets, shoplifters, and common swindlers of our own country, may hold up their heads, and assert their respectability, under favour of this most comfortable doctrine. “Our *ingenuity*,” they may cry, “has discovered these modes of gaining a subsistence, therefore they are proper.”

It was by the *ingenuity* of man that America was discovered, and

by this self-same human *ingenuity*, good and sufficient reasons were found out for hunting, and smoking, and scourging from the face of the earth nearly the whole of the native proprietors of this vast continent. It was by the *ingenuity* of Christoval Colon, that Hispaniola was discovered, and it was by the *ingenuity* of his *ingenious* companions and successors, that one hundred thousand of its aboriginal proprietors were most *ingeniously* exterminated in the short space of fifteen years. Oh! a very fine thing is the *ingenuity* of man!

It was the *ingenuity* of man that contrived, erected, and established the Spanish inquisition, by which *ingenious* invention "105,285 victims were sacrificed under the single inquisitorship of Torraquemada alone; 51,167 under Cisneros; 34,952 under Diego Perez. Those who suffered under previous inquisitors were three million four hundred and ten thousand two hundred and fifteen: 31,912 were burnt alive: 15,659 suffered the punishment of the statue; 291,450 suffered the punishment of the penitentiaries. Five hundred thousand families have been destroyed, and it has cost Spain two millions of her children." What a beautiful thing is the *ingenuity* of man!

The *ingenuity* of one man established banks and banking-houses, and certain slips of finely-woven paper, called bank-notes, curiously ornamented, and described with certain cabalistic characters. The *ingenuity* of another man soon discovered the means of forging these notes. The *ingenuity* of a third man finds out, that the only way to prevent forging, is, to hang the forgers. The *ingenuity* of a fourth man all at once discovers, that this plan is altogether wrong; and that hanging, so far from checking forgery, only increases the frequency of the crime. Thus, the *ingenuity* of one man finds out that the *ingenuity* of his predecessor was mere folly. But can the *ingenuity* of the whole world recall to life a single victim out of the many thousands that have been *ingeniously* hurried into the commission of forgery, and thence to the gallows, by the *ingenuity* of those very laws which were expressly designed to produce an opposite effect? *Proh! pudor!*

Do not suppose that what I have just been writing is foreign to my principal subject. On the contrary, it has a close connexion with it. For if I have proved that man is both a healthier and a happier animal when living in a state of primitive simplicity, there can be no difficulty in believing that this primitive condition is the one designed for him, and is the best calculated for him. Having arrived at this conclusion, you have at once a model, an example before you, worth all the precepts in the world. You thus see what man *ought* to be—what he was *designed* to be—and what his habits *should* be. Now this, I think, is precisely what you want. This is precisely the information of which you are in search; and on the doctrines which you thus acquire, you may rely with the most implicit trust, for Nature herself is your instructress. Let the doctrines with which you thus become acquainted, be the touchstone by which to ascertain the wholesomeness or impropriety of all your habits, whether relative to your health or to your happiness—two things so intimately interwoven as to be wholly inseparable.

But you shall not misunderstand me. I do not mean to recommend that you should go back in your habits, *literally to barbarism*.

I do not mean even to say, and I have not said, that utter barbarism was intended to be man's permanent condition. For it is true that his reason was given him to be exerted, and to elevate him above the undisciplined brute; but had he followed no guide but reason, depend upon it he would never have found himself in his present position. For if you make a list of all the manners, and customs, and actions of civilised man, and then strike off those which are not strictly in accordance with reason, how few indeed will you leave him which are not common even to the savage!

My sole object in this letter is to show you a model, whereby, as far as the tyranny of custom will permit, to regulate your conduct with a view to your health—and having shown you the model, to prove that it is the true one.

I am,

My dear John,

Yours affectionately,

E. JOHNSON.

ON THE MONUMENTAL MEMORIAL TO THE HEROIC
BRUNSWICKERS, AND THEIR GLORIOUS CHIEF.

I stood on the most sacred spot of ground
That honours Brunswick—cenotaph of those
Who battled with their country's deadly foes,
And here the blazoned meed of fame have found.
Stranger, that fame is no vain echoing sound :—
Against the tyrants of a world they rose,
Filled with their country's love, their country's woes,
And left their bodies, a sepulchral mound
Of patriot daring, on the field of death.
Oh, round their memory Brunswick's noble grief
Twines with the cypress the green laurel wreath,
And aye bemourns her lofty patriot chief.
Peace to their hallowed manes !—may Brunswick's son
Think on the glorious fame his warrior-father won !

THE TEMPTATION.

"That fatal glance forbids esteem."—BYRON.

ON a sultry day towards the end of July, when everybody but myself seemed to have exchanged the dust of the capital for the cool shade of the country, as I sat in my studio finishing a painting, somewhat discouraged at having had no applications for weeks past, a lady was announced, who, without sending in her name, desired to speak to me. I instantly rose to meet her, and after acknowledging my civilities by a polite bow, she intimated, in a few words, her desire of having her portrait taken, and proceeded to sit down and remove her hat and veil. While this was doing I looked up my pencils, and when I had removed the painting that was on the easel, and sat down opposite her, I was no less struck than astonished at beholding a set of the finest features that it had ever been my lot, I will not say to *copy*, but to imitate faintly on the lifeless canvass. To draw those features I at once saw was beyond the reach of my skill, and yet, the sight of such a model was one to animate a painter that had the least spark of enthusiasm for his art. The fine straight line of the forehead and nose was cast in the Grecian mould—it was such as Praxiteles himself would have loved to dwell on, while the look of genius and intellect that flashed from her eyes had something far above the expression usually presented in the cold remnants of antiquity. She was indeed a superb and commanding beauty, of which she appeared either totally ignorant or fully conscious—I could not then say which—by the imperturbable indifference with which she met my enraptured gaze of admiration. Somewhat disconcerted by her manner, I set to my task, scarcely knowing what I was about, effacing one minute what I had approved the preceding one, and fearing that I might appear deficient in skill in the scrutinizing eyes of my model. At length, however, I offered some general remarks on the fine arts, to which my companion having replied in a way to show me that she was well acquainted with their different branches, we were led on from one topic to another to a most interesting and varied conversation, which only terminated as she rose to depart. Without saying a word about my sketch, or giving any name or direction, she merely laid on the table a sum of money far above what my expectations would have led me to demand, even at the completion of the picture, and covering her face with her veil, retired with a gracious inclination of her head. My feelings would, at that moment, have prompted me to refuse all emolument—though I was far from being rich enough to be generous—nay, I would have given all I had to know the name of my fair incognita; but the fear of offending her, the still greater fear of her never returning, and, above all, her abrupt departure, checked my impulse before I was myself aware of it. I had, however, sufficient presence of mind to fly to the window to see which way she went. But though the celerity of my action must have been such as to pre-

cede even the descent of the stairs, though I watched as if my life had depended on the issue of my research, and strained my eyes in all directions, I could nowhere discover a trace of her black veil; and after waiting half an hour, full of mingled impatience and disappointment, I was forced to give up the point, and retired in sullen vexation. Why it was I know not—but I never in my life felt so melancholy as that day; I could have cried like a child robbed of its toy. All other women that had ever sat for their portraits, though decked in all the charms of youth and beauty, had never left any such trace in my mind. I knew their names, it is true, and therefore curiosity was satisfied before it was ever awakened; there was nothing of mystery about them, they were Mrs. or Miss Such-a-one, lived in such a street, and no fabric of romance could be built on matters-of-fact like these. But here was a woman—a being of a superior cast, who seemed the personification of genius and romance, one for whom a man might die with rapture, though unrequited by her favour, and who was rendered doubly interesting by the seeming hopelessness of discovering who she was, or where she lived. Nay, it seemed a sort of presumption to imagine that she could live in any of the ordinary abodes of this earth—at any rate, a palace alone could appear worthy of her, I mean a palace built by a Michael Angelo, and decorated by a Raffaele, where she might walk amid the finest productions of art, herself far exceeding all the beauty pictured around her. These, I admit, are the rhapsodies of a painter; but every man naturally makes his paradise of the materials which are of the greatest value in his eyes. Ask an enamoured jeweller if he would not build his goddess a palace of precious stones, or the botanist if he would not deck his lady's bower with the choicest flowers that ornament his garden; and loving the art with the fervor I did, how could I fail to surround an admired and gifted being with her fitting attributes? It may be easily imagined, in the frame of mind I was then in, my occupations were given up for the rest of the day. I did not touch a pencil; and when I retired to bed, the whole night was passed in restless speculations on the probabilities or improbabilities of her ever returning. She had not dropped a word to that effect; yet was it to be imagined she would leave the unfinished sketch unreclaimed in my hands? Unlikely as this appeared, it got hold of my imagination so forcibly, that, had there been the least possibility of tracing her steps, nay, even the most distant excuse to myself for so doing, I think I should have left my home that instant, determined never to return till I had found her.

Morning, however, came at last, and dissipated a little my wild schemes, or at least forced me to blush at them, and I found on reflection that my best plan was never to leave the house for a moment till I had seen her again. This I acted upon so completely to the letter, that want of air and privation of exercise, together with the incessant workings of my imagination, and my solitary life, occasioned a fever, which laid me up completely for three weeks. I fancy I was delirious at times, and strange indeed must have been the wanderings of my mind. But of this I can speak only by conjecture, and from what my landlady told me since. At the end of this time I was

agreeably surprised by the visit of an intimate friend of mine, who had been absent from town for some months. Frederick was so much concerned in seeing me in the state I was, although I was then recovering, that he wished to run and alarm the whole tribe of my relations; but this, from dread of exposing my folly, I so resolutely opposed, that he gave over, wisely thinking it better to humour a sick man, than to attempt to reason with him. He, however, insisted on being my nurse, and I could but accept an offer made with all the sincerity of friendship. It was no doubt through his unceasing attentions that I rapidly improved in health; but it was visible to him that some secret thought occupied me so intently as to prevent my looking forward with any pleasure to my recovery; and indeed my fractions and fitful sallies more than once put his temper to the utmost proof. The metaphoric similes of an eastern poet might, in truth, compare a good friend to the fountain that a traveller finds amid the sands of the desert; nor would his imagination colour the reality too highly, for it certainly is the first and most valuable of consolations that has been given us to soothe the ills attendant on humanity. Without attempting to penetrate into the sanctuary of my inward thoughts, Frederick tried by gentle means to induce some confidential effusions on my part, but my evident symptoms of reluctance baffled all his attempts. Nor was this the only time his well-meant endeavours met with a repulse; for, on his first proposing I should take an airing in a coach, (which was to me almost like treading on the gouty toe of an old gentleman,) I flew into one of my passionate fits, and declared he wished to be the death of me. I, however, made amends afterwards, being somewhat ashamed of my folly, and told him I would attempt first to go down into my studio, as I thought that want of occupation had done me more harm than good. Frederick, who was all good-natured compliance, immediately went to put every thing in order. The first thing that attracted his eye was my unfinished sketch, which lay on the easel covered with dust, on seeking to remove which he effaced nearly every trace of the features. On perceiving the mischief he had so unconsciously done, he came back to me, and as if aware of the importance I attached to that work in particular, sought, in the best manner he was able, to hint gently at the misfortune he had met with. At the first word I started up, and hurrying down stairs with frenzied violence, I was preparing to wreck my fury on everything that would come within reach, when the first look at the cause of all this rage, changed my feeling for those of rapturous admiration. There she stood portrayed in all the vividness of imitative art, a perfect and finished picture, breathing with life and animation, as if each respiration were visible through the transparent flesh; while the deeper colouring of the shaded parts threw out the rest in bold relief, imparting a strength and depth unrivalled by anything I ever saw either before or since. Yet what vision could blind me to this extent? I had never touched the picture further than sketching it. How could it thus have merged into a state of perfection? Could I, in my delirious moments, or in my sleep, have completed that which, in the height of inspiration, I could never have attained? The thing was impossible, and as maddening as impossible. It

must be the work of supernatural art, or I deceived by my senses. Yet there it was—I touched it—I gazed on it—I feasted my eyes in rapture on its lovely proportions. . . . The happiness of years was centered in that moment. My extasies, however, caused such surprise in Frederick, who could see nothing but a few effaced lines, that he inquired why my anger had taken this unexpected turn; and on my seriously and vehemently descanting on the merits and beauty of the picture that I assured him was before me, he became much more alarmed at what he imagined must be a total derangement of my intellects, than he had been before in the anticipation of one of my bursts of passion. When he found that no argument nor persuasion could convince me, and I had as vainly attempted to convince him of the truth of what was before me, he gave up the point as utterly hopeless, and sought to draw me away from the room. In this, however, he was again disappointed, on my declaring I would stay there all night, lest that image which was become everything to me, should fade away from my delighted sight. Even were it an optical illusion, I was willing to enjoy it while it lasted; and when night came, I sat down in the full determination not to close my eyes. Frederick would not leave me, and after conversing together till a late hour, laid himself down to rest on a sofa that was in the room. I almost felt relieved to be left to myself when he went to sleep, as nothing then forced me to control my feelings. But the state of excitement I had been in for so many hours, had exhausted my faculties so completely, that in less than half an hour I sunk into a sound slumber beside my kind companion, and never woke till morning. As Frederick was up an hour before me, he had gently removed the picture from opposite my chair, where it had stood since the day before, and placed it behind several others, hoping that I should think no more about it. He was deceived—it was my first thought; but how can I describe the anguish of my disappointment on finding nothing left but a few faint lines, such as Frederick had described it to be the day before, and not a trace of the colouring that so lately had charmed my sight! I burst into a passion of tears—I flung it from me—I gave way to a thousand expressions of regret, all of which convinced Frederick I had been under a strange delusion, and had now returned to my senses. Still as nothing could restore that which seemed gone for ever, I determined to set to work on my recollections and complete a picture which, though not equal to that splendid vision, might perhaps do me credit as an artist. I now commenced diligently, and before the morning was over, I had restored the sketch, and greatly, as I thought, improved the likeness. Just at this moment the door opened, and my fair incognita appeared, so radiant in her peculiar beauty, and so exactly the living counterpart of the portrait that but yesterday had glowed upon the canvass, that I hardly knew whether to trust my eyes, or whether all around me was not an illusion. I fancy she perceived my confusion, for she smiled as she advanced towards me, and after inquiring whether I was unwell, or unable to work that day, and being answered in the negative, she withdrew her veil as before, and looked at my sketch. She seemed somewhat pleased to find it so much improved, but she said nothing

further, and took her seat. I now went on rapidly—I never in my life felt so much power: my recent sufferings had all disappeared, and my exertions seemed to bring renovation to my health and spirits. After she had sat for an hour, she rose to depart, but without saying a word of returning, and the same fear of offending her again deterred me from asking what I was dying to know. As before, she left a large sum of money on the table. The door had no sooner closed upon her than I again ran to the window, but with no better success. At this moment a glove which she had dropped caught my eye, I ran to the door, called to Frederick, who was up-stairs, and begged him, as my dress was not fit for the street, to run after the lady who was just gone, hoping that by this means I might perhaps discover where she lived. Frederick immediately rushed out, but returned in twenty minutes, saying that he had seen no one at all like the lady I had described, and that as he had been in both directions very rapidly, and they were both streets long enough to see any one at a great distance, he concluded she must have gone into some house, as no woman's pace could have outstripped his running. He then laid the glove on the table, and from the manner in which I admired its delicate fingers, and pressed it to my lips, Frederick concluded I was deeply enamoured with the person who had just left me, but with his usual discretion he forbore inquiring any further into the matter.

All now went on well for a time. I worked with great assiduity, and Frederick seeing me reinstated, to all appearance, in my usual tone of mind, left me more to myself, and returned to his occupations. Two months passed, but she did not appear, when one evening going into my studio as the moon shone brightly through the window, its rays seemed all concentrated in one liquid surface over the picture of the fair stranger; and through their dazzling light I thought I again discovered it in a state of perfect completion. There was something so superhuman in the brilliancy of those eyes, shining as they were in the midst of that silvery glare, that I felt a strange thrill of horror come over my frame, and sinking on the ground, and covering my face with my hands, I exclaimed in fervent prayer, "O Heaven! if this be some infernal delusion, rid me from its accursed power!" I remained full ten minutes in the same attitude, while the perspiration ran down my forehead, and my debilitated nerves were too shaken to allow me to make a single effort. At the end of that time I arose, a cloud had passed over the moon, and with its light the illusion had entirely disappeared. Somewhat relieved I left the room, but I was unable to shake off the impression entirely that whole night.

The next day she again came, and feeling now that a reiteration of the scenes I had undergone would prove fatal either to my life or my reason, I determined to ask some question which should at once gratify my curiosity, or put an end for ever to all my hopes and wishes on this subject. Besides, I counted somewhat on the surprise my unexpected inquiry would cause, and that very surprise might lead her to answer before she was well aware of it herself. How mortified was I when she turned her large eyes towards me with

all possible self-possession, and calmly asked me why I sought to know more than she chose to tell. I was unable to answer, but my feelings were evident in my looks.

"I understand you," she said, "I will come oftener—but no more questions."

Delighted at this unexpected condescension, I forbore all inquiries, and took my happiness as I found it; indeed, I seemed then to cease to care for any more information on the subject, for I was totally absorbed in what she had just said. From this time her visits were frequent, but I so feared finishing the picture, that I kept constantly retouching and effacing what I had done. My fears, however, were gradually dispelled as our intimacy grew greater, and some favourable opportunity had caused me to betray my violent passion to its object. After this my romance advanced rapidly to its climax: my hand was offered and accepted, but under the chilling condition that I was never to attempt to find out who she was.

"And by what name shall I call you?" said I.

"Any you please," was the answer.

"Then I will name you Angelina," said I, "for surely you are more an angel than a woman."

She laughed at my simple and fervent exclamation, but I still persisted.

As I found that she intended bringing no relations or friends to our wedding, I felt anxious for several of my relations, particularly the female ones, to serve as an escort for her, and I proposed to this intent that she should be introduced to an aunt of mine, who had married a rich merchant, and lived, together with five daughters, at the west end of the town. The next day I called on my aunt, and after telling her I was going to marry, I expressed a wish that she should be present at the ceremony, and that two of her daughters might act as bridesmaids. After inquiring whether the lady was rich, and on my replying, that I thought she was, she assented to my request, and further fixed a day for me to invite her to take tea at her house, as she said it was proper she should previously be acquainted with her. Having repeated this to Angelina, she promised to come on the appointed day, and, indeed, she made her appearance about eight o'clock in my aunt's drawing-room, where sat in formidable array my five cousins, her daughters, besides several other relations of both sexes. My five cousins, without being handsome, might really be called good-looking and showy girls, and were dressed in the extreme of fashion. But how far did she outshine them all in beauty when she took her seat amongst them! How superior in grace was her every motion to theirs! Nor was her attire less striking in its difference than her person. A yellow turban concealed her beautiful hair, which was simply parted on her forehead, and the ample folds of her white gown were contained by a belt inlaid with cameos. Her whole dress appeared a mixture of the Greek and the Hebraic style of simplicity, and though not in strict accordance with the fashion of the day, so far from appearing out of place, seemed the only fitting attire for a woman of her form and features. The impression that is made on an enthusiastic lover is not, however, always in accordance with the

taste of a set of light-headed, if not light-hearted, cousins, and therefore I was doomed to innumerable and unspeakable mortifications that evening. Charlotte soon found out that she could not have fine hair, or she would not have put on a turban; Henrietta found fault with the cut of her gown; Eliza complained that she had no style about her, and so on. But these would have been but minor vexations, which I should have considered as mere spite against a being so superior to themselves, had I not remarked that, one by one, they all withdrew from her, as if actuated by some invisible spell. I was going to rise and sit by her myself, when my aunt came bustling up to me to inquire what was the lady's surname, saying, that she had been much embarrassed by my having omitted such an obvious piece of information. My confusion was so great that I scarcely knew what I did answer; however, it came to this, that I was myself ignorant of it, and begged she would not press Angelina on the subject. My aunt seemed so shocked at the idea that I had brought an adventurer into her house, that I saw her immediately whisper something to each of her daughters, which I took to be a warning against too great a familiarity with such a person, and, indeed, they all obeyed her to the letter. Tired and disgusted at such a family meeting, I would instantly have left the house had it not been for Angelina, but while she was there I was rivetted to the spot. It was in vain that all my cousins exerted their talents on both harp and piano, I could feel no delight in listening to them: everything was soured to me for that night: they seemed nothing better than a set of heartless coquettes; their grace mere affectation, and their smiles the complacency of self-love. I think I never felt so angry against the softer sex. "My cousin seems very cross to-night," was whispered by the youngest to one of her sisters, but I took no notice of the remark, and wished them coldly good night, as I perceived that Angelina had just retired. When the day for our marriage was fixed, I sent word to apprise my aunt of it. A few days after she sent me a present of some silver tea-spoons and a few other little articles, which she specified as being given to myself, not to my bride, but declining redeeming her promise of being present at the ceremony, as she and her daughters were going out of town for a fortnight. Of course I understood what this meant. I received several other notes all to the same purpose, though all veiling the real objection, according to the different dispositions of the writers. Frederick looked in just as I was reflecting that Angelina and myself would be alone at church with only the parson and clerk as witnesses of our nuptials. I set forth to him in a strong light the disagreeable position I was in.

"I can enter into your feelings," said he, "but you must remember that when one marries in direct opposition to the wishes of all one's relations, one must lay one's account to these mortifying occurrences."

After a pause occasioned by my dislike to all argument on a subject on which I was so peremptorily decided, Frederick laid his hand on my shoulder, and continued speaking thus: "As a friend, however, I cannot help expressing my feelings on this subject: I wish I could see you give up—" here he stopped a moment, as if to see how far

he might go—"yes, give up this woman." The exclamation of "Never!" which vehemently burst from my lips was followed by a cooler question, of what fault he found, and what he could possibly urge against her. "She is undoubtedly a handsome woman," said Frederick, "but still there is a something in her eyes that tells me forcibly that she would certainly never make me happy—nor, pardon my frankness, *you* either; at least, not long." Silence again reigned for a few minutes between us, which Frederick broke by holding out his hand to me, and begging me not to take ill anything he had said, as he thought it the duty of a friend to warn me in time; but added, that he and his sister would certainly be present at church; that she would be bridesmaid, and that he would invite, besides, two relations of his, a middle-aged couple, whose presence would give some weight and respectability to the whole ceremony. After my thanking him warmly, he returned to this theme, and told me how various the conjectures had been about Angelina. But the idea that had gained most ground in my aunt's family, and with which he seemed also somewhat impressed, was, that she was a gypsy. Her black hair and marked features appeared to give an air of probability to this conjecture: I was myself struck with it, though I would not own it. The fact was, I felt determined to be overruled by no consideration. If she was a gypsy, my philosophy was ready to put up with it. But was it likely she would have had so much money at command? Where could she have acquired such refined manners, such an accomplished mind, and that fascination that polish and education alone can give? There may be many handsome gypsies, but I question much if an hour's conversation with one of them would display any other quality than that of low cunning and its necessary concomitants. Having, therefore, dismissed this topic with satisfaction to myself, I bade Frederick good morning, still remaining unshaken in my determination.

The day at length came that was to seal my destiny. Spring was now returning, and it was a fine clear morning that shone on our small retinue as we entered the church. Frederick's sister, a blooming girl of eighteen, was dressed all in white, and looked as lovely as Anrora herself. Their relations likewise attended according to promise:—but where was the bride? She did not appear, and I remained in dreadful suspense for an hour and more, till, at length, unable to bear it any longer, I walked out at a side door, when the first object that met my view was Angelina herself, looking dreadfully pale, and leaning against the wall. On my anxiously inquiring into the cause of all this, she replied, that she had an invincible dislike to entering a church, and declared that our marriage could only take place if the clergyman would come and perform the ceremony outside. After vainly endeavouring to dissuade her from this, and feeling ashamed to make such a proposal, I told her the thing was impossible; whereupon she gave me a scroll of paper indicating the time and place where I was to meet her, and where she said these difficulties would be overcome. She then left me, and I returned with a heavy heart to my friends, saying, that circumstances unforeseen had rendered our meeting unnecessary, and after thanking them for their trouble, we dispersed. Frederick looked at me in a manner that showed he suspected

something strange had happened, but he forbore from questions. That same day saw me hastening from London to the spot she had directed me to. It was a three days' journey; and, though I half doubted of the success that awaited me, I was hurried on by mingled love and curiosity. Having left my trunk at the inn where I alighted, I proceeded to cross the village as I had been directed, and so accurate had been the description, that I found my way without the least difficulty to the appointed spot. I here found Angelina in an old ruined tower, surrounded by strange faces, and still stranger costumes. They seemed a tribe of gypsies, and I began to think that the conjectures of my friends had not been very erroneous in suspecting her to belong to the fraternity. This strange scene and the sight of Angelina, who seemed, at this moment, like a pythoness, or more like a sorceress among her familiar demons, had such an effect on my mind that I declare I could at that moment have renounced her possession for ever. But how many a one would rather rush on headlong, when retreating would appear like a want of courage or determination! This was my case. Retreat seemed impossible, and I followed my destiny. A ceremony performed in some unknown tongue, and differing in its rites to anything I had ever heard of, united me to this singular being, and three more days found us returned to London, where we lived in the greatest retirement.

I was now married to the woman of my choice, for whom I had braved all prejudices; but I did not find in my new wife all the happiness I had so fondly expected. Not that her conversation had lost its charms, for I spent many delightful hours in her society; not that she was less accomplished than I had thought; but there was a something, as Frederick had warned me, that forbade me tasting an unmixed felicity. As it was her custom always to sit by me when I was painting, our conversations were long, and often embraced a great extent of moral and even philosophical disquisitions. I more than once remarked on these occasions expressions of sentiments on her part which, accompanied, as they were, with that sort of unearthly glance in her eyes which had formerly escaped my notice, seemed anything but the breathing of a mind such as I should have wished for in a partner for life. The fact was, she seemed to have no religion whatever:—I do not speak of outward forms:—and this combined with her seemingly invincible horror of entering the church on the morning we were to have been married, and with innumerable other strange things that I never before had put together, made me feel that kind of uneasiness which is attributed to those who meddle with forbidden arts. Besides this, she seemed to have none of the tastes or even ways common to all other women. I never so much as saw a piece of work in her hand, nor did my studio, which served likewise as sitting-room, seem in any way altered by the presence of a wife, which, in the case of all my bachelor friends marrying, appeared always in my eyes to make such an enviable difference. I may seem to be quarrelling with trifles, but is not life, and, especially, the enjoyments of life, made up of trifles? Though her custom of sitting by me at my work was delightful to me when alone, yet, when any one came to sit for their portrait, and she persisted seemingly from motives of jealousy in staying, it

became irksome in the highest degree to me, the more so as I remarked that the same fatal spell that seemed to act on my aunt and her daughters likewise acted on all my visitors, who soon ceased to come to my studio; and something must have been whispered abroad, as my friends, patrons, and acquaintances, seemed all alike to shun me. This universal desertion completely cast me down. By dint of being avoided, I was frightened into thinking myself guilty, and I walked about the streets like one conscious of being the victim of calumny's poisonous breath. Frederick, however, remained faithful to me under all these oppressive circumstances, and perhaps was most wise in appearing not to see what was the cause of my dejection. I had long promised him to paint his sister's portrait, and now having more time than usual, I proposed to Frederick to come some morning with her, that I might make a beginning. This was readily accepted, and she accordingly came. It is not often that I have drawn a lovelier countenance than her's: and though her beauty was of a widely different stamp to Angelina's, it was perhaps more calculated to please universally, from the very circumstance of its being of a less lofty order. There was something so smiling in her round face, that you loved her for the very cheerfulness that beamed from her laughing eyes. Yet even she, the sister of my best friend, declared to her brother after one sitting that she would not return any more, and that she felt uneasy in my house: and though her brother told me this in the most measured terms, and with evident reluctance at my repeated questions, it was, nevertheless, a blow that struck on my feelings with more force than can well be imagined. One more step, and I should be left friendless in the world!

Hitherto we had lived on the money that Angelina had given me as the price of her portrait, but that was spent long ago; and now, having been obliged to give up portrait-painting, I had no certain gains coming in, and ruin seemed to stare me in the face on all sides. There was no one of whom I could bring myself to borrow money, and I was driven to the still worse expedient, perhaps, of requiring credit from my tradespeople. I have often thought that I was at that time like one suffering under an edict of excommunication. The world—the circle of one's acquaintances in such a case are the world to us—seemed for some reason of its own to have cast me off, nor could any effort of mine tend to replace me in its favour, since I knew of no offence I had committed. Determined, however, still to struggle with my fate, I worked diligently at the completion of several small historical paintings, which I had long left untouched, in the hopes of selling them at the next exhibition. Indeed, my toil was so unremitting, that I think my health would have suffered from it, had not an unusual degree of success kept up my spirits. When three of these were finished, they were sent to Somerset House to be put up, and I continued working at the fourth, the subject of which had been furnished me by a German legend that I had read some years before, and having much admired it at the time, I had attempted to illustrate it by a sketch, which had been laid aside with many other things, after the first novelty of the idea, and its consequent inspiration had faded away. The design represented a sort of Peter Schlemel, bargaining

with the fiendish tempter about the price of his soul. Those artists who saw my sketch at the time I was so deeply occupied with the subject, concurred one and all in praising it as the best effort they had ever seen from my pencil, whether as regarded boldness of design, or merit in composition and arrangement of the different parts. When I had again worked up my imagination to the task, I began to take an interest in it, which abstracted me often for hours together from the distress of my circumstances, although the presence of Angelina, who was watching all my motions, rested like an incubus on my soul. Not unfrequently I threw away the brush in a fit of despair, exclaiming, "What is to become of us next?" Yet no word of sympathy came in sweet sounds from her lips, no encouragement, no stimulus to my exertions, and I used to sink back in my chair, faint with the despairing idea, that I was far more isolated in the world since this ill-fated marriage, than ever I had been before. I was in one of these sad moods when my landlady entered, and told me in a mild, but decided tone, that after the present week I must give up my share of her house, as she could no longer, consistently with her own interests, put up with a tenant, who, as far as she could judge from the appearance of my affairs, was not likely ever to discharge his arrears. I knew her to be a good-hearted woman, who was unlikely to proceed to any extremities, I therefore made a sign of compliance, letting her know at the same time, that as soon as my circumstances had improved, my debt should instantly be paid. She then retired, and I again sank back into the same attitude of despondency, thinking where we could go, or who would befriend us, and unconsciously I muttered, "What shall I do?" It was then that the fiendish temptation was first whispered into my ear, and that Angelina's white hand violently and suddenly laid on my shoulder, and directing my attention to the painting that stood before me, roused me to hear these dreadful words: "Do as he has done!"

I started back with involuntary horror, and looked full at her. Words would convey an imperfect idea of the fiendish expression that her countenance had assumed; it seemed more terrific from the very beauty and regularity of her features. One would have turned with disgust from ugliness that had appeared under such an aspect, but you were chained by a basilisk's power in the contemplation of a face that had all the majesty and terrible dignity that one would attribute to a queen of the darker regions. This state, however, could not last long—I arose to shake off the disagreeable impression, I paced the room, I walked to the window, and I finished by fancying that I must have heard or seen wrongly. A few moments after I turned my eyes on Angelina, and seeing her quite serene, I concluded that I had imputed to her thoughts that she had never dreamt of, and, more inclined to ask her pardon than to blame her, I again sat down to my work. The impression, however, could not be effaced, and I remained uneasy the rest of that day, although Angelina, by a more soothing manner than she had ever displayed before, sought to lead my thoughts back to their usual channel. This change of manner, which I attributed to her affection for me, and anxiety for our mutual welfare, had this effect on me, that I felt a burst of renewed affection for her, and

blamed myself a thousand times for what I deemed unjust suspicions. The following day was spent as usual at the easel, and towards the evening I went out partly to take an airing, and partly to go and see whether my paintings had been put up in an advantageous situation at Somerset House, which was very shortly to be opened to the public. Having ascertained which room they were in, I ascended the stair-case with anxious feelings, though little thinking what I was going to behold. Let those who are not artists themselves imagine, if they can, the feelings of a painter, who, after the toil of years, comes with an exhausted frame, and a heart beating with expectation, to contemplate his works, and judge what rank they may fairly hold amongst those of his contemporaries—let them, I say, at least sympathize with the distress I felt at the unexpected wreck of my hopes. There hung those pictures on which I had built groundless edifices (as it now turned out) of future fame, presenting one mass of colours without form or void, an absolute chaos, where neither design nor outline was discernible, and literally dissolving, as I gazed upon it in stupified astonishment, into huge drops, that kept trickling down the wall, and falling at measured intervals on the floor. The agonizing feelings that rushed into my brain at the moment, deprived me of my faculties, and I fell senseless on the spot. No one came to my assistance; the fact of my being there at all was only known to one man; and he had either forgotten it, or was impressed with the idea that I had retired long ago. I passed the night in a state of insensibility, and was only roused on the following morning by some persons entering with a foreign nobleman, who had inquired with a show of compassion, who that young man was, meaning myself, who seemed so dreadfully ill, or agitated. On being told that I was a painter, he looked at me with peculiar benevolence, and I believe addressed some words to me which I was unable to catch, as, on attempting to rise, I again fainted for want of strength. The next time I opened my eyes, I looked round for my kind inquirer, but I found I had been conveyed home, was laid on my bed, and that Angelina was sitting by my side.

"Are you now resolved," said she, "to take the only step that can save you? Have you learnt philosophy from disappointment, or is this lesson to be lost upon you?"

I understood the meaning of her words, but my energies were so completely exhausted, that I made not the slightest effort to argue with her. She therefore construed my silence into a half consent, and proceeded: "Will you not procure fortune, fame, and all that mortals most wish for, by the paltry sacrifice—of what? merely of that portion of yourself that you deem in your vanity and presumption to be immortal?"

She then proceeded to go into theories too long to be remembered, and perhaps too impious to be worth retracing, and finished by declaring that I must either barter my soul, or else submit to part for ever with her. Here was I, then, placed somewhat in the situation of my own hero, unable and unwilling to speak, half tempted to rescue myself from present misery, half horrified at the images which she had called up to my mind. A hesitation may be pardoned in a debili-

tated state of health, when hesitation would be criminal if all the faculties are unimpaired; I must, therefore, claim some indulgence for suffering myself to be led even to think of this means as available under the present circumstances. I did not rise that day, and spent the following night in restless and broken slumbers. The next morning, knowing that I must leave my lodgings in two days, I had my paintings conveyed to Frederick's house, as he had given me leave to do so, and, somewhat relieved by knowing them to be in safety, I again reflected on what course I should pursue. At this moment a letter was brought up to me, and on opening it, I found it was from an uncle of mine, a captain, whose existence I had almost forgotten, from his having been abroad for years with his regiment, and who had only returned within a few months to his native land. He lived wholly in the country. He told me he had been improving the old abbey, of which, being his only patrimony, he was rather proud. He continued, in a somewhat jocose strain, to tell me that he had heard of my marriage, and that my wife, by all accounts, was the strangest gipsy that ever lived, but that he liked strange people of all things, and that he had faced too many monsters of all sorts in India, to be afraid of a woman, and finished by desiring we should come and spend a few weeks with him, that he might be able to form his own opinion of my taste in choosing a wife. This invitation was of course eagerly and gratefully accepted on my side, and we departed the following day. I can scarcely express the relief I felt at my determination being thus put off forcibly, nor was I less revived by the kind reception I met with from my uncle, who, although he did not know my person since I was grown up, welcomed me with a cordiality to which I had been a stranger from the other branches of my family. Notwithstanding his very friendly advances, Angelina seemed, from the first, so dissatisfied with our visit, that she almost secluded herself from our society, and her utter disregard of all civility towards our host was so marked, that a man of more delicate sensibilities would have been highly offended. He, however, was a man who looked at everything superficially, and laughing good-humouredly at what he deemed her timidity, used to say that they would be better friends by-and-bye, or he was very much mistaken. It was plain that Angelina feared losing the influence that she had gained over my mind, when no one else was at hand to draw off my attention, and she made use of every endeavour to prevent the growing intimacy between the captain and myself, by constantly throwing out hints to his disadvantage. Whether from constitutional strength, or from the little he saw of her, I know not—but it is certain, that the disagreeable impression that Angelina had made on every one, was much slower in working its effects on him than on any one else. Yet he grew wearied at last at failing in all his attempts to conciliate her, and gave up the point in disgust. His liking towards me, however, was in no wise impaired by this feeling, of which he gave me an ample proof, by pressing me to stay the summer at his house to recruit my health, and to send for my paintings, if I was fearful of losing time by too long a recreation. This was so truly kind, that I immediately wrote to Frederick to send me all that I had left in his hands.

There was a priory adjoining the abbey, which was in a somewhat dilapidated state, most of the window-panes being broken, a part of it filled with rubbish. The walls had been decorated with paintings, which were now in a great measure effaced, and these I had undertaken to renovate, to the great satisfaction of my uncle. I therefore established here my studio, and having unpacked my paintings, it afforded the captain no small delight to come and examine them, and see me working at the embellishment of the old walls. My misfortunes at Somerset House were now forgotten, and in the elasticity of my spirits I felt like Michael Angelo himself, proud in the midst of my productions, and delighting in my creative faculties. It is true, that now and then a misgiving darted through my mind, which would have troubled me had I not had the happy faculty of throwing these feelings aside, when ardently engaged in any pursuit. But now a sudden change in Angelina aroused my attention in a new way. She seemed to have become the prey to a deep and settled despondency, and the remains of affection I still had for her, were such as to excite a sympathetic emotion in myself. She would sit for hours together at the entry of a grotto, just opposite the priory, and seem to be muttering to herself, but all inquiries could not draw anything from her but an ominous shake of the head. I was more distressed by her silence than by anything she could have said. I could hardly help promising to accede to all her wishes, but I luckily checked myself. One day, however, she broke through her silence, and said: "Do you renounce me for ever?" I knew the snare that lay at the bottom of these words, yet I had nearly vowed to forfeit my soul, when the words seemed to choke my utterance, and by a desperate effort I disengaged myself from her hand, which was holding mine with a convulsive grasp, and crying out, "Avaunt, ye evil temptations!" I rushed back to my studio, and in the passion that took possession of my whole soul, I seized an implement that was lying in my way, and, blinded by rage, I dashed it at her picture, ripped up the canvass, and trod it under foot. My uncle, who entered at this moment, concluded I must be raving mad—and perhaps I really was, at the moment, in a state bordering on insanity. No sooner, however, was my frenzy past, than I felt an altered man. An immense weight seemed to be removed from off my breast—I no longer felt like one tottering on the brink of crime—and in the ecstasy of these new feelings I was so overpowered, as to remain for several hours unable to speak or move, like one entranced. I afterwards found, on investigating the circumstances, that the very moment I had destroyed the picture, this tempter had disappeared miraculously from the grotto in which I had left her, and the strictest search, prosecuted for many days, produced no tidings of her whatever. But enough of this. I could not bear to hear the subject hinted at for months after, though I felt all the renovation of spirits natural to one who had escaped from the grasp of a monster. I was now persuaded that I might regain my place in society, and my fame as a painter. In this disposition of mind I was agreeably surprised by a letter from Frederick, who told me that the Italian nobleman who had seen me at Somerset House, had taken such an interest in me, as to lead him to wish to see some of my paintings. That he had, on inquiring for

me, been directed to Frederick, and had seen what I considered my master-piece; that he was so much delighted with it, that he wished to bargain for the purchase of it, but as I was absent, and he on the eve of his departure, this could not well be brought to bear. He had, however, left several letters of recommendation for me, in case I should like to visit Italy, with a liberal promise of patronage, and every assistance, if I had the wish to pursue my studies in the private collections of that country. I eagerly embraced this offer, and bidding adieu to my kind relation, I repaired to London. Frederick received me most affectionately. We had a long conversation about my future prospects, in which he carefully avoided all direct mention of Angelina's fate. "A couple of years," said he, "spent in the land of the fine arts, will remove all the prejudices that may have been formed against you. People easily forget that which does not personally affect or interest them, and your returning with improved talents in the character of a travelled artist, will, believe me, impart a zest to the public interest in your behalf."

This advice, which coincided completely with my own feelings, was immediately adopted, and a few days afterwards I took leave of Frederick, and recommending myself to the remembrance of his sweet sister, I set sail for Italy.

C. DE P.

THE RHINE.

SPEED on thou golden Rhine, remembrance ne'er
 Shall die within me, of thy vine-clad hills,
 Thy castled crags, thy thousand rocky rills,
 Thy meads, thy valleys, and thy woodlands fair.
 How oft my heart hath taken lively share
 In all thy legendary lore, that thrills
 The youthful bosom, and with wonder fills
 E'en those besprent with age's silvery hair!
 How many deeds of glorious emprise
 Are linked with thee like wonders of a dream—
 How many dames with beauty in their eyes,
 Have cast on thee that beauty's mellow gleam;
 And countless bards have praised thee in their song,
 Their chiefest guerdon—wandering thee along!

MR. CHORLEY'S MEMORIALS OF MRS. HEMANS.

Memorials of Mrs. Hemans. With Illustrations of her Literary Character from her Private Correspondence. By HENRY F. CHORLEY. 2 Vols. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

It would be unjust to commence our remarks upon these well-written Memoirs, with the trite and altisonant phrase, "Mrs. Hemans is no more!" for no one that ever "shuffled off this mortal coil," has a more abiding existence in this world, than this gentle and impassioned being, who was all song, harmony, and enthusiasm. Her identity was in her poetry. The latter will never die. To make use of a somewhat extravagant illustration, she seems to have been toiling, for the brief space that she was spared to us, to create a double-self in her works, and, as she proceeded with the intensity of the poetic temperament, wore herself away to a spirit; and thus when she had completed her glorious consummation, the two essences parted, the one to that immortality her blameless life had won, the other, a spiritual personification of herself, remains with us, to instruct, to improve, and to delight. Thus it is that her best biography will be found in her productions. In these we may trace the maturing to perfection of her powers; and to her, more than to most beings, that hacknied phrase may be justly applied, "she was all mind."

The "Memorials" before us are, therefore, exactly what the public should desire. They are elegant tracings of the spirit, not a chronicle of the sordid and common-place accidents of every-day life. Those who may, from a morbid curiosity, desire to know more than they will find in the pages we are noticing, are not those for whom we should wish to write, or whom we should care to please.

And yet, there is enough to satisfy even that class, who delight in minuteness, and which feel more pleasure in ascertaining the weight of the acorn, than in contemplating the accumulated magnificence of the oak. For ourselves, we honour Mrs. Hemans' memory, and love her poetry not a whit the more, because, among her ancestors, she numbered Doges of Venice; but as very many will, we give the following extract from her Memoirs.

"Felicia Dorothea Browne—the second daughter and the fourth child of a family of three sons and three daughters—was born in Duke Street, Liverpool, on the 28th of September, 1794. Her father was a native of Ireland, belonging to a branch of the Sligo family; her mother, a Miss Wagner, was a descendant of a Venetian house, whose old name, Veniero, had, in the course of time, been corrupted into this German form. Among its members were numbered three who rose to the dignity of Doge, and one who bore the honourable rank of commander at the battle of Lepanto. In the waning days of the Republic, Miss Browne's grandfather held the humbler situation of Venetian Consul in Liverpool. The maiden name of his wife was Haddock,—a good and ancient one among the yeomanry

of Lancashire; three of the issue of this union are still surviving. To these few genealogical notices it may be added, that Felicia Dorothea was the fifth bearing that Christian name in her mother's family,—that her elder sister Eliza, of whom affectionate mention is made in her earliest poems, died of a decline at the age of eighteen; and that her brother Claude, who reached manhood, died in America several years ago. Two brothers, older than herself, and one sister, her junior, are therefore, all that now survive."

She was bred up in much seclusion, in a romantic part of Wales, and among scenery excellently adapted to nourish the poetical conformation of her mind. She appears never to have been what is called regularly educated; but she became accomplished in no ordinary degree, acquired the knowledge of several languages, and stored her memory with everything that was worth preserving, through the whole range of poetry, science, and ancient and modern history. We say not that her acquaintance with all these was minute and technical. She registered in her remembrance only the most striking and useful points. She was learned in results alone; neither the cast of her mind, her domestic cares, or the brevity of her life, would permit her to become acquainted with the processes by which these results were obtained.

We will pass over the few anecdotes recorded of her childhood, and merely notice that, though gentle and nervous to a degree that might be well designated as cowardice, she was passionately attached to military renown, and luxuriated in all the "pomp and circumstance of war."

Shortly after Miss Browne began to obtain notice by her minor poems, she was married to Captain Hemans of the 4th regiment. After her marriage she continued writing more assiduously than before, and began to attract around her the attention and friendship of the good, the great, and the wise, among whom may be reckoned the excellent Bishop Heber. About the year 1822, she produced a drama, that had not the success she expected, or that its merits deserved. We have no space to record the varieties of her abode, or enumerate the many pieces that she now produced in rapid succession, and still with increasing renown to herself. She also became mistress of the German language, and deeply imbued her spirit with the solemn mysticism of the best works so common in that tongue, which she denominated "rich and affectionate."

It has been often asserted that no writer is the best judge of his own productions, and Milton and his "*Paradise Regained*" have been often quoted as a proof of the dictum. We, however, subscribe to it, but with many reservations. We offer the reader, for his contemplation, the passage that Mrs. Hemans preferred to almost anything that she ever wrote. It is an extract from the beautiful poem of "*The Forest Sanctuary*," and descriptive of a sea burial.

" She lay a thing for earth's embrace,
To cover with spring-wreaths. For earth's?—the wave
That gives the bier no flowers, makes moan above her grave!

On the mid-seas a knell!—for man was there,—
Anguish and love, the mourner with his dead!

A long, low, tolling knell—a voice of prayer—
Dark glassy waters, like a desert spread,—
And the pale shining Southern Cross on high,
Its faint stars fading from a solemn sky,
Where mighty clouds before the dawn grew red :—
Were these things round me? Such o'er memory sweep
Wildly when aught brings back that burial of the deep.

Then the broad, lonely sunrise, and the plash
Into the sounding waves !—around her head
They parted, with a glancing moment's flash,
Then shut—and all was still. . . .”

But elegant, touching, and truly poetical as are the above, we prefer the following.

“ Yet I have known it long :
Too restless and too strong
Within this clay hath been the o’ermastering flame ;
Swift thought that came and went,
Like torrents o’er me sent,
Have shaken as a reed, my thrilling frame.

Like perfumes on the wind,
Which none may stay or bind,
The beautiful comes floating through my soul ;
I strive with yearning vain,
The spirit to detain
Of the deep harmonies that past me roll !

Therefore disturbing dreams
Trouble the secret streams,
And founts of music that o’erflow my breast ;
Something far more divine
Than may on earth be mine,
Haunts my worn heart, and will not let it rest.”

They mirror herself.

To know how a poet looked, is a natural, a legitimate curiosity. We therefore give, at length, the following extract in the words of her biographer.

“ I may, perhaps, be forgiven for alluding to the feelings which accompanied me into the presence of almost the first distinguished literary person I had ever seen : one, too, whose writings I loved, as only the very young love the poetry which they have taken to their hearts. After-life has no such moments of mingled delight and misgiving. When I first saw Mrs. Hemans, she was slowly walking with another lady, down the avenue belonging to the house where she was upon a visit. Her face, her dress, her air, are before me, as I write, like things of yesterday. Yet though so clear is my memory now, I was then so confused, as, upon my return home, to give a most strangely incorrect account of her appearance, and even, I believe, to fall into the ludicrous exaggeration of describing her fine auburn hair as red ! In that brief interview, however, one common taste disclosed itself—a fondness, I might say, a passion, for music. She spoke with enthusiasm of the many admirable descriptions of its effects to be found in the works of our great writers, themselves not remarkable for any extraordinary attachment to the art—in particular of one passage in Valerius, which I had long treasured,—

that which describes the Roman soldiers, at the door of the prison where the Christian captives are confined, listening to their evening hymn, and speaking of the music 'which they had heard played many a night, with hautboy and clarion and dulcimer, upon the high walls of Jerusalem, while the old city was beleaguered.' She repeated the rest of that fine passage. 'I never heard any music like the music of the Jews;—why, when they came down to join the battle, their trumpets sounded so gloriously that we wondered how it was possible for them ever to be driven back: and then, when their gates were closed, and they sent out to beg their dead, they would play such solemn, awful notes of lamentation, that the plunderers stood still to listen, and their warriors were delivered to them with their mail as they had fallen.' There is no freemasonry so intimate and immediate, I believe, as that which exists among the lovers of music; and though, when we parted, I could not tell the colour of her eyes and hair, I felt that a confidence and a good understanding had arisen between us, which the discussion of no subject less fascinating could have excited.

"Perhaps this is the place wherein a few words upon the delicate points of external appearance and manner may come best. It has been said that no woman can form a fair estimate of another's personal attractions; but in contradiction to this sweeping assertion, I shall draw upon a woman's work, 'The Three Histories,' for a description of Mrs. Hemans, which, though somewhat idealized, is as faithful to the truth, as it is gracefully written.

" 'Egeria was totally different from any other woman I had ever seen, either in Italy or England. She did not dazzle—she subdued me. Other women might be more commanding, more versatile, more acute; but I never saw one so exquisitely feminine. She was lovely without being beautiful; her movements were features; and if a blind man had been privileged to pass his hand over the silken length of hair, that when unbraided flowed round her like a veil, he would have been justified in expecting softness and a love of softness, beauty and a perception of beauty, to be distinctive traits of her mind. Nor would he have been deceived. Her birth, her education, but, above all, the genius with which she was gifted, combined to inspire a passion for the ethereal, the tender, the imaginative, the heroic,—in one word, the beautiful. It was in her a faculty divine, and yet of daily life;—it touched all things, but, like a sunbeam, touched them with 'a golden finger.' Anything abstract or scientific was unintelligible and distasteful to her; her knowledge was extensive and various, but, true to the first principle of her nature, it was poetry that she sought in history, scenery, character, and religious belief,—poetry that guided all her studies, governed all her thoughts, coloured all her conversation. Her nature was at once simple and profound; there was no room in her mind for philosophy, or in her heart for ambition,—one was filled by imagination, the other engrossed by tenderness. Her strength and her weakness alike lay in her affections: these would sometimes make her weep at a word,—at others imbue her with courage;—so that she was alternately a 'falcon-hearted dove,' and 'a reed shaken with the wind.' Her voice was a sad, sweet melody, her spirits reminded me of an old poet's description of the orange-tree, with its

'Golden lamps hid in a night of green,'

or of those Spanish gardens where the pomegranate grows beside the cypress. Her gladness was like a burst of sunlight; and if in her depression she resembled night, it was night wearing her stars. I might describe, and describe for ever, but I should never succeed in portraying Egeria: she was a muse, a grace, a variable child, a dependent woman—the Italy of human beings."

In order that she might afford the advantages of good education to her sons, she removed to a small and unpicturesque suburban village near Liverpool, named Wavertree, which she has embalmed by her residence and her remarks in a ridiculous immortality. She was here much persecuted by the tribe of sight-seers and lion-hunters; and we have several humorous descriptions in Mrs. Hemans' letters of these impertinent incursors upon domestic privacy. These annoyances were certainly her penalty for greatness, but she paid it with an ill-grace; and, we think, that her position was often as laughable as the folly of her persecutors. The following is our poetess's description of one of these irritations:—

"They had an Album with them. . . . absolutely an Album! You had scarcely left me to my fate—O how you laughed the moment you were set free!—when the little woman with the inquisitorial eyes informed me, that the tall woman with the superior understanding—Heaven save the mark!—was *ambitious* of possessing my autograph, and out leaped in lightning forth 'the Album.' A most evangelical and edifying book it is truly; so I, out of pure spleen, mean to insert in it something as strongly savouring of the Pagan miscellany as I *dare*. O the 'pleasures of Fame!' O that I were but the little girl in the top of the elm-tree again!

"Your much enduring,
"F. H."

And again she mentions, that another lady with whom she was about to pass the evening, sent to a mutual friend to borrow two works previously, in order to *cram* herself—*pour se munir*, Mrs. Hemans more delicately expresses it—for the occasion.

But in the midst of all these literary glories, the annoying testimonies of which were thus often brought to her very hearth-stone, her health was undermining. She was often attacked by a palpitation of the heart; a most distressing sensation, and a symptom of great nervous disarrangement. However, she bore up nobly against the advances of this disease, and afforded, by the unchanging healthfulness of her soul, a beautiful and sublime argument against materialism.

Notwithstanding the high and spiritualized tone of the generality of Mrs. Hemans' poetry, its far-lookingness, and its severe morality, she could often be very droll in her prose compositions; and, indeed, when she chose could quiz most cunningly, as is proved by the following extract from one of her letters.

"I send you an American Annual to look at, which I received a few days ago, and in which you cannot be more surprised to see some *forges* of mine on the 'Use of the word Barb,' than I was to see them *there*. It quite perplexed me until I found out that a friend of mine in this neighbourhood had given Professor Norton a copy, which I had almost forgotten, during his visit to Liverpool. *He* has told the story in the prettiest way for me, but to you I shall confess the whole wicked truth. It was neither more nor less than a mystification practised upon ———, who in the innocence of his heart, called upon me two or three years ago, and asked me if I could help him to some authorities in the old English writers, for the use of the word *Barb*, as a steed. I promised my assistance, (I believe he had a wager depending upon it,) and actually imposed upon his trusting nature all that sheet of forgeries

with which 'the much-enduring man,' enchanted by his sudden acquisition of learning, went about rejoicing, (I really marvel how I had the heart!) until some one-eyed person among the blind awakened him from his state of 'ignorance' and 'bliss.'

"I have been very ill-used in several ways since I saw you. Here is a great book on Phrenology, which a gentleman has just sent me and expects that I shall *read*! People do take me for a sort of literary ogress, I think, or something like the sailor's definition of an epicure, 'a person that can eat *anything*.' To be sure, I *did* very much aggravate the Phrenologist lately, by laughing at the whole *Scullery* science and its votaries, so I suppose this is his revenge. And imagine some of my American friends having actually sent me several copies of a Tract, audaciously calling itself, 'A Sermon on Small Sins.' Did you ever know anything so scurrilous and personal? 'Small sins' to me, who am little better than a grown-up Rosamond, (Miss Edgeworth's naughty girl, you know,) who constantly lie in bed till it is too late to get up early, break my needles, (when I use any,) leave my keys among my necklaces, answer all my amusing letters first and leave the others to their fate; in short, regularly commit small sins enough every day, to roll up into one great, immense, *frightful* one at the end of it! Now have I *not* been ill, very ill-used, as I said? How very well this swan-quill of mine did write yesterday, and how very badly it is writing now! I hope — will consider the neatness of the German lines, which I beg you to give him, as a proof of its excellence, (now departed,) after he mended it; and I shall be very much obliged if he will be kind enough to restore it again, and to make me a few more, and I want to know whether he found the Fate-Tragedy as *comfortable* as he wished."

"The following are the imitations of our standard authors referred to: now, I believe, published in England for the first time.

"The warrior donn'd his well-worn garb,
And proudly waved his crest,
He mounted on his jet-black *barb*,
And put his lance in rest.

Percy's Reliques.

"Eftsoons the wight withouten more delay,
Spurred his brown *barb* and rode full swiftly on his way.

Spenser.

"Hark! was it not the trumpet's voice I heard?
The soul of battle is awake within me!
The fate of ages and of empires hangs
On this dread hour. Why am I not in arms?
Bring my good lance, caparison my steed!
Base, idle grooms! are ye in league against me?
Haste with my *barb*, or by the holy saints
Ye shall not live to saddle him to-morrow!

Massinger.

"No sooner had the pearl-shedding fingers of the young Aurora tremulously unlocked the oriental portals of the golden horizon, than the graceful flower of chivalry, and the bright cynosure of ladies' eyes—he of the dazzling breast-plate and swan-like plume—sprang impatiently from the couch of slumber, and eagerly mounted the noble *barb* presented to him by the Emperor of Aspramontanice.

Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia.

"See'st thou yon chief whose presence seems to rule
The storm of battle! Lo! where'er he moves

Death follows! Carnage sits upon his crest—
Fate on his sword is throned—and his white *barb*,
As a proud courser of Apollo's chariot,
Seems breathing fire.

Potter's Æschylus.

"O bonnie looked my ain true knight,
His *barb* so proudly reining,
I watched him till my tearfu' sight
Grew a'maist dim wi' straining.

Border Minstrelsy.

"Why, he can heel the lavolt and wind a fiery *barb* as well as any gailant in Christendom. He's the very pink and mirror of accomplishment.
Shakespeare.

"Fair star of beauty's heaven! to call thee mine
All other joys I joyously would yield;
My knightly crest, my bounding *barb* resign,
For the poor shepherd's crook and daisied field;
For courts or camps no wish my soul would prove,
So thou wouldst live with me, and be my love.

Earl of Surry's Poems.

"For thy dear love my weary soul hath grown
Heedless of youthful sports: I seek no more,
Or joyous dance, or music's thrilling tone,
Or joys that once could charm in minstrel lore,
Or knightly tilt where steel-clad champions meet
Borne on impetuous *barbs* to bleed at beauty's feet.

Milton's Sonnets.

"As a warrior clad
In sable arms, like Chaos dull and sad,
But mounted on a *barb*, as white
As the fresh new-born light,
So the black night too soon
Came riding on the bright and silver moon,
Whose radiant, heavenly ark,
Made all the clouds beyond her influence seem
E'en more than doubly dark,
Mourning, all widowed of her glorious beam."

Cowley.

This extract also proves the versatility of her powers, and these specimens of mystification did not require the Atlantic to be to the westward of the victim to have mystified him.

Mrs. Hemans seems to have had a great attachment to the family of the Howitts, which is fully evinced by the numerous and affectionate letters dispersed through these volumes, which she has addressed to them, but which, from want of space, we are unable to quote.

The second of the two volumes, in which these Memorials are comprised, commences by the character of the poems written by Mrs. Hemans whilst residing at Wavertree. This is good criticism, and we recommend it to the earnest attention of the reader. As it is our decided conviction, that not a particle of affectation could be attributed to Mrs. Hemans, we select the following as a specimen of the unsullied purity of her mind, which would not permit a shadow to pass

over her thoughts, even from a remote and an admired object. Lord Byron had presented her with, and she had worn, a lock of his hair; she honoured this testimonial of reverence to her genius. Moore's Byron appeared. At first her anxiety to see the memoirs was extreme.

"Her disappointment at the extracts which appeared in the periodicals was so great as to prevent her reading the work when published. 'The book itself,' says she, in one of her notes, 'I do not mean to read; I feel as if it would be like entering a tavern, and I shall not cross the threshold.' She found the poet whom she had long admired at a distance invested with a Mephistopheles-like character, which pained and startled her; for the unworldly and imaginative life she had led, rendered her slow to admit and unwilling to tolerate the strange mixture of cruel mockery and better feeling, which breathe through so many of his letters; and the details of his continental wanderings shocked her fastidious sense as exceeding the widest limits within which one so passionate and so disdainful of law and usage might err and be forgiven. From this time forth she never wore the relic; indeed, her shrinking from anything like coarseness of thought, or feeling, or language, (which will be traced in the following note,) may by some be thought to trench upon affectation, whereas it was only the necessary consequence of her exclusive and unchecked devotion to the Beautiful. If any passage in one of her most favourite writers offended her delicacy, the leaf was torn out without remorse; and every one familiar with her little library will have been stopped by many a pause and chasm, of which this is the explanation.

"My dear —,

"Upon looking over the dramatic specimens which I had promised to send you, I was distressed to find the *titles* of some of the plays so very coarse, though the scenes have been carefully chosen, that I really did not like to forward you the book. If, however, you do not take alarm at 'the word of fear,' *Lectures*, I think you will find in the accompanying volume of Hazlitt's a great deal that is interesting, and many selections from those olden poets, which will give you an idea of their force and sweetness 'drawn from that well of English undefiled.'"

In the summer of 1829, Mrs. Hemans, accompanied by her two younger sons, visited Scotland, and found her reception gratifying in the extreme. She was *fêted* in that land of hospitality in a manner that proved that the sons of its northern climate enjoyed and appreciated the highly-finished and exquisitely-touched poetry of their guest, as well as the wilder and more energetic numbers of their native bards. But we have no time to chronicle the superabundance of honour that was poured upon her. It is judiciously and elegantly done in the volumes before us. This part of the publication is extremely rich in the gifted lady's letters, and gives us a very high notion of her powers of prose composition. The following is her impression of Sir Walter Scott, whom she visited at Abbotsford.

"At present I *can* only talk of Sir Walter Scott, with whom I have been just taking a long, delightful walk through the 'Rhymour's Glen.' I came home, to be sure, in rather a disastrous state after my adventure, and was greeted by my maid, with that most disconsolate visage of hers, which invariably moves my hard heart to laughter; for I had got wet above my ancles in the haunted burn, torn my gown in making my way through thickets of wild roses, stained my gloves with wood-straw-

berries, and even—direst misfortune of all! scratched my face with a rowan branch. But what of all this? Had I not been walking with Sir Walter Scott, and listening to tales of elves, and bogles, and brownies, and hearing him recite some of the Spanish ballads till they ‘stirred the heart like the sound of a trumpet?’ I must reserve many of these things to tell you when we meet, but one very *important* trait, (since it proves a sympathy between the Great Unknown and myself,) I cannot possibly defer to that period, but must record it now. You will expect something peculiarly impressive, I have no doubt. Well—we had reached a rustic seat in the wood, and were to rest there, but I, out of pure perverseness, chose to establish myself comfortably on a grass bank. ‘Would it not be more prudent for you, Mrs. Hemans,’ said Sir Walter, ‘to take the seat?’ ‘I have no doubt that it would, Sir Walter, but, somehow or other, I always prefer the grass.’ ‘And so do I,’ replied the dear old gentleman, coming to sit there beside me, ‘and I really believe that I do it chiefly out of a wicked wilfulness, because all my *good advisers* say that it will give me the rheumatism.’ Now was it not delightful? I mean for the future take my own way in all matters of this kind, and to say that Sir Walter Scott particularly recommended me to do so. I was rather agreeably surprised by his appearance, after all I had heard of its homeliness; the predominant expression of countenance, is, I think, a sort of arch good-nature, conveying a mingled impression of penetration and benevolence. The portrait in the last year’s *Literary Souvenir* is an excellent likeness.

And besides much more than we should wish to extract, this

“But how *can* I go on thus, speaking of myself, *here* in this faëry realm of Abbotsford?—with so many relics of the chivalrous past around me, and the presiding spirit which has gathered them together still shedding out its own brightness over all! I have now had the gratification of seeing him in every point of view I could desire: we had one of the French princes here yesterday, with his suite;—the Duc de Chartres, son of the Duc d’Orleans;—and there was naturally some little excitement diffused through the household by the arrival of a royal guest: Sir Walter was, however, exactly the same in his own manly simplicity;—kind, courteous, unaffected; ‘*his foot upon his native heath.*’ I must say a few words of the Duc, who is a very elegant young man, possessing a finished and really *noble* grace of manner, which conveys at once the idea of Sir Philip Sidney’s high thoughts seated ‘in a heart of courtesy,’ and which one likes to consider as an *appanage* of royal blood. I was a little nervous when Sir Walter handed me to the piano, on which I was the sole performer, for the delectation of the courtly party. *Son Altesse Royale* made a most exemplary listener; but my discovery that he was pleased to consider one of Count Oginski’s polonaises as a *variation* upon that beautiful slow movement of Hummel’s which you copied for me, and which is one of my especial favourites, very much neutralized the effect which his ‘*paroles d’or et de soie*’ might otherwise have had upon my dazzled intellect. To-day, Lord — is expected, with his eldest son, here called the ‘Master of —.’ How completely that title brings back Ravenswood and Lucy Ashton to one’s imagination! If the ‘Master’ have not something of the stately Edgar about him, I shall be rather disappointed.

We will, now on this subject, before we take leave of it altogether, quote the words of her biographer.

“Little more remains to be told of Mrs. Hemans’ sojourn at Abbotsford. To one of her sons, however, who was her companion in this in-

teresting visit, I am indebted for an anecdote or two, which complete the picture. 'She used to spend the mornings chiefly in taking long walks or drives with Sir Walter; in the evenings she used to play to him, principally her sister's music, and sometimes sing—(for at an earlier age, when her health was strong, she had possessed a very good voice)—and I remember his saying to her, on one of these occasions, 'One would say you had too many accomplishments, Mrs. Hemans, were they not all made to give pleasure to those around you!' He was affected to tears by her reading aloud a little French poem, describing the sufferings of the Bourbons in the Conciergerie, and begged her to discontinue I never heard Sir Walter make any allusion to his own fame, except on one occasion when we visited Newark Tower, and, on seeing two tourists make a precipitate retreat at our approach, he said, smiling,—'Ah, Mrs. Hemans, they little know what two lions they're running away from!'

Her visit to that venerable and magnificent ruin, Mackenzie, the author of "The Man of Feeling," is simply and pathetically told, and will be read with feelings of intense interest. Perhaps the most exciting part of these volumes will be pronounced to be her description, in her various letters to her friends, of her residence on the lakes, and her social intercourse with Mr. Wordsworth. The following were her impressions upon meeting with him.

"I was driven to a lovely cottage-like building, almost hidden by a profusion of roses and ivy; and a most benignant-looking old man greeted me in the porch; this was Mr. Wordsworth himself; and when I tell you that, having rather a large party of visitors in the house, he led me to a room apart from them, and brought in his family by degrees, I am sure that little trait will give you an idea of considerate kindness which you will both like and appreciate. In half an hour I felt myself as much at ease with him as I had been with Sir Walter Scott in half a day. I laughed to find myself saying, on the occasion of some little domestic occurrence, 'Mr. Wordsworth, how *could* you be so giddy?' He has, undeniably, a lurking love of mischief, and would not, I think, be half so safely intrusted with the tied-up bag of winds as Mr. — insisted that Dr. Channing might be. There is an almost patriarchal simplicity, an absence of all pretension about him, which I know you would like; all is free, unstudied—'the river winding at its own sweet will'—in his manner and conversation there is more of impulse about them than I had expected, but in other respects I see much that I should have looked for in the poet of meditative life: frequently his head droops, his eyes half close, and he seems buried in quiet depths of thought. I have passed a delightful morning to-day in walking with him about his own richly-shaded grounds, and hearing him speak of the old English writers, particularly Spenser, whom he loves, as he himself expresses it, for his 'earnestness and devotedness.' It is an *immeasurable* transition from Spenser to —, but I have been so much amused by Mr. Wordsworth's characterizing her as a '*tumultuous young woman*,' that I cannot forbear transcribing the expression for the use of my friends. I must not forget to tell you that he not only admired our exploit in crossing the Ulverston sands as a deed of 'derring do,' but as a decided proof of taste; the Lake scenery, he says, is never seen to such advantage as after the passage of what he calls its majestic barrier."

That the writers of verses are, like other mortals, sometimes obliged to do, and do sometimes say, very prosaic things, the following selection of one of the liveliest of Mrs. Hemans' letters, will fully il-

lustrate. It is necessary, however, to premise that the lady had spoiled her best silk dress, and she became conscious of daily assuming more and more the appearance of "a decayed gentlewoman;" so she writes to her friend thus:

"Three yards of black silk, however, will, I believe, restore me to respectability of appearance, . . . if — will add a supply of chocolate, without which there is no getting through the fatigue of existence for me—and if — or your brother — will also send me a volume or two of Schiller—not the plays, but the poems—to read with Mr. Wordsworth, I shall then have a complete brown-paper full of happiness. Imagine, my dear —, a bridal present made by Mr. Wordsworth, to a young lady in whom he is much interested—a poet's daughter, too! You will be thinking of a brooch in the shape of a lyre, or a butterfly-shaped aigrette, or a forget-me-not ring, or some such 'small gear'—nothing of the sort, but a good, handsome, substantial, useful-looking pair of scales, to hang up in her store-room! 'For you must be aware, my dear Mrs. Hemans,' said he to me very gravely, 'how necessary it is occasionally for every lady to see things weighed herself.' '*Poveretta me!*' I looked as good as I could, and, happily for me, the poetic eyes are not very clear-sighted, so that I believe no suspicion derogatory to my notability of character, has yet flashed upon the mighty master's mind: indeed I told him that I looked upon scales as particularly graceful things, and had great thoughts of having my picture taken with a pair in my hand." . . .

Let us place the authoress of "Hymns of the Affections," and three yards of black silk in juxtaposition on one side, and Mr. Wordsworth, the author of "The Excursion," and a pair of household scales filled with weights, and very fat bacon, on the other, and we shall have a very correct idea of the substantial nature of that very etherialized being, a poet.

But the sunshine of this beautiful narrative is fast paling towards the close of the second volume. After removing to Ireland, from whence she returned not, her constitutional attacks became more severe, and less intermittent, yet her mind strengthened as her frame weakened, and her aspirations were never before more noble, her intellect more clear. In this state of sickness, she executed some exquisite poems, and projected some divine ones. But, as the calm of that evening of life that ushers into eternity came over her, so did also a quiet change in the colouring of her views, and, to quote the text of these interesting volumes—

"The scriptures were her daily study, and she also passed much time over the writings of some of our old divines, particularly Jeremy Taylor, for whom she had the greatest veneration. As to the poetry she then loved best and read oftenest, it was, beyond all comparison, Wordsworth's. Much as she had admired his writings before, they became more than ever endeared to her; and it is a fact, that during the four last years of her life, she never, except when prevented by illness, passed a single day without reading something of his. I have heard her say, that Wordsworth and Shelley were once the spirits contending to obtain the mastery over her's; that the former soon gained the ascendancy, is not, I think, to be wondered at; for much as she delighted in Shelley, she pitied him still more. In defining the distinction between the genius of Wordsworth and that of Byron, I remember her saying, that it required a higher power to still a tempest than to raise one, and that she considered it the part of the former to calm, and of the latter to disturb, the mind.

"While all these studies had evidently the effect of rendering her more peaceful and resigned to sorrow and pain—that extreme vivacity of spirits she had formerly possessed entirely vanished, and her delicate wit only flashed forth at intervals of rare occurrence. She seldom played during this time, save for the amusement of others; music, she said, made her so sorrowful as to be quite painful to her."

It is always to us painful to record, as it must be to the relations to watch over, the gradual departing of the immortal spark. A lingering illness we never could contemplate with anything like satisfaction, notwithstanding the divine lessons of resignation that it often affords, and the tender poetry of the grief that talented writers have contrived to fling around it. Since we must die, we have our preference among the various methods of dying. A bullet through the head, on the quarter-deck above, and a some thousand fathom deep, clear, blue grave beneath—the leaping bolt of the lightning, or the unheard, but the instantaneously obeyed summons in the profound slumber—what a world of woe would any of these consummations spare us! We therefore will not dwell upon the last sick couch of Mrs. Hemans. We merely say, that, though her sufferings were prolonged, they were borne like a Christian, and, that her parting hour was peaceful and holy. The mental misery that this afflicting illness caused was not with the dying, but the survivors. Thus says her biographer:—

"Nearly the last words she was heard to utter were on Saturday the sixteenth of May, to ask her youngest son, then sitting by her bed-side, what he was reading. When he told her the name of the book, she said, 'Well, do you like it?' After this she fell into a gentle sleep, which continued almost unbroken, till evening, when, between the hours of eight and nine, her spirit passed away without a sigh or a struggle.

"She was buried in a grave within St. Anne's Church, Dawson Street, close to the house in which she died; the funeral service being performed over her remains, by the Rev. Dr. Dickinson, the Archbishop's Chaplain, from whom she had received the sacrament on the evening of the seventeenth of March. There is, as yet, no monument erected to her, save a tablet in the cathedral of St. Asaph, placed there by her brothers, 'in memory of Felicia Hemans, whose character is best portrayed in her writings.'"

After the very able and attendant remarks of the writer of these Memorials, we may be well spared making any observations upon the character of Mrs. Hemans. As is justly recorded in her epitaph, it is best portrayed in her writings. She seemed only to live, or to enjoy life, in expanding herself into poetry. It was the aliment of her life, the breath she breathed, the impulse of her every action, and the end of her being. With her it was religion; and religion sanctified it in her. Her productions were nothing more than a manifestation of her own nature, pure, and beautiful, and sublime—in so far as everything that is perfectly beautiful, is sublime.

But where, after all, is this beauty, this perfection of the highest order? We will not decide—it is purely a matter of taste. That mind which will derive ecstasies from the contemplation of a flower, may see no beauty in the angry and the rolling surge, nothing loveable in the steep mountain or the awful cataract. That Mrs. He-

mans' poetry will endure, is certain. Their structure is the perfection of our language, and also the guarantee for their own immortality. Not a word could be displaced without a manifold injury to the text.

The imagination of Mrs. Hemans it would be unjust to say, was incapable of lofty flights—but it did take them. Instead of soaring, or exploring, it continually turned aside to revel in the beautiful. But still it went far enough, above or beyond, to satisfy the cravings of most hearts. She never, in endeavouring to be something more than mortal, ceased to be perfectly seductive, perfectly beautiful, and perfectly natural.

We have now only to state, that the compiler of these Memoirs has done his task excellently; and has really made two most delightful volumes. He has shown much tact and delicacy in pausing, in his selections of Mrs. Hemans' correspondence, at the right place. This work will exasperate no enmities, wound no feelings. The remarks that the editor has introduced are always judicious; and he seems not only to have studied, but to have participated in the spirit of the poet, whom he, in his work, so ably commemorates.

We think that the reader, after an attentive perusal of these volumes (and he cannot, for their deep interest, but peruse them attentively,) will be of our opinion, that no other memoir of this talented lady can be called for with propriety. She was an authoress—her character is legibly written in her works—all is told that ought to be detailed of the leading events of her life, though none ever existed, who could have better stood the strictest scrutiny into all her relations, either as regarding her friends, her family, or her God.

HEIDELBERG AT DAYBREAK.

GREY Heidelberg, thy towering ruins rise
In mystic splendour through the flitting haze,
I turn on thee a soul-enamoured gaze,
As the young morn expands her glistening eyes,
Pouring a flood of light of myriad dyes
O'er the green vale where silvery Neckar strays,
While piping choristers from thousand sprays
Greet with their matin song the golden skies.
Perchance when crowded with a gorgeous throng
Of knightly peers and dames of high degree,
Thy sculptured halls re-echoing to the song
Of troubadour or mountain minstrelsy,
My raptured soul had ne'er been borne along
To gaze on thee with such deep ecstasy.

ARDENT TROUGHTON, THE WRECKED MERCHANT.¹

BY E. HOWARD.

GRADUALLY approaching nearer and more near to the French window, and my attendants at but a little distance from me, I did not pause till my right hand actually rested upon the frame. In this extreme propinquity, something of romance, and the peaceful associations of past days, were making my heart restless; and forced me back into the well-furnished drawing-room in Lothbury, and with those (to me) lost Pleiades, although there were but five of them, the Misses Falcks. And the voice of the young songstress—I began to note, then to like it, and, as some of its low and earnest tones, sweeter and clearer than the sweetest and clearest notes of her guitar, came in the richness of their melody to my brain, I began to find, that which I had before unheeded, to be exquisite. I longed to see the face of the singer that was still drooping over the guitar. It was not long before I was cursed with that worst of comminations—a gratified wish.

A cadence peculiarly, thrillingly sweet, from the younger lady, aroused the elder, and she started up from her working with that usual Spanish, but to English ears, impious expletive of "Jesus!" and ran to kiss the brow of the singer. I had just time to mark that the matronly lady was "beautiful exceedingly," in the shadowed richness of Moorish female voluptuousness, a darkness of beauty that comes more sweetly than light to the bosom of man—I had, I say, just time to mark this, when the little bustle behind him, caused the white-wigged gentleman to look up and round from his multifarious papers, his mild and faded features beaming with tenderness.

"My daughter!" he exclaimed fondly.

She immediately arose, and, in a moment, her white arms were twining around his age-stooped shoulders, whilst the elder lady stood near and bent over them. It was one of those ebullitions of intense affection that burst forth (O how rarely!) in the solitude, which is not loneliness, of the domestic circle.

But, then, what was all this to me? Nothing. At that moment I saw without noting it. It was only in after years, when I thought and re-thought over this scene thousands and thousands of times, that all these precursory minutæ struck me.

Alas! what was it to me? For, at the moment that the young female had so playfully seated herself on her father's knee, she shook aside her hair, that fell around her like wavy corruscations of golden light, that seemed to flash among the folds of her black mantilla, and thus suddenly unveiled to me the all-heavenly loveliness of that countenance that I had so late prayed never to be permitted to see again, or if seen, never again to cease to see—the countenance of the mimic Señora de la Mar—she to whom I had seen crowds of adorers bend the knee—for whom I had heard the organ peal forth its hallelujahs—the personification of the Virgin mother.

¹ Continued from vol. xvi. p. 418.

Why was it that my first impulse was to assure myself that my dagger was still safely nestling in my bosom? to look hurriedly at the locks of my pistols? Did I contemplate death to her or to myself? The action was involuntary. I next, without any assignable reason that ever I could discover, plucked forward Jugurtha, and pointed to the group; the negro placed his broad, flat nose in contact with the glass, and extended that already too extensive mouth, of which he boasted, into a grin of unimaginable rapture at the scene. The dog also approached and joined the gazers. In this situation I had just time to ejaculate one short prayer that a troop of banditti would burst open the door of the apartment, that I might fall upon and slay them, when the mother, turning her face towards us, perceived the strange and somewhat hideous spectacle that seemed glued to the window.

There was a shrieking, and a rushing, and a calling for servants indoors, and I had just time to start away, when we were suddenly surrounded by armed men, and before I had time to disengage my pistols, I was forced down upon one knee, and the poniard of Don Mantez was gleaming over me. Then all had been lost—and long, long years of miserable struggles spared me, had not the faithful Bounder been more watchful than ourselves. Before the blow could fall he was at the assassin's throat, and I had gained time to seize the uplifted and armed hand. In the meantime, with his heavy cutlass, Jugurtha began to bestir himself demoniacally, really keeping a circle of assailants at bay. However, this could not last long; they gradually closed in upon him, and upon me and my opponent, till at last, we were all urged, with a tremendous crash, through the window into the apartment, where stood the astonished old gentleman, his affrighted wife and daughter, and his paralyzed domestics.

After we had rolled into the room, I had easily possessed myself of the weapon that had been lifted against me, and arose. But Mantez was in a miserable predicament. Bounder would not let go his hold, and the black cravat of the prostrate captain alone saved him from instant death. As it was, strangulation was fast supervening. Jugurtha had been surrounded, and his arms were held forcibly back by his four opponents, the strength of all of whom was hardly sufficient to secure him. But of these, he seemed almost regardless. All his looks, his gestures, pointed to Mantez, whose head was being beaten violently against the ground by the infuriated dog, while his face was fast becoming lividly black.

In the meantime, finding myself personally free from all molestation, I placed myself in the middle of the room, drew forth my pistols, cocked them, and glared sullenly round, to see whom, in my wrath, I should first sacrifice. But in this murder-searching circuit, my eyes fell upon the superb mother, and the lovely and now pale daughter: my hands dropped beside me, and I exclaimed loudly, "No—not here—not now—not in this presence."

No doubt but that the ferocity had passed from my features, for the old gentlemen walked up to me fearlessly, saying, "Signor Scholar, (for the reader must remember that I was dressed as one,) "you alone, of all these intruders, seem not to be wholly possessed with

the demons of murder. Can you not relieve the honourable commander from the fangs of that dreadful animal?"

"Why should I? the villain just now attempted to assassinate me?"

"You made resistance," said the best appointed of the four, who had more than enough to do to restrain Jugurtha. "Know me—I am the head alguazil—I come to arrest that person disguised as a scholar, as a spy, an impostor, and a vagabond, lately calling himself Don Ardentizabello de Trompe Hilla, and for other crimes, on the oath of the most honourable the Commander Don Mantez;—so, sir, whatever be your name, call your dog off, and come directly to prison."

Here there was another violent struggle on the part of the hampered Jugurtha; and the alguazil, as well as he could for want of breath, said, "Signor Trottoni, I command you, and your servants, in the name of the authorities, to abet, aid, and assist, in capturing that impostor with the pistols."

"You had better not," said I, turning to the demanded aid. "The first two who advance upon me die."

"In the meantime," said the elder female in an agony, "the monster is destroying the noble captain. Generous stranger, I beseech you to call him off, or shoot him."

"I should be happy in all things," said I, bowing to her, "to oblige so august a lady, excepting in this trifling matter." This I said, of course, in Spanish; but I continued bitterly in English, "Monster! Heaven judge which of the two is the monster! let him be devoured piecemeal—the cowardly assassin."

"You speak English," said the old man, in English also, much agitated. "In the name of the God of all mercies, who are you? Speak, and speak the truth."

"Signor, I am no spy—no impostor—no vagabond—no criminal—but Ardent Troughton, a wrecked merchant."

"Of the brig Jane?"

"The same—commanded by one Tomkins."

"Then, sir, I order you on your filial duty to call off that dog. I am Troughton the elder—your savage companion is slaying the affianced husband of your sister."

This was said with so much quiet dignity, that I instantly obeyed. In a moment the dog was crouching at my feet. At that time I understood nothing—I knew nothing—I did as I was bid—I acted mechanically. I was stupified, and yet, I had a dull sense of agony, attended by a consciousness of deep crime, that thrilled to my marrow—a feeling like that of the condemned during his heavy and yet image-crowded sleep that will herald him to execution. At that moment had I been commanded to turn the muzzle of my pistol to my own head I should have done so passively—shall I confess it?—almost eagerly.

Jugurtha, whose character was made up of the most implicit obedience and attachment to myself, seeing that then I no longer wished the destruction of Mantez, ceased to struggle to free himself, and then the officers freed him of their own accord; and they, with the

assistance of my father and his servants, busied themselves in resuscitating the strangled captain, in which they did not succeed, until much time had elapsed. For myself, during these operations, I retired to the gloomiest corner in the apartment, and with my pistols still in my hands, I leaned back against the wall in sullen bewilderment. The first use that the captain made of his recovered animation, was to exhibit the deadliness of his rage towards myself; but as he could not openly assassinate me, he was compelled to restrict his malice to the ordering that the alguazil should immediately take me to the city jail.

As yet, no explanation had taken place in the family party so strangely assembled; the hurried recognition between father and son having been made in a language totally unknown to the elder lady, and but imperfectly understood by the younger. Neither of them then knew the relation that I bore to them. My father saw that some elucidation could no longer be postponed, for, with increasing strength, the passion of the naval commander also increased; whilst my determination to sacrifice him the first moment violent hands were laid upon me, was but too apparent from the determined and scowling expression of my features.

Mr. Troughton, with a grave suavity, and gently, and with really a graceful courtesy, forcing Don Mantez back upon the sofa, said to him, "My dear Roderic, I will be answerable for the safe custody of that young man. You cannot harm him, and, at the same time, be *my* friend. Grieved to my heart am I to see that your first meeting is amidst the wild commotion of evil passions. Pray oblige me so far as to desire your escort of police to withdraw. They shall be satisfied every way. Of a truth, men so honest and so disinterested ought not to be taken from the quiet of their homes without some testimony to their virtue. Receive these few pieces, and depart. I will be answerable for him whom you would have made your prisoner—and so also will your illustrious employer, Don Mantez; will you not, Roderic?"

"Upon sufficient reason," growled forth from his swollen throat, the amiable son-in-law elect.

"Truly, truly, upon sufficient reason."

The alguazils grinned, bowed, and departed. And the old gentleman having cleared the room of his own domestics, and carefully secured the doors, placed himself with considerable dignity in a chair, at the head of a large table covered with green baize. Having motioned his wife and daughters to seats, and placing Mantez on his right hand, he carefully smoothed out some sheets of paper before him, readjusted his spectacles, and taking up a pen very leisurely, mended and nibbed it. The whole proceeding looked very like the commencement of a trial, and I fear me I looked not unlike a culprit, or a robber taken in the fact, with arms in his hands. I regarded all these proceedings from my dark corner in mute dismay, my arms hanging listlessly down with a loaded pistol in each hand. On one side of me stood Jugurtha panting with the exertion of the late struggle, and making, as he breathed heavily, an unnatural hissing through his teeth; and though he stood perfectly quiet, the ferocity of his coun-

tenance, so hideous when rage-excited, had not subsided. He had folded his arms, with his naked cutlass crossing his open breast. On the other side of me was my faithful Bounder, still agitated, now rubbing himself against my legs, now lashing his own sides with his magnificent tail, and now looking fixedly in my eyes, eager for the signal for a fresh onset. Certainly we must have appeared a fearful trio.

At the time, I was unconscious of the disadvantageous impression that I was making. A mist was upon my understanding, and a heaviness like that of some newly-awakened remorse upon my heart. During the formal, and somewhat tedious, preparations of my respectable parent, I gazed on the group before me with sullen stupidity. At length, the elder Troughton having made all his arrangements, which, I had not then the sense to understand, were so much prolonged in order that all parties might rid themselves of their excitement, he addressed me, whilst a quiet and a sly smile mantled over his features, thus: "Will you permit me the favour, Sir Scholar of Valentia, to introduce you to *my* family, and to *yours*?"

I merely bowed, for my impetuous feelings were rallying back to my bosom, and the strangeness of my situation, with all its doubts and suspicions, was made manifest to me.

"My dear Julia, and you, Honoria," said my father, "you know how much I dislike the exhibition of all violent feelings. If you think that you cannot control yours, you had better retire, for I have a very great suspicion that that tall young man, with the angry countenance, in the ragged scholar's cloak, and doubly armed, is our respectable, and as Mr. Falcke so often writes to us, our quiet son Troughton."

"Let us stay," said the ladies, with one voice.

"Do not agitate yourselves," he continued. "Mind, there are some questions to be asked, some doubts to be resolved, before we can receive him to our arms. We certainly did not expect to find in *our* Ardent Troughton so wild and bandit-looking a young person."

"St. Anthony! he is beautiful as an angel," said the noble matron, springing up in her chair, and extending to me her arms.

The mother's heart spoke out.

"My brother! my brother!" sobbed out poor Honoria hysterically. I was greatly, solemnly affected.

"This will never do," said Mr. Troughton. "Wife and daughter, think you that my heart, like yours, does not yearn to embrace my son, my only son, whom for weeks we have mourned as dead. But how comes this person? He bursts in upon us like a thief in the night—his hand upon the throat of the man to whom I am about to give my daughter—he comes, denounced by this worthy hidalgo as an impostor and a common cheat. Should the son of Edward Troughton come thus?"

"It is enough that he is come," said the agitated mother.

"Signora, is it *he*? Even now, unprotected as we are, he distrusts us. Even now, his fingers are on the locks of his pistols. Sir, will you be pleased to disarm?"

"Do not torture me, O my father!" said I, gradually arousing

myself from my stupor. "Do not torture me. I have suffered much, very much. Pity me. Did I now obey my heart's promptings—had I its dearest wish fulfilled—I would reverently kneel at your feet, bow down my head before you, ask your blessing, and die. For me, happiness is no more. Not many months have passed when I was proud to think that you would have been proud in your son—that your bosom would have swelled as you supported yourself on my young arm where men were most assembled, and said, 'Behold him!'—this is he, my long-expected son. I left England with a bosom that was all joy—I was elate, not with hope, but certainty. Father, I have suffered much, and much I must continue to suffer."

"Nonsense, my dear Ardent," said Mr. Troughton, relaxing all at once into the father, and forgetting the cautious merchant. "Am I nothing to you for happiness? This noble lady, this blooming, blushing sister, so fearful and so smiling? Are we, Ardent, all of us—are we nothing for happiness?"

"Everything to make a man blessed, who deserves such blessings. But this our first meeting should be strictly private. Before I disburden myself of all that I have to relate—before I pour out the emotions of my soul on the domestic hearth—let this stranger—this man, depart," said I, looking upon the captain loathingly.

"Impostor, I shall stay—wretch of many disguises—you shall not impose upon these, my honest friends!"

At this outburst of violence there was another commotion. Jugurtha and Bounder each began to prepare to do what they thought their duty. Even my mild father appeared shocked, whilst the Señora and Honoria loudly reprimanded Mantez for his rudeness.

When silence was again restored I said, "Let him stay. It was in mercy to him that I entreated his absence. We will control before him the sacred feelings that make the domestic happiness—that he does not deserve to share—shall never share!"

I spoke this with vehemence, and turned my eyes now, for the first time, upon my sister, tremblingly awaiting the effect of my prophecy. But my words conveyed no meaning to her—her swimming eyes were bent upon me, wistfully beaming with the holy rapture of a sister's love.

This was an awful crisis. Even over the placid brow of my father I perceived the mantling stain of emotion. I commenced a relation, from the day that I embarked in the unfortunate brig Jane, of all that I had undergone. As I proceeded in my eventful narrative, my bosom expanded—my nerves thrilled—I became eloquent, impassioned. I felt a rapt pleasure, intense and melancholy, in pouring out my many, my wonderful sufferings. I related our hardships, our destitutions—the agonies of the long gale, the brutality and the death of Tomkins—the high-toned feelings, and the insane superstitions of the noble Gavel—the impious murder that he committed in the name of religion—his remorse, and his heroic death. I eulogized him—I called him my friend—I bewailed his death like the death of a brother—I shed fond tears to his memory;—and then I told of the madness of thirst and hunger that I had endured in the open boat—of how quickly we wasted away into things like shrivelled-up mummies—how soon, owing to our previous long-suffering, Jugurtha, and I, and the

dog, found relief in the similitude of death—how miraculously we were saved, against the wish of the man sitting before me, whom I withered into nothingness by my heart-sprung scorn as I spoke—and then I glowed again into enthusiasm, as I dwelt upon the high character of Don Manuel and his affianced Isidora. I told of my doubts, my distractions, after I had landed at Barcelona—of my unwillingness, without proof of my identity, to present myself before my parents—of my having seen Honoria in the church of the Lady of the Sea—of the means that I had taken to procure the necessary vouchers—and finally, I brought down my narrative to the very moment that found me once more in my own, my domestic circle.

Profuse were the tears that were shed by my noble mother and my gentle sister during this ample relation; and long before it had been concluded, Don Mantez had sneaked forth, threatening and cursing.

Grave, and solemn, and long, when I had finished, was the blessing I received from the good old man—fervent was the embrace, and very tender and heart-touching the murmuring of the fond love of my mother—and wild and ecstatic was the pleasure of that too beautiful sister, who was now weeping on my shoulders, now kissing me with eagerness, now caressing Bounder, and now shaking hands with the grinning Jugurtha, who well understood every thing that had passed.

For a short space the bliss of my family was complete. My father surveyed me with a father's pride—already he began to testify for me a respect that bound my heart still more closely to him. I had been lost, and I was found; I had been mourned as dead, and I was restored to them, improved, chastened, in the glory and vigour of young manhood; a stay and protection to them in adversity; in prosperity a being on whom to expend the overflowings of their affections, and reciprocate with them that purest of all earthly pleasures, domestic happiness.

After the first tumult of my emotions had subsided, my father began to chide me gently for the morbid sensibility that I had betrayed in not immediately seeking him, and trusting to the impulse of parental love for acknowledgment; and he endeavoured with a pleasant ridicule to laugh me out of my supposition, that I was henceforward to be one devoted to misery. In order the more powerfully to arouse me to a more healthful state of feeling, he told me, that he had, at my age, sudden fits of despondency; but they only lasted until he was threatened with some real evil. He pointed out to me that the best elements of happiness were around me, and that it was not only foolish, but impious, to foster a melancholy, that would, whilst it undermined my own, endanger the happiness of those who deserved not misery from my hands. I assented to all he said, and vowed mentally that such good counsel should not fall unprofitably to the ground.

We parted that night a peaceful, a much-rejoiced family. I resolved to be happy: I resolved to purge my bosom of the "perilous stuff" that I had received into it too eagerly. I resolved—I prayed for assistance. My sister—such a mere child, too—scarcely fourteen—I became composed. My passionate admiration, my sudden love, had been bestowed upon a stranger. "Now," said I triumphantly,

and I spoke with the conviction of truth, "the stranger is no more, and no more is now the frantic passion that I had so madly and so involuntarily conceived."

I was comforted with these thoughts: I felt myself forgiven: I grew calm:—I had now a holier feeling to cherish, and I vowed to cherish it:—an innocent, a beautiful, a young, a very young sister to watch over:—I swore to perform the duty in all sincerity, in all conscience, in all sanctity; and yet, the thought of her marriage with Mantez was to me as wormwood, as a consuming and burning coal upon my vitals.

I need not relate how, the next day, the fatted calf was killed. Friends poured in upon us with their congratulations, among the most conspicuous of whom were Don Manuel and Isidora. Don Mantez was again with us with his brow smoothed into courtesy: his professions were the warmest, his apologies to me the most profuse, his offers of friendship unbounded, and he himself laughed more heartily than any one else on the mystification that had been put upon him by my friend. But still I hated the man thoroughly, unboundedly. God pardon me the great wickedness! but this passion of hate seemed to be another, and a stronger vital principle. I cherished it with an ardour with which the poet cherishes his first young love.

Well, if we live in this world, we must also smile in it: and thus this assassin and I mocked each other daily, and often all day long, with hypocritical grinnings. Much had he the advantage of me. I could not always control the covert sarcasm of alluding to the bravo's stiletto—all which only made him smile the more blandly. Seldom, after our apparent reconciliation, did he permit a muscle of his yellow countenance to betray for me aught but respect the most profound. Oh, he had a great mind: when he perceived, and he perceived it at once, that any allusion to his future affinity with me caused me to wince, he refrained from speaking of it altogether, at least, before me. Many and sharp were the tortures that the smooth villain thus spared me.

But we must, for a time, take leave of these workings of the evil passions, and turn to the dry details of business. Mr. Troughton formally took me into partnership with him. We signed long and word-tortured deeds together, and sealed them, and duplicates and triplicates also, as if we were not father and son, but Jew and Christian striving to overreach each other. I found his substance to be much greater than I supposed, but it was precariously situated. He had been plundered mercilessly by both the parties who were then striving for the pre-eminence in Spain. True it is, that each, when they took his wealth, gave him bonds and acknowledgments that promised restitution in more peaceful and prosperous times; but, were these times ever to return, he was sure to lose half, even were the conquering party to prove honest; of course, the reduced faction, which would then become the rebellious one, instead of paying the debts that they had incurred, would be themselves plundered to the uttermost. Taking this state of things into consideration, my father very wisely intended to wind up his concerns, realize all the property that he could, and seek greater security in America, having

already, as a preliminary, purchased a very large estate in Louisiana.

He had, for some years, professed himself a Catholic, and translated his honest English name of Troughton into Trottoni. Indeed, he was sedulous everywhere to pass for a native Spaniard; and as such he was esteemed by all who did not know him very intimately. He was a shrewd and careful man, with warm affections, and a high notion of the dignity of the character of a merchant. He loved wealth certainly, and he loved to amass it; he had an indomitable perseverance, well figured out by the spider, the web of which, destroy as often as you will, so often will the indefatigable mathematician reconstruct his lines. Such was the case with my father, and many times had the half, even the greater part, of the fruits of his toils been swept away, but he never desponded, but assiduously recommenced with greater zeal his labours.

Nothing was more foreign to his purpose than the intention of retiring from business. He wished to have a safe location, a shelter from oppression, and the protection of a stable government, from whence to radiate his commerce over the face of the globe: he thought that he had found such in the place to which he intended to remove.

My mother was a fine specimen of a noble Spanish lady. She was well descended, but of a poor branch of the noble house to which she belonged. She possessed high feelings, and was thoroughly Spanish. She was much attached to her religion, passionately fond of its processions, and completely governed, though she knew it not, by a little and very old monk, her confessor, who, in his turn, was governed by an inordinate gluttony. As Mr. Troughton still, in some measure, kept up his English habits of four substantial meals *per diem*, and of having a well-plenished larder, the good padre was piously attached to our house and all it contained. Under no other roof in Barcelona was there such feeding.

My sister had been educated, but not secluded, in convents, sometimes at one place, sometimes at another, wherever the family might happen to be; her father always having her home at least once a week, generally on the Sundays. At this period she had just attained her fourteenth year, and, according to the custom of the country, it had been arranged, she neither consenting nor dissenting, that when she was sixteen she was to be married to Don Mantez. Till that period she was to continue her education in such religious houses as might be most convenient by the nearness of their situation.

My father, having only waited for my arrival to depart for America, had been greatly disturbed in his arrangements by my non-appearance. Everything was now again put in progress; the very ship that brought me to Barcelona, the *Santa Anna*, was chartered for our passage and our merchandise, and the hated Mantez was again to command her for the voyage out and home. Don Manuel and his lovely cousins, now our constant visitors, having realized what they were able from their shattered fortunes, had also determined to go out with us, establish their household gods near us, and adopt America for their future country. We fully expected, before they embarked, that they would marry, but owing to reasons which we could not understand, and oc-

currences of which we were ignorant, though their love seemed in nothing to abate, they were evidently in no hurry to bind themselves indissolubly. Mantez, also, was our constant visitor, lavishing his *petits soins* on Honoria, who seemed to receive them as a matter of course, and really ordered him to do her various biddings as if he were her menial. It was fully evident to me that the well-springs of her tenderness had not yet been opened, and that she knew not the nature of any love beyond that of her family.

Having now detailed my position and the outward circumstances by which, at this period, I was surrounded, I must continue the history of my feelings. I had struggled hard, and had persuaded myself that I had conquered. I *had* conquered. I looked back upon my past conduct, and discovered how much I had erred, had sinned. I began to perceive, for the first time, the beauty and the rock-like firmness of trust there is in a rigid moral conduct—that it is our duty to watch against the least inclination that may lead us to swerve from rectitude, either by warming with passion or listening to the whisper of pride. I found that, with me, pride had been my first temptation: instead of shrinking and appearing before my father in the humility of my poverty and in the uncertainty of my identity, had I sought his roof at once, even had I been suspiciously received, what miseries should I have avoided! But I took a false pride for my guide, which directly led me into the arms of passion, and thus had nearly wrecked my peace for ever. “But,” I exclaimed, as sadly and alone I paced my apartment, “it was but a small offence. Must I then, through, perhaps, a long life, weary myself with a never-failing watchfulness lest I make one false step? Am I, with this wild bosom glowing with delicious aspirations, to pause, and ponder, and invite into it the icy coldness of age ere I dare the fruition of a single joy? Must I examine every pleasure that is offered me until my scrutiny make it loathsome? Must I walk through the world as if my path were beset with pitfalls and bristling with thorns? Must I confine the free breathings of use with the steel and the compressing breastplate of caution? Must I always act upon reason, and never upon impulse? Must I make life such a continued and painful trial, that death shall be the less fearful? And when, alas! I have done all this, what shall be my reward?—the greatest happiness is possible to man here. But this continued state of struggle is not happiness;—true—but there is an hereafter, that, at least, is worth struggling for—live for that.”

And so I determined. I watched my thoughts even before they had fairly sprung into birth. I chastised my spirit into humility: I was obedient,—careful—seeking to do all manner of good, mild of speech, wrathful never, often in prayer, crushing every rebellious inclination, most assiduous in my duties;—the man with the pistols, the fierce dog and armed negro, were forgotten. I was again called quiet Troughton—all commended me; every one said that I was an honour to my father and a blessing to my family; parents wished for such a son, and mothers such a husband for their daughters. But all this time peace came not to my bosom,—I was miserable; a settled gloom spread its horrors over my soul,—I began to cry out in my anguish, impiously to cry out, “There is no joy in rectitude of conduct!” and thus rectitude was no longer mine.

"Where and what is my disorder?" I exclaimed, one evening, fiercely. "I have subdued myself, and yet my own heart is in rebellion against me." I will not trace out how gradually darkness gathered upon darkness within me. How my father mourned, and my mother and sister—that sister, mourned over my declining health. At length the conviction came strongly upon me, that my nature was so utterly sinful, that it was a duty that I owed to society to immure myself in eternal solitudes; so, impressed with this idea, one morning, a few days before that on which we had appointed to embark, I told my father that I felt myself quite unfit for the world, that I intended to change my religion, take the cowl, and commence my novitiate as monk immediately. We were at breakfast when I made this irrational resolution public. Of course every one was surprised, but the announcement was received with very different feelings by the parties assembled. Such was the bigotry of the country concerning religion, that though they were warring to the knife for political freedom, they hugged their priestly chains more closely, and wore them proudly too, as their best ornaments.

My father's chagrin was great, yet he dared not give vent to it, with the full torrent of the indignation that I saw was rising to his throat. My mother, therefore, took up the discourse, and gently persuaded me to pause, before I made any determination so very rash, though she could not but express her pleasure at my seeing the errors of my former heresy. The little monk found time, between the huge mouthfuls with which he was comforting himself, to applaud my resolution, and my sister wept.

The reader can well understand that my motives for swerving from the Protestant faith, of which, by-the-bye, I understood not the distinctions that accurately separated it from that of the church of Rome, were not religious, but misanthropical. Indeed, that form of faith could not be very repugnant to me, which I saw so heartily embraced by all those that were most dear to me. Merely wishing, as I did, to fly from myself, it was little matter where I found the refuge. Moreover, a dark suspicion began to bewilder me, that I was doomed for the profanation with which my wild passions had insulted the Catholic procession, and the celestial representation of its principal ornament, the Virgin, to all the expiatory penances of the very church that I had invariably shunned or scorned. To my father's cautious remonstrances I replied thus:

"Which of the two is the nobler character, he who distrusting his spiritual strength, in flying from temptation, flies from the wrath to come—or he who boldly meets it, struggles, and conquers, or failing, draws upon his head the fearful and everlasting curse of his temerity, I will not pretend to determine? But fervent, piteous, and soul-touching is the ejaculation put into our mouths by the intercessor, 'Lead us not into temptation.' As God only can know the weakness of man, *he* knew it. I have been lately acting the warrior against the bewitchingness of sin. Dreadfully, O very dreadfully, my father, am I suffering in the contest. I will presumptuously play the hero no longer. I confess my weakness, but I will not be made captive—I will fly."

(To be continued.)

OUR ACTORS !!

AND THEIR ORIGINALLY INTENDED TRADES, CRAFTS, AND CALLINGS.

WE concluded our last month's "Biographical Sketches" with a just condemnation of the present managerial system of allowing, "for a large ready-money bribe," those golden calves—'yclept "gentlemen amateurs"—by their talentless attempts, to disgrace our stage, murder our bards, and insult our public. Within a brief space, and this is no "fancy's sketch,"

" Or ere those shoes were old,
With which we followed poor Kean's body to the grave,"

we have had the misfortune to witness a Haymarket Hamlet fainting at the sight of his father's ghost, and carried, by Horatio and Marcellus, into the green-room in strong hysterics; but who soon afterwards brought an action against manager Morris. For what? quoth the astonished reader. Why for (*credat Judæus!*) his loss of FAME. Ha! ha! ha! ought it not rather to have been for his loss of SENSE? We have since seen a Covent Garden Jaffier, "all legs and wings," convulsing the audience with laughter, in a style that threw the once notorious Romeo Coates into the shade, and made even Liston himself tremble for his comic pre-eminence. We have since that been horror-stricken at Drury Lane (Garriek's, Kemble's, Siddons's Drury!) at hearing "a robustious, periwig pated," gentleman amateur, bellow Brutus, lacerate Richard, and murder poor Peruvian Rolla, long before his time—for

" Murder most foul, as in the best it is,
But this—most foul, strange, and unnatural ;"

and all this horrible slaughter done by the connivance and consent of "the well-bribed lessees of patent rights."

Is it not a fine imitation of swindling? an obtaining the public's money under false pretences? Is it not the duty of the Lord Chamberlain (we know he has the power) to suspend all patents and licences that are so grossly abused? We say it is. The law having placed the theatres under his control, he is bound in honour and good taste, as well as duty, to prevent the recurrence of such murderous attempts as those we have recorded.

But now to our promised "Biographical Sketches." We will recommence with the three highly-gifted gentlemen, to whom, as we observed, the theatrical was an hereditary profession; and we will give precedence to Macready.

WILLIAM MACREADY, the now popular actor, was, as it were, born to the buskin: he was the son of a very worthy and respectable actor,

¹ Continued from vol. xvi. p. 435.

a member of old Covent Garden in its palmy days, (O! how are the mighty fallen!) and who was afterwards the manager of a variety of provincial theatres in the north, centre, and west of England—Manchester, Leicester, Bristol, &c. His grandfather was a very eminent cabinet-maker and upholsterer, once well known and respected in the city of Dublin.

Our tragedian received an early classical education, and such was his precocity, that, at the age of ten, it is said, he was sufficiently *Latin-ised*, to undergo some whimsical holiday examinations by his doating father, who had, like Bob Acres, a method of asseveration peculiar to himself, whether or not caused by reminiscences of his paternal workshop, we cannot say; but the worthy, though irritable old gentleman, generally swore "by this mahogany," &c. as he dashed his knuckles on a well-polished dining table; or if any business was to be finally settled, his phrase was, "I'll have it down on the mahogany." This manager wished to be enlightened by the learning of the embryo tragedian; and, during one of the boy's holiday visits, suddenly commanded him to translate into good Latin "the wood he swore by." This was rather a poser for the young student.

"Come, William, my darling; come now, let me have the Latin for *mahogany* directly."

The cunning urchin thought, for a moment, as he whimsically repeated, in his father's admirable brogue, "*My-hog-and-I*, did you say, sir?" and then suddenly exclaimed, "I have it, sir! I have it! yes, sure this it is—'*Meus porcus et ego!*'"

"Good boy! good boy!" cried the delighted father, as he patted the youthful cheek of the precocious linguist, who blushing, owned that it was, in fact, rather a "*free translation*." "Free!" cried the honest old Hibernian, "and why the divvil shouldn't you be free with the Latin tongue? Sure you ought, William, now, for hav'n't you been learning it these four years?"

Young Macready quitted Rugby school, and commenced actor in his father's company of comedians while yet in his teens; and his Romeo caused the Birmingham critics, even at that early period, to prophecy his future elevation to one of the topmost branches of the theatrical tree.

The father, for some years, carefully cultivated the son's talent, (no man was better qualified for theatrical preceptor than the worthy old manager, Macready,) and when he thought it sufficiently developed, he allowed him to quit the practice of his confined circuit, and "gave him to the world!"

On quitting his father's roof he courted and won favour with the Bath audience—then visited Dublin—from thence he was transplanted to Covent Garden—where, though very well received on his appearance, yet the untoward circumstance of most of the great parts being in possession of older favourites, kept his talent for some years comparatively in the back-ground, merely acting the snarling cut-throats in Mr. Orator Shiel's nondescript pieces. At length, Sheridan Knowles's tragedy of *Virginius* came out; (it was an era in the drama of England!) Macready's acting, as the Roman father, made an impression on the public mind, which has never been effaced. Fortune has

since favoured him, in the death of two great actors, and the early retirement of a third; these events, together with the coming out of pieces in which he had fine original parts, (for the fact is—as verified in this instance—it is the effective parts that make the great actors,) have placed Macready, as “the first tragedian of the present day!”

He annually scours the provinces “to collect golden opinions,” and has once “bagged his dollars” in an American tour; and also, for a brief space, been idolised by the weathercock Parisians, as the greatest *artiste* they had seen since Talma!

Take him out of his profession: Mr. Macready is the pleasant gentleman and accomplished scholar in society, and the affectionate husband and father beside his domestic hearth, in his beautiful and romantic villa at Elstree. The cares of the world, which generally irritate a man's temper, has had the very reverse effect on our tragedian's. Marriage, and its attendant consequences, amended an infirmity; and a friend of his, a very able calculator, stated his “improvement of temper, per matrimony, as exactly twenty-five per cent. ;” and when, in due course, nature gave him a claim to the paternal title, he was blessed with an additional twenty-five per cent. of urbanity; and it is a fact, very generally pleasing to the buskined brotherhood, that Benedict Macready is not half so ill-tempered as was Bachelor Macready.

About two years since Macready was seized with a mania—a mania to be a theatrical manager—an uncontrolled Dionysius: he, therefore, rented the Bath theatre, and appointed a deputy to do the dirty work; but it appears (by the criticisms now before us) that he selected a very unattractive *corps dramatique*, composed of melancholy comedians, goggle-eyed tragedians, gigantic Venuses, and Juliets and Desdemonas who squeaked Shakspeare, as it were, through a penny trumpet; but then think, gentle reader, how brilliant Macready must have himself appeared amongst such foils!

As might be expected, he lost nearly a thousand pounds by the speculation, which loss effectually cured his managerial mania. The deficiency of his corps called forth some witty and whimsically severe criticisms—a poetical one is now on our table, from which we will give an extract.

THE BATH THEATRE.

(*Mem.—It is in the centre of a Square.*)

In Beaufort Square there nightly stands confess'd,
An awful nightmare—on Thalia's breast!
Poor hen-peck'd Woulds—(that dull degraded hack,
Who does the in-door work for haughty MAC!)
Why don't the Muses spurn him from their path?
And injur'd MOMUS kick him out of Bath?

On boards for female talent once renown'd,
Where fair O'NEIL hath wept—and SIDDONS frown'd;
Where glanc'd the dove-ey'd TREE—that lovely railer!
Sprightly CRISP—and little merry TAYLOR!

What have ye now, O Bath?—untaught wenches;
 Who nightly "PARROT-SPOUT" to empty benches!
 Cordelia fair—or Desdemona SQUEAK—
 For prompt paid shillings—twenty-five per week!

(*Moral—on cheap penny-trumpet voiced actresses.*)

That which can be—for almost nothing—had,
 Is wondrous dear—when us'd—if wondrous bad!

"The awful nightmare on Thalia's breast," so poetically alluded to above, was Macready's deputy; a very melancholy person, who has been suffered to "do Momus" for the Bath people for more than twenty years. The best criticism we ever heard was addressed from the gallery to this "Thalia's nightmare:" he was "on for Bob Acres," and we suppose the *god* had been in the habit of seeing a real comedian play the part, and not willing to lose his shilling's worth of hilarity, called out in the hurt spirit of disappointment, "Come, I say, why don't you be funny? Come now, make us laugh, can't you?" But, alas! the laugh was "*non est inventus*," a sentence which that celebrated character, Selby the bailiff, often writes on villainous bits of parchment in his hospitable mansion in Chancery Lane.

In speaking of the personal bearing of leading actors towards their humbler brethren, we have to observe that the manner of John Kemble was the most *Roman*, and, at the same time, the most pleasing; he never forgot respect for himself, or the feelings of those he came in contact with.

Kean was the mildest, most careless, the kindest, and the easiest to please. Young the most gentlemanly and urbane. But the subject of our memoir, "though last not least in our dear love," has an infirmity—an indescribable irritability in professional business on points which his predecessors thought mere trifles. In fact, he seems to have "a continual pain in his temper." If we are to believe that our reason is given us to control our passions, what can we say of the man who boasts of mind, yet suffers passion to master reason? (*Vide* Bunn *v.* Macready, *Sheriff's Court*.) In which case it appears that the lion so far forgot his grade, as to turn upon and lacerate—(we leave the reader the privilege of filling up this hiatus.)

We suppose Mr. M. thought it a luxury to beat Mr. B., and luxuries are generally expensive; but in England any luxury, from the most refined to the most degraded, is to be had for money. O almighty Mammon! A man may here break the bones and lacerate the flesh (as in this case) "of the thing he justly loves not," if he can but "pay the bill!"

We cannot conclude this pugnacious part of our tragedian's biography, without stating that, in our opinion, Mr. Bunn was not the sort of person against whom Mr. Macready's muscular arm should have been raised. In the first place, he must have known that his oily victim, from his very corpulency, could not have any chance, in a personal contest, with the bone and sinew of "yon spare Cassius." It was like Hotspur belabouring the fat knight. And, in the second

place, he must have known that any ulterior chivalrous satisfaction would not be demanded (as since proven) by a person who had let on lease——*

Ill-temper, if launched at all, that is, theatrically speaking, on high as well as low salaries, is sure to meet with its proper rebuke; but those wicked wags, the actors, freely assert that their tragic hero always "knows his man;" that his "infirmity of temper" has never yet excited a Wallack, a Ward, *cum multis aliis*, fiery lads, who could and would resent a waspish word, *sur le champ*; and they also state that this "infirmity of temper" has seldom been shown to any but those poor subordinates, whom a want of the "*Rex pecunia DOLLAR-arum*" oblige (while thinking of their perhaps starving children) to sigh out with Romeo's attenuated apothecary,

"My poverty, and not my will, consents to this."

"We can admire the man who dares a lion,
But not the trampler on a worm."

Bunn's Ode to Valour.

We have expressed our admiration of Mr. Macready's general talents, therefore hold ourselves free to speak of his "peculiarity:" it is but even-handed justice. Public men (as such) are public property; and though this "thresher of Bunn's" has "a gentleman of the press" as his *fidus Achates* and daily flatterer, (a Mr. * * * * *, on whom other gentlemen have bestowed the unenviable *sobriquet* of "the tragedian's ugly parasite,") we are independent biographers, and honestly touch upon an alleged failing, in order that he may correct it. We conclude our observations with this: let our highly-gifted tragedian remember, when in professional contact with his less fortunate, though perhaps not less sensitive, brethren, a line written by poor Robert Burns—

"A man's a man for aw' that."

JAMES WALLACE.—One of the most accomplished and versatile actors at present on our stage: he has personated every grade of character. ("At all! from a needle to an anchor!" was his early motto.) This has been detrimental to him; but it was necessity that caused it. He was, as it were, hatched behind the scenes: his father was a very popular comic singer at the minor theatres, and his mother attached to the Drury Lane *corps dramatique*; and the subject of our biographical sketch has progressed from the babe in "The Children in the Wood," till he arrived at the manly dignity of Walter, the valiant and kind-hearted carpenter. As a boy, he picked up theatrical ideas at Drury Lane—as a hobble-de-hoy, he improved those ideas in a sojourn in Dublin with the once popular Harry Johnstone, as a sort of pupil and theatrical "lad of all work." Arriving at the dignity of a young man, he returned to Drury Lane, and found favour in the eyes of Byron and Whitbread, who (on the occasion of Elliston's refusing to second Kean in tragedy, and young James Wallack walking out of humble Malcolm into the imposing part of the Thane of Fife,) doubled

* The MS. is here perfectly hieroglyphical.—PRINTER'S DEVIL.

his then slender salary. Since that period his genius has been struggling against "the critic's prejudices." Because he has been before them from his boyhood, and yearly improving himself in the best school, (the national theatre,) and, like other *artistes*, forming himself on the best points in the best models, (the Kemble—the Kean—the Young—the Macready,) they will not allow that he, who at twenty years of age acted Malcolm with taste and judgment, can possibly be equal to the personation of Macbeth at forty! Or else they damn him with faint praise. For we boldly assert that, to the unprejudiced in opinion, he is the best actor, at present, on our stage, (with the exception of Macready in some eight or ten parts, which his immense force and strong peculiarities have made his own.)

Such is the strange and perverse prejudice of a London audience, that they will allow years to improve a man in every art—except "the art of acting!" An actor is never supposed, or acknowledged, to improve before the eyes of a London critic! To exemplify our point, we will take another art—painting for instance—this same public idolize the improvements of the once "stainer of old canvas for the Cobourg theatre"—Stanfield! (the Stanfield!) and justly accept him as one of the first artists of the day—he having won, by his now cultivated genius, the honourable and well-merited distinction of R. A., accompanied by his monarch's patronage. Is it not strange that the public, who can show so much taste and good sense to the accomplished talent of the painter, should be so unjust to Wallack's improvement as an actor? James Wallack for many years filled the arduous and unpleasant office of stage manager of the Drury Lane Theatre, and had the singular happiness to please everybody—the lessee, by his general professional knowledge and good taste, and his brethren of the sock and buskin, by his undeviating urbanity. Nature has given him a temper (at least, a command over one, and that amounts to the same thing) unprecedented amongst "*Messieurs les Directeurs*."

About eighteen years ago he ran away with the daughter of the celebrated Irish Johnstone—a rich old gentleman, of rather an unrelenting temper, and who was so many years making up his mind to forgive this love-match, that he almost went out of the world without it. Old Johnstone was parsimonious—young Wallack quite the reverse—therefore the prudent father-in-law (having some short time before pardoned his daughter and embraced her son) placed the bulk of his fortune in the hands of trustees, for the benefit of Mrs. Wallack and her children, and then departed to

"That bourne from whence no traveller returns."

James Wallack's unjustly cold treatment verifies the proverb of

"No man is a philosopher in his own country."

Genius always has a consciousness—he felt that his was not properly appreciated by the English, and being naturally a cosmopolitan, he visited America—came upon Jonathan with his fully-developed powers and imposing person, and made a greater hit than any other actor had previously done, without the great London name. The Americans

ran into the opposite extremes perhaps, for they assert that Wallack is a better actor than either Kean or Macready. Perhaps we may trace the pleasant prejudice to the circumstance of Wallack's having preceded those two eminent tragedians in their visits to the United States; and having, from his boyhood, studied in their schools, it is not surprising, (possessing his undoubted personal qualifications, and very pleasing manners in society,) that so accomplished a pupil should be thought superior to the highly-talented masters. He has become almost a citizen of the great republic, where the dollars flow into his purse in a copious stream. He now passes the nine acting months in traversing the various states, from New Orleans to New England, (a decent stride,) and annually visits London and his family, during those hot months, when Sol closes the American theatres.

He thinks no more of a voyage across the Atlantic, than a Londoner did of a trip to Gravesend before steam had stretched forth its powerful arm to air and cleanse our cockneys. If the general respect of his professional brethren can confer happiness, Mr. James Wallack ought to be happy; and that respect was shown in a tangible shape—the presentation of a handsome silver vase.

KEAN—Edmund Kean, about whom so much has been written and so little really known. Of all his biographers, perhaps "the gentleman who last appeared in that character," is the most "void of the mark of verity;" and we were really sorry that the highly-gifted *litterateur*, known under the cognomen of Barry Cornwall, should have, (at Mammon's beck,) lent his fine talent to adorn a mass of absurd fictions, furnished him by heaven knows who, (we allude to his first volume,) fictions apparently collected from George Colman's "Sylvester Daggerwood," O'Keefe's "Wild Oats," and such like works of the wildest fancy—having no more resemblance to Kean's early life, than to that of the celebrated Bamfylde Moore Carew. absurdities that Kean's various old colleagues, (some who have known him from boyhood upwards,) treat with the derision they deserve. But the book was merely "got up to sell"—'twas written "against time," for a certain sum, (materials not included,) and, worse than all, *two* volumes were demanded from the scribe's ever-ready pen—two volumes from such materials!—*misericordia*!—never was author more to be pitied than Barry Cornwall. They appeared, and comparatively failed, 'twas "Much ado about nothing;" all parties concerned were dissatisfied—the speculating publisher at his loss of capital—the accomplished writer at his loss of grade—and the gentle reader at his loss of time. But let us turn to Kean's real life—two pages from facts, rather than two volumes of fudge, from the Sylvester Daggerwood library of romance.

Sancho's vulgar proverb of "'Tis a wise child that knows its father," falls very far short of Kean's darkness on the point of his parentage; for even up to the day of his death, we are convinced, from what he himself has often said, that he did not positively know who his mother was. And as for the wooden-legged mimic, whose name he bore, and to whom his ignorant, or mis-informed biographers, have assigned the right of his paternity, Kean never would, and never could, be brought to believe in his right and title.

'Tis true, that a Mrs. Carey (when Kean came into the receipt of a splendid income, but not before) insisted on claiming him as her son. Though he never believed her title, he kindly supported her till the day of her death. And such was his indolent good-nature, that he suffered all her grown-up children, and even grandchildren, to be quartered on his then well-furnished purse, over the strings of which he never seemed to have the slightest guard—it was comparatively open to all—no wonder it became empty in his declining days.

Kean really believed, (and so do we,) that a certain ancient spinster, whom he always loved, respected, and acknowledged, as his aunt, was his natural mother, but who, from prudential motives, had given him into the hands of mercenaries

“ Ere the moon that heard his first infant shriek
Had fill'd her horns——”

and she tacitly proved her maternity, by her continued liberality and unvaried kindness to him in his early days, and her constant watchfulness of his interest when he became

“ The world's favourite—and passion's slave !”

a watchfulness that we regret has proved so useless. This lady had been a subordinate actress—a fine-formed, dark-eyed woman—respectable and respected; therefore she guarded her maternal secret with so much tact, that Kean, (“ her own darling Edmund,” as she called him,) never could win it from her. Yet, on reflection, he would say, “ How can she be my aunt? She has not the most distant relationship to either of my assigned parents.” Though this was a circumstance that might puzzle the Herald's Office, yet Kean saw the motive for concealment, and honoured her feelings by his silence on the subject.

He had, in his own opinion, perhaps, ascertained his mother—but for a father, there he was “ perplexed in the extreme,” for he always mentally spurned the idea of the wooden-legged mimic, and “ My father ” never passed his lips. When the fumes of wine created romantic visions in his waking dreams, he claimed as

“ The man who had the hit to father him,”

no less a person than his grace the late Duke of Norfolk; and we are sure that on his death-bed he really believed that

“ The blood of Howard flowed within his veins;”

and certain strong corroborating circumstances, warranted this belief, in what others deemed a pleasing phantasy. There is only one person living who can decide the point, and her lips, as we have before observed, have hitherto been hermetically sealed upon the subject.

But to his theatrical career.

As a mere child he was on the stage, and noticed even by John Kemble for his juvenile devilry. At Drury Lane he was imp, Cupid,

cherubim, or any other diminutive character requiring tact and agility in a small compass—a sort of dumb duodecimo of his afterself. When a little more advanced in life, he did “ground and lofty tumbling” with the then celebrated Saunders’s equestrian troop; and in his probationary drilling for “elfin tricks on horseback,” his limbs were hurt to such an extent, that deformity for life would have ensued, had not his kind aunt ordered him to be “put in irons.” These he wore for some years, only leaving them off as the deformity decreased. He now advanced a step in the profession, for he was next engaged by “the great Richardson,” the then, as now, manager of

“The theatre noisy, Bartholomew Fair!”

This eccentric but rich old Richardson, even now speaks with pride of Kean’s being “an early pupil of his”—and—but we will give it in his own peculiar jargon—the erudite slang of our metropolitan and suburban fairs: “Vy, sur, that are little chap, vots the great Keane now, made his fust ‘peerunse in the ragglir drammee at my the-ha-tur, at Peckhum fair, that is, as a cackler,” (*id est*, a speaker.) From Richardson’s, Kean progressed to the Canterbury circuit, and did the juvenile heroes for Dowton’s mamma-in-law’s, (or, as Kean styled it, “old Mother Baker’s”) company; then, for several years, he traversed England, Wales, and Ireland—became a Benedict in Gloucestershire, and a father in Waterford, (his son was born there.) He obtained much applause, but little money—was a victim to dissipation and its attendant, poverty, till he married—when poverty was (comparatively) banished, and dissipation abandoned—but, alas! only for a brief space—for though he passively fell into the matrimonial net that caught him, he was too confirmed in his follies to submit to the continued constraint of the cage of wedlock. He thought (if he thought at all) that the bars of the cage were like the meshes of the net, made of the softest silk, but he soon felt, or fancied he felt, they were iron; and,

“Like the wild bird of rav’ning beak,”

he fluttered and kicked till he broke through all constraint, and

“Had the wide and wicked world to roam in,”

sometimes with money from theatrical benefits, oftener without it from their failure. The peculiarity of his then ill-dressed figure, would, with the ignorant million in the provinces, often counteract the effect of his genius and talent.

Thus years rolled on, till the Drury Lane manager saw him act with a small company at Dorchester, and immediately transplanted him to London, when his success as Shylock was, on the first night, anything but striking, owing to the frigidity of the select few who attended; but fortunately, amongst that select few, there were quietly seated some discerning critics of the press, (what a mighty engine is that press!) men who at once saw Kean’s imposing genius. They wrote him into an estimation that soon placed him at the head of his

difficult and arduous profession—and in the receipt of a greater income than any actor had realised within the present century. (Memorandum—we don't call the young Roscius an actor—his tragedy would be laughed down now, under the title of "fudge," though Master Betty received a greater sum in his short career as a boy, than even Kean did in the same space of time.)

Kean was a latitudinarian in morals, in the extremest sense of the word—it was his unhappy fate to be originally and devotedly attached to various "lovely Thais," who deceived, pillaged, then laughed at and deserted him. The whole world has heard of his silly passion for an old City Alderman's depraved young wife—'twas his first step towards ruin. Kean was weak enough to believe, that the wretch who had betrayed a too confiding husband, would be unswerving in an unholy devotion to himself—but he soon saw his folly in her faithlessness; when, instead of (as a sane man would have done)

" Giving her to the winds, a prey to fortune,"

he madly threatened her paramour with personal vengeance, fearing for whose life, she shamelessly and recklessly denounced poor Kean, and placed in the hands of the civic cornuto, the written proofs of his dishonour, her sin, and the tragedian's deceitful violation of the rights of hospitality. He was tried, and so bad was his case, that even his counsel, (pardon a bad pun,) Scarlett—blushed. 'Twas a city jury, and Guildhall the arena; (we were in court—every jurymen seemed to have a protuberance on each side of the forehead, as though his hat would not go on!) the theatrical Don Juan was mulcted in a heavy penalty and costs—and, *mirabile dictu!* was soon afterwards hissed from the stage.

Branded as a man, persecuted as an actor, can it be wondered at, that in the distraction of his mind he flew to Bacchus to console him for the perfidy of Venus? but even that would not do, for the worm of remorse was feeding on his vitals—that little worm that will not sleep, and never dies! He felt a withering of the heart—he tried to rally, but in vain—he consulted an old and sincere friend—who advised a reconciliation with his domestic hearth. The almost broken-hearted prodigal returned to it—and swore to be "an altered man;" but the feeling of resentment for injuries received was too strong—they could not even be softened. This was the very crisis of Kean's fate—his life or death. One word of kindness might have preserved him—but that word did not greet his longing ear; the simple expression of

" Here, Edmund, rest, and sin no more!"

would have won him back to virtue—its refusal damned him into deeper vice and misery.

Disease was now undermining his once robust constitution; his professional powers were impairing, and the mechanical memory necessary for an actor was failing—he felt that he was on the wane. The London verdict had tarnished his character in the provinces, and "a beggarly account of empty boxes" was the consequence.

Thus situated, he re-visited America; his success there was "not as per last." He offended the Bostonians, and they prepared to "lynch" him—and he only escaped by the spirited stratagem of Mr. John Lee, the actor, (and now manager of our Brighton Theatre,) and the assistance of the kind landlord of his hotel, (an Irishman, by-the-bye.) Worn out and disgusted with the "land of liberty," (where an actor, or any person dependant on that many-headed monster, 'yclept the public, dare not say his soul's his own, or his body English,) Kean returned to his native land, (home he could not call it—for all that constitutes "home," his own follies, and others' vices, had robbed him of.) He re-appeared at Drury Lane, the mere wreck of his former self—broke down in every new character—for the faculty of study had entirely left him. He was now advised to take the Richmond Theatre, with a very comfortable house attached to it. 'Twas a sort of *rus in urbe*—he could have country air, and be in town, when occasional engagements called him there, without much fatigue or expense. That domicile he did not change till he entered the one "which lasts till doomsday."

Such had been Kean's contempt for money,—his thoughtless, almost childish imprudence, and the rapacity of those to whom he unfortunately and madly became attached, that after having in the first fifteen years of his splendid professional career, received upwards of one hundred thousand pounds, he actually died insolvent! and such had been his follies, (the cold Pharisee will call them vices,) that, while daily sinking to his grave, he was shunned by those whom the ties of nature—whom a certain vow—(a vow registered by a recording angel)—should have brought, if not for love or gratitude, at least, in Christian charity, to the sick man's pillow, in order to smoothe a repentant sinner's passage to the grave.

"Deserted by those his former bounty fed,"

(for he had no wealth to leave them now,)—such was his forlorn state, that his attenuated corpse might, perhaps, have remained in his Richmond domicile until "nos'd in the lobby," had not a society of actors, of which Kean was a member, (a society that was under unpayable obligations to their poor departed friend,) stepped forward in this singular emergency, and, by their worthy little secretary, arranged that every immediate and honourable respect should be paid to the remains of one of the greatest actors that England has produced.

The day of the funeral being fixed, such was the Richmond people's respect for him, that every shop was closed during the procession and subsequent interment, and more than fifty thousand strangers, (together with the actors of every London theatre, major and minor,) graced the ceremony—a tribute to departed genius honourable to Englishmen.

Kean's bones lie in an "omnibus" vault, outside of the front door of the old Richmond church, without the slightest memorial to "tell of his whereabouts." We were lately perambulating by the very spot, when our attention was attracted by an intelligent-looking lad, with a small painting-pot and brush in his hand. He was anxiously peeping through the iron railing, evidently with the view of identifying

some particular spot, which being ascertained, he began smearing the coping-stone with some ill-shapen letters, meant for K E A N.

"What are you doing there, my lad?" we asked.

"Only marking the spot where poor Mr. Kean lies, sir. You see, I'm not in the letter-line, for I'm only 'prenticed to a house-painter. but look there, sir, folks must take Fred Warner's will for his deed."

We were pleased, and offered him a shilling for his trouble: he felt insulted, and putting it aside with a noble toss of the head, cried, "No thank you, sir: I didn't paint that for money, but for love, and to shame some of the crack chisels and brushes, who talk so much and do so little!"

Before I could reply, the fine-spirited boy had put his paint-pot under his arm, and walked off, reciting, *sotto voce*, as he went,

"A poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more."

As we stood gazing on Kean's unrecorded grave, we involuntarily took out our card-case and pencil,—“our muse laboured and thus she was delivered.”

"You lack the chisel, Edmund Kean,
To mark the cell in which you rot;

N'importe!

Your genius will be praised, I ween,
When sculptured fools are quite forgot."

POWER.—Power that *is*, Powell that *was*—(Welsh in 1812, Irish in 1836!) David Powell, (for under that sponsorial and patronymic, we understand the now justly-popular actor, Tyrone Power,) was bred and brought up in that delightfully picturesque county, Glamorgan, in the principality of Wales. His mother, though in very straitened circumstances, resolved that her darling, little dainty Davy (as she fondly called him) should be “a man of letters;” therefore, scraping together what little cash she could muster, and with that fond anticipation of future fame which only mothers can truly understand, she apprenticed her then “lump of a boy” to Mr. Bird, a printer in the town of Cardiff, the capital of the aforesaid county of Glamorgan. The gentle reader will not be surprised that it has created much astonishment amongst numerous ex-Cardiffites, now Londonites, to see the formerly well-known *diabolus ad typo*, little Davy, strutting his hour on the metropolitan and other stages as “the great Tyrone.” Talk of Ovid’s metamorphoses!—poh!—are any of them comparable with that of our *ci-devant* “*diabolus ad typo*?” Amongst those who were “perplexed in the extreme” was the lady who used to cut and forward his matin and vesper thick slices of bread-and-butter; (Mrs. Bird, the widow of little Davy’s former master, but now re-married to that justly-celebrated friend to artists and distributor of the arts, Mac Cormack, the printseller in the Strand;) nor did this metamorphosis appear less wonderful to the astonished vision of the veteran Adamson, of Bedford Street, Covent Garden—that venerable collector of scarce prints—(prints, if possible, more scarce and venerable than himself.) This Adamson, in his prime of manhood and

little Davy's apprenticeship, was the manager of the Thespian company which made an annual visit to Cardiff,

" To drown the stage with tears,
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears."

Such was Adamson, and it was from him (the now antique collector) that little Davy Powell first imbibed

" A spark from Shakspeare's muse of fire ;"

and the re-iterated applause bestowed on manager Adamson's tragedy blew the aforesaid spark into a flame too strong for Mr. Bird's printing-office or Mrs. Bird's bread-and-butter to control. It was little Davy's duty, as "*diabolus ad typo*," to attend the Thespian manager, with the proof of each night's play-bill for correction, and this "official situation" carried with it the privilege of the *entrée dans les coulisses*.

Little Davy was then (as he is now) what his Glamorgan compatriots very aptly called a 'cute lad ; he looked on the stage, and was enamoured :—he looked at Bird's printing-office, and turned up his then apology for a nose. (Mem. It has since elongated.)

Manager Adamson had that very evening "done Romeo!" and the applause yet tingled in Davy's ears, as he whistled his way home to his attic dormitory and truckle-bed. As he laid his head upon his pillow, he argued with himself thus :—"If Manager Adamson, on the shady side of forty, can obtain so much applause as young Romeo, what may not I expect, who am but eighteen?" The die was cast—the Rubicon was passed ; and fired with the same ambitious feeling that swelled the breast of the first Cæsar, who usurped the world—

" Aut Roscius, aut nullus "

was from that hour little Davy Powell's motto.

We soon after found him in the north of England, with the final *U* of his Welsh patronymic metamorphosed into a rolling *r* ! which change, we suppose, was made merely to annoy the good people of Newcastle, where he then acted, as they are notoriously bothered in their pronunciation of the aforesaid letter *r* ; at least, we never heard of any other or any better reason for the change.

Davy had carried with him the Glamorganshire twang upon the tip of his tongue ; but how was he to get rid of the nuisance ? In this dilemma, a rare Irish jintleman was found in the *corps dramatique*, who, for the small charge of a few glasses of whiskey toddy, undertook to cure Welsh, or any other disease, (he having once walked the Dublin hospitals, and then walked off from his creditors there !) Poor Davy became his spirited pupil ; but while daily losing his native Welsh, he unfortunately picked up too much of his tutor's native Irish, to which he added an occasional seasoning of the Newcastle burr, till it became the most unaccountable mixture that was ever inflicted on any audience in the three kingdoms, not excluding the principality of Wales.

After a lapse of time, we find Mister Power announced in Dublin, as from the Newcastle theatre—he appeared as Romeo! Now, whether the native Welsh and the inoculated Irish, when amalgamated with the Northumbrian burr, did not please the fastidious ears of the *élite* of Dublin, we cannot say, but the treasurer reported “a miserable account of empty boxes.” Then Manager Frederick Jones wisely said to his deputy thus:—“As they think this young Englishman so funny in tragedy, we’d better try him in comedy.” The young Englishman, Mr. Power, accordingly appeared as Trappanti, (Bannister’s celebrated part in “She Would and She Would Not,”) but, unfortunately, the Dublin boys thought his Trappanti was not half so comical as his Romeo! He soon quitted the Irish shore, exclaiming with Coriolanus,

“There is a world elsewhere!”

This was his first visit to Ireland. The idea of converting himself into an Irishman had not then entered into his fertile brain, much less the after-assumed prodigiously Hibernian sponsorial of “Tyrone!”

He returned to England! in course of time found his way to our modern Babylon, and went the round of our minor theatres for many years, unknown and unnoticed; he even obtained “an appearance,” as ‘tis called, at Drury Lane—came out as Tristram Fickle, and went in again, for no engagement or second appearance occurred on that arena. Thus his talent remained behind a cloud, till young Rodwell fortunately wrote a farce, in which was a Paddy O’Halloran, a whisky-loving Irish footman. Power wished to play the master, (an English gentleman,) and was with difficulty prevailed upon to undertake to “do a bit of Irish by way of an experiment.” He reluctantly consented to go out of his line to oblige the author: every speech in the part contained a joke for the pit or a clap-trap for the gallery; and so admirably did Power seem to act, that his assumed brogue deceived even the denizens of famed St. Giles’s, while the Englishers were absolutely delighted with “the broth of a boy!”

This was his first stepping-stone to fame and comfort; for fortune, who before had never deigned to give him even a look, or a “How do you do?” now smiled upon him in a way that only ladies smile, and even enlisted grim death in his service, who, at the blind goddess’s command, and even without a moment’s warning, laid his icy hand on poor Charles Connor, the then occupier of all the Irish characters on the Covent Garden and the Haymarket boards. Power instantly became his successor, and has ever since maintained his ground with general and deserved approbation; and whether Welsh or Irish, *n’importe*, he has professional talent, gentlemanly conduct, and that which to him is better, worldly tact, that would do credit to any country.

Power is undoubtedly one of the best actors of a certain description, the low Irish characters, at present on the stage, but he cannot portray the gentleman—the character of nature: we mean those met with in society, such as Sir Lucius O’Trigger, Major O’Flaherty, &c. &c., therefore, (much to his credit, we think,) he avoids them as much as the convenience of his managers will allow; but as the Irish eccentric, (characters not seen in real life, but merely hatched in the

brain of some Crofton Croker-headed dramatist,) Power is the soul of whim—himself alone. A Mr. Kerbland, of Dublin, lately wrote an excellent dramatic extravaganza, (excellent merely for its extravagance,) called "O'Flannagan and the Fairies," in which Power appeared when the Covent Garden manager last engaged him, and he obtained, and deservedly so, great applause in it.

Power's cast of characters being so confined, the managers in London will not give him a season's engagement at the salary he wishes; they, therefore, only retain him when wanted, for a few weeks at a time: which, we suppose, answers their mutual interest, though it obliges him to become a wandering, instead of a stationary actor, which for his own personal comfort he ought to be: but *necessitas non habet legem*. Having scoured England and Ireland, he has gone on a second American trip, and with a better prospect of profit, for it seems he has now acquired a new art, "the art of book-making," and has, though in a directly opposite point, even out-Trollopped Mrs. Trollope, and out-Kembled Fanny Kemble, and beslavered so much blarney on America, that even Jonathan himself, with his most craving appetite and capacious swallow for English and Irish flattery, must allow that Power, in his cunningly-written book, has given them more than *quantum suff.*

But he ever was, and still is, what his Welsh associates styled him, a 'cute lad, and doubtless will know how to play with Yankee prejudices, and laugh in his sleeve while he pockets their dollars. Though not possessed of much genius, he has that which will answer his present purpose better—he has tact, more of it than any man in his profession, and whether as comic actor or cunning book-maker, may he wisely use the magic power supposed to be imparted to gentlemen who have once wandered through the sweet groves of blarney, and may the oil of his tongue, and the oil of his book, smooth down the prejudices of rough and irritable brother Jonathan, until he (Tyrone Power!) have realised "dollars" enough to return to the known comforts of "merry England," and there enjoy well-merited domestic happiness as husband and as father in

"The ingle nook of his bra' cottage,"

in the sweet and rural town of Tunbridge; till then, *Vivat TYRONE POWER!*

MY BONNY MARY: OR, SANDY'S FAREWELL TO LONDON.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

ADIEU to the lasses o' Lunnon's gay town,
 Wi' their fine silken gowns an' their laces,
 Wi' their sma' mincing feet, an' their beauties fu' shown
 In the sight o' sae mony men's faces !
 I'll gang to the lassie wha lilt in the glen
 O' Gleniffen, sae simple an' chary ;
 Wha shrinks frae the touch an' the glances o' men,—
 I will gang to my ain bonny Mary.

O I wouldna exchange for the bonniest queen,
 Though a' shining wi' jewels an' graces,
 Nor the finest court-lady that ever was seen,
 Seeking Jo's in the Park, and sic places :
 O I wouldna exchange my dear lassie sae shy,
 Wi' her skin like the cream o' the dairy,
 An' the locks curled by nature that sportingly lie
 On the breast o' my ain bonny Mary !

O' the gay city lasses wad gar a man dream ;
 They wadna be dainty in choosing,
 Sin they a' look sae kind at the men-fo'k, they seem
 As they had no' the knack o' refusing :
 But I like no' the fruit that's sae ready to fa',
 Nor the wooing that's carried no' chary,
 Where the laddie sits mum, an' the lassie says a',
 Tisna sae wi' my ain bonny Mary !

Though I ken that she loves me wi' a' her young soul,
 Sin her eye answers " yes," when I ask it ;
 Yet to steal but a kiss, it is just as ane stole
 A wee gem frae a double-locked casket !
 O that is the wife for a laddie to wed,
 Nae town-loving lassie sae airy,
 But a creature o' God in the wilderness bred,
 Leal an' pure, as my ain bonny Mary !

Old time wad grow young wi' a wife sic as that,
 When the spring-time o' passion is over ;
 A man needna take up his bonnet or hat,
 To make his last bow as a lover !
 There'll be aye a green spot, like the circle that's trod
 By the steps o' the moon-loving fairy,
 For the blossoms o' love, an' the sunshine o' God,
 Wi' a wife like my ain bonny Mary !

Then adieu to the lasses o' Lunnon's gay town,
 Wi' their fine silken gowns, and their laces ;
 Wi' their sma' mincing feet, an' their beauties fu' shown
 In the sight o' sae mony men's faces !
 I'll gang to the lassie wha lilt in the glen
 O' Gleniffen, sae simple an' chary,
 Wha shrinks frae the touch an' the glances o' men,—
 I will gang to my ain bonny Mary !

ON THE ORIGIN OF THE EGYPTIAN GOD, ANUBIS, AND OF THE TWELVE MONTHS OF THE YEAR ;

WITH AN ATTEMPT TO ASCERTAIN THE PERIOD OF THEIR COMMENCEMENT.

ONE of the most ancient deities of the Egyptian mythology appears to have been *Anubis*, whom they worshipped under the form of a dog, and who has, by some writers, been mistaken for Mercury. The dog, or the barker, were terms also applied to the star Sirius, originally by the Egyptians, and subsequently by the Romans ; hence, we now call that star the Great Dog star.

We purpose to show the origin of this worship of Anubis, or the Dog star, which was afterwards corrupted into the worship of all dogs, and also to point out the period at which it commenced, which was about the year 2100 before Christ, or nearly 3,934 years ago, and that it was caused by the apparent connexion which, at that period, existed between the rise and overflow of the river Nile, the sun, and the star Sirius.

The Nile begins to overflow about the 15th June, at which period the waters, which have been for some weeks accumulating near its source in the tropics, especially during the vernal equinoctial storms, create this phenomenon. As this overflow is the only means by which the Egyptian can hope for an abundant harvest, and as, if it fail, they fear a famine, since they have no rain to fertilize their fields, it is obvious that all the circumstances attending its first appearance must, at all times, have been most anxiously watched for, and that it should naturally cause great joy and feelings of gratitude when it did appear. As, at the time of year we have named, there was always observed a peculiar phenomenon in the heavens, and as the people were, at that period, but little removed from the rudest state of barbarism, there is nothing surprising in their having believed that that phenomenon was connected with, or, in short, was the cause of the rise of the Nile. Hence they allowed their feelings of gratitude to degenerate into idolatry, and came at length to offer the sacrifice of their worship to those heavenly bodies which appeared, by the constant coincidence of their occurrence with the overflow of the Nile, to be the actual cause of that important event. The phenomenon we allude to was the *heliacal rising* of the star Sirius. This event took place in the year 2100 B. C., exactly about the seventh day of June, or one week previously to the middle of June, at which time the Nile has, according to all appearance, begun to overflow its banks ever since the world existed. If we reflect, that from 250 years before to 250 years after that above-named year, or during a period of 500 years, the *heliacal rising* of the Dog star never varied more than *three days* from *one week previous to the first rising of the water*, which was so anxiously looked for, we shall readily perceive that such a coincidence must have attracted attention.

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The heliacal rising of the star was its first appearance in the morning, when the sun is about twelve degrees below the horizon, after having been, during two months, entirely lost sight of in the rays of that luminary. This star (*Sirius*) is the brightest of all the fixed stars, and, of course, must, in the earliest ages, have attracted much attention. In our latitude it never rises very high;* but its brilliant appearance on the banks of the Nile must be very remarkable; coming forth there from the company, as it were, of that glorious body, the sun, just a week previous to the blessed event, the rise of the river, on which the very existence of the people depended, it might well be supposed to be the guardian deity of Egypt. Nor can we be surprised that a barbarous people should attribute to it qualities which time, and science, and revealed religion, have proved to be fallacious. The Egyptians, it is certain, did already worship the sun, which was adored in the earliest ages among the Chaldeans and Assyrians under the name of *Bel*, *Belus*, or *Baal*, which names signified, "the lord of heaven." And it is thought that they believed the Nile, the origin of which was unknown until a very recent period, came originally from that luminary. Hence it is easy to account for the worship it is well known they paid to the star *Sirius*: because they observed that that star always came out from the sun just a week before the river began to rise; thus acting like a *warning dog*, to give them notice of the event, that they might take advantage of its overflow in due season: hence also its olden name of *Anubis*, which signified the "dog," or the "barker."

The name of *Sirius* has been applied by some of the ancients to the sun, but more generally it was a term applied to the river Nile. And we find that *Osiris* was worshipped by the Egyptians as one of their chief deities, the word meaning the son of *Sol et Nilus*, the sun and the Nile. This deity was the original of *Busiris*, *Calasiris*, and *Potosiris*, for they were all descended from Jupiter, which implied the primary belief that the origin of the river was celestial.

Having stated that the star was heliacal about a week before the rising of the Nile in the year 2100 B. C., it may be well to show, by a simple calculation, the correctness of this statement.† *Sirius* now (1834) rises heliacally at Alexandria on the 4th of August, when the sun is one sign farther on in the zodiac than the star, which is in the twelfth degree of Cancer: but on the 7th of June the sun is in the seventeenth degree of Gemini, and, of course, *Sirius* rose heliacally when it was a sign behind that degree, or when it was in seventeen degrees of Taurus. Now from seventeen degrees of Taurus to twelve degrees of Cancer are fifty-five degrees of longitude; and as the fixed stars proceed forward at the rate of $50\frac{1}{3}$ seconds in a year, it would take just 3,934 years to go through those fifty-five degrees; for fifty-five degrees are 198,000 seconds, which divided by $50\frac{1}{3}$ gives the quotient 3,934. From this time, if we take away 1,834, the date of the present year, we have the year 2100 B. C. for the period when

* It may be seen a few degrees to the southward of those three remarkable stars, called Orion's belt, which appear thus, * * *.

† This article was written in 1834.

the barking of the Dog star gave the Egyptians timely warning of the rise of the Nile, and led to the worship of that star.

This era appears to agree very well with history, for it is only one century before the time of Abraham; and there is no doubt that civilisation had made rapid strides in Egypt by that time; and this remarkable phenomenon of the heliacal rising of the Dog star would be one of the very first things to attract attention among the early astronomers.

We shall now attempt to trace the origin of the months of the year, and to fix the period when they were first established among the Egyptians. At a very early period the fixed stars had been observed, and formed into asterisms by the priests of Egypt, who very carefully noted both their cosmical, acronycal, and heliacal risings and settings, &c., which they did chiefly by means of the clepsydræ or water-clocks. The most remarkable constellation in the heavens is the Pleiades, which were on the meridian exactly at midnight, being then in the first degree of the sign Aries, the exact point of the vernal equinox, when the sun reached the autumnal equinox in the year 2136 B. C. If we suppose that astronomy had then begun to be generally studied by the priests and other men of education, it appears evident that that remarkable constellation, the Pleiades, must have attracted especial notice, from the fact of its peculiar appearance, as above described. And as that point where it was in the heavens was also remarkable for being the vernal equinox, it is highly probable that the zodiac began to be counted from the first point of Aries on this account. It (the zodiac) was soon divided by the astronomers into 360 degrees, and these again into twelve signs of thirty degrees each; and as the sun remained in each sign about the space of one month, they made their year of twelve months, containing *thirty days* each. But as they found there were *five* days of surplus, they called these *Epagomenæ*, and placed them at the end of the year; which thus consisted of 365 days.

The Dog star was, at the period we have named, viz. 2136 B. C. (or, strictly speaking, 2100 B. C.) found to point out the rising of the Nile, as we have already seen; hence it became of much note, and the term *Thoth*,* which was applied to it, was the name they gave to the *first month* of the year. Now, if the year had been exactly 365 days, all would have gone on correctly; but as the year consists, in reality, of five hours, forty-eight minutes, and forty-eight seconds more, the *Thoth* in the course of time preceded the true commencement of the year. It is well known that the priests of Egypt were all astrologers, and that they believed in the influence of the planets. These they supposed had power, some in one part and some in another of the heavens, which were divided out amongst them. The manner of this division has been handed down by astrologers to the present day; and it is found that the signs of the zodiac were said to be ruled or governed by the planets in the same rotation as they (the planets) are distant from the sun. But what we now notice of the distance of

* *Thoth* signified a dog, also, a watch-dog; hence the reason Mercury has been understood to be alluded to by the term *Thoth*, because he was sent by Jupiter to kill Argus, whom Juno had appointed to watch the amours of her husband.

the planets from the sun was, among the astrologers of Egypt, who considered the earth as the centre of the system, regarded in another manner. They considered the *deferent*, or orbit in which the planet moved, according as it was higher or lower from the earth; and this was equivalent to the orbit of the planet as we now regard it relative to its distance from the sun. Thus, Saturn's orb, or deferent, was greatest, because he is farthest from the sun, and takes *the longest time to go round the zodiac*, and the orb or deferent of the moon was the lowest, because she goes round the zodiac in the shortest time. The rotation of the planets' orbs is as follows: Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, Mercury, and the Moon. The astrologers, having divided the zodiac into twelve signs, which were each occupied by the sun during *one twelfth part* of the year, considered that each planet had special power over the sun for a month at a time, according as that luminary was in the sign particularly appropriated to that planet.

Thus, Saturn being most distant, or having the highest orb, was said to rule *Capricorn*, and also the sign *Aquarius*; because, also, when in this sign he is opposed to the sign *Leo*, which (since when in it the sun has the greatest degree of heat) was thought to be ruled by the sun himself. The next sign, *Pisces*, was ruled by Jupiter, because he comes next in the rotation of orbs, or distance from the sun. The next sign, *Aries*, by Mars, for the same reason. And then the following sign, *Taurus*, by Venus, because her orb follows that of Mars. Then again, the next sign, *Gemini*, by Mercury, because his follows that of Venus. Lastly came *Cancer*, which was ruled by the Moon, because she was regarded the same as a planet, and her orb was the lowest, and she goes round the zodiac in the shortest time. So that after the sun, from the period of the shortest day, when the year appeared to end, began to ascend from the lowest point of his orbit, and had passed through

Capricorn and Aquarius, ruled by Saturn,	
Pisces	Jupiter,
Aries	Mars,
Taurus	Venus,
Gemini	Mercury,
Cancer	The Moon,

he came into *LEO*, which was termed his own house or sign; in which he was thought to be most powerful in influence, as he is in heat.

After the sun had left *Leo*, he entered *Virgo*, which was again given to Mercury, as being nearest the sun; then followed *Libra*, which fell to the share of Venus, the next planet in orb; then *Scorpio* belonged to Mars, the planet following Venus; and lastly, the next planet to Mars, being Jupiter, had the next sign, *Sagittarius*, which concluded the twelve signs of the zodiac, and also the twelve months of the year. If, then, we suppose that the year began among the earliest astrologers at the time of the winter tropic, or when the sun entered *Capricorn*, the twelve months would be divided among the signs and planets as follows:—

Egyptian Months.	English Months.	Sign in which Sol is.	Planet ruling the sign.
Thoth . . .	December . . .	Capricorn . . .	Saturn.
Paophi . . .	January . . .	Aquarius . . .	Saturn.
Athyr . . .	February . . .	Pisces . . .	Jupiter.
Cobiac . . .	March . . .	Aries . . .	Mars.
Tybi . . .	April . . .	Taurus . . .	Venus.
Mechir . . .	May . . .	Gemini . . .	Mercury.
Phamenoth . . .	June . . .	Cancer . . .	The Moon.
Pharmouti . . .	July . . .	Leo . . .	THE SUN.
Pashons . . .	August . . .	Virgo . . .	Mercury.
Payni . . .	September . . .	Libra . . .	Venus.
Epiphi . . .	October . . .	Scorpio . . .	Mars.
Mesori . . .	November . . .	Sagittarius . . .	Jupiter.

By referring to the customs of the ancients, we may readily trace remnants of this doctrine of the months having been under the rule of the particular planet who ruled the sign in which the sun was at the time. Thus we find, that *December* was sacred to Saturn, according to Macrobius; and it will be remembered, that the feast of the *Saturnalia*, which lasted originally one day, but afterwards three, then five or seven, was kept in the middle of that month. It was so called from *Saturno aboriginum rege*, Saturn, the first king; whence we may perceive a remnant among the Romans of that belief, which had arisen among the Egyptians about fourteen centuries earlier, that the first king, or ruler of the year, or rather, the first month of the year, was Saturn.

January was sacred to Janus, the most ancient of the gods, who is said to have entertained Saturn when he first came to Italy. The image of Janus was made with two faces, which probably were intended to show the rule of Saturn over two consecutive months. He also held a key in his hand, which might denote the complete dominion Saturn has over the sun in this month, for the sun, being in Aquarius, the sign opposed to his own sign, Leo, where he is most powerful, is said by astrologers to be weaker than in any other part of the zodiac. There is little difficulty in tracing the character of Saturn himself in Janus, from whom the Romans named the month. It is probable, also, that the Egyptian name of the month, *Paophi*, was the origin of the fable of Phaeton, which was a name for the sun, and who is represented to have been struck down into a river by Jupiter. This alluded to the sun falling into the watery sign, Pisces, (ruled by Jupiter,) when he quits Aquarius.

February was, among the Romans, sacred to Neptune; this was an allusion to the power of Jupiter over the sign of Pisces, in which the sun then is; it is a *watery* sign among the astrologers, and the constant rains and tempests at this period, may have given rise to the title of Neptune, god of the sea, and father of fountains and rivers, being applied to Jupiter. That Jupiter himself was the origin of the title, appears from Neptune being considered as the son of Saturn and Ops, the very parentage of Jupiter. He presided also in horse and chariot races. Now Sagittarius, the other sign ruled by Jupiter, has especial influence over horses; indeed, Pindar calls Neptune *Hippias*. His chariot was drawn by *Hippocampi*, which were *horses* in their

fore part, and their hinder *fishes*. This was a manifest allusion to Jupiter being lord over Sagittary, which rules *horses*, and Pisces, which rules *fishes*. In this month a feast of atonement for twelve days was held, and from this the month was named February, because the people, *Februaretur, i. e. Lustraretur*, februated or purified themselves from sin. In honour of Jupiter they ate fish at this time of the year, and this was the origin of the Catholic custom of eating fish in Lent. The first day of the month was sacred to *Jove* (Jupiter) *sacri bidente*. The word *bidente*, (of two teeth,) alluding to the two-year-old sheep, which at that age have two teeth longer than the others, that were then sacrificed to Jupiter. This is an additional evidence of the month being originally sacred to Jupiter, the reason being that the sun is then in Pisces, the sign ruled by that planet.

March, or *Martius*, was so called from Mars, who rules the sign Aries, in which the sun then is.

April was under the government of Venus, who rules Taurus, in which the sun is then found. The first day was sacred to Venus. Hence Virgil says,

“*Aperit cùm cornibus annum Taurus.*”

May was so called from Maia, the mother of Mercury. This originated in the circumstance of Mercury being the ruler of the sign Gemini, which sign the sun traverses this month.

June was so named from Juno, to whom the first day was sacred. Juno was the moon, who governs Cancer, in which sign the sun is this month. It is true that Ovid says,

“*Junius à juvenum nomine dictus,*”

that June is named from “*juvenis*,” the younger; and in like manner May is said to have been named from “*major*,” the elder; (Varro may be quoted to show this;) but though this may have been generally believed among the Romans, who had no very famous astrologers among them, except *Nigidius Figulus*, and who did not know much of the ancient Egyptian ideas on this head, this derivation is evidently absurd. May comes before June, and should, therefore, have been termed the younger month, instead of the elder.

July was under the protection of Jupiter, who, it may be shown, was put originally for the sun, as his sister Juno was for the moon. Macrobius has shown that Jupiter was worshipped under the Egyptian or Hebrew name which signified the sun. And both Plutarch and Herodotus affirm that the name of Jupiter is of Egyptian origin. That it meant in olden time the sun, is proved by the manner of his worship, which was under the form of a ram, whence he had the epithet of *corniger*, horned. The Egyptian, or rather, Hebrew word for a *horn*, signifying a *ray of light*. The sun governs Leo, in which sign he is found this month; therefore, the month was said to be under the influence of the sun himself, or, in other words, under the protection of Jupiter.

August was under the protection of the goddess Ceres, the goddess of corn. We cannot so evidently trace this to a connexion with Mercury, who rules Virgo, wherein the sun is this month. But we

may remark that Virgo rules over corn, according to astrology, more especially *wheat*, and the astronomical sign of the Virgin was always drawn with a bunch of corn in her hand. Ceres was also the goddess of *tillage*, and it is remarkable that Virgo is one of the *earthly* triplicity, governed by the moon, and that Virgil sometimes puts Ceres for the moon.

September was dedicated by the Romans to Vulcan. Now one of the names of Vulcan was *Mulciber*, from "mulceo," to delight, to soften, enervate, &c. *Voluptas animum mulcet*, says Ovid; luxury softens or enervates the mind. The wife of Vulcan was Venus, who rules over the sign Libra, which the sun passes through this month. The name of Mulciber, applied to Vulcan, and the character of the sign, which, according to astrology, causes a mild, quiet, even turn of mind, but voluptuous, tend to show the original allusion to the power of Venus, the goddess of luxury, over the sun while in this sign. One of the feasts held in this month was jointly sacred to Venus and Saturn; now the astrologers teach that Libra is the *house* of Venus, and the *exaltation* of Saturn. This feast, therefore, alluded originally to the power of those two planets in that sign.

October. Mars was the tutelar deity of this month, the first day of which was especially sacred to him. The sun is now passing through Scorpio, which sign was always taught by astrologers, as it still is, to be the house of Mars, which planet, therefore, influenced the sun this month. The sun entered Scorpio on the first day of the month October, or *Epiphi*, at that period which may be termed the era of Egypt, viz. the year 1775 B. C., and it is probable that this is the reason that that day was held sacred to Mars.

November. The first of this month was remarkable for a *banquet to Jupiter*; which would seem to have arisen from the sun becoming subject to that planet on that day, by entering the sign Sagittarius, which is ruled by Jupiter. This month was dedicated by the Romans to Diana, the goddess of hunting; and the fourteenth day was set apart for the *trial of horses*. These circumstances appear to have had their origin before the time of Rome, as the Roman people were anything but pastoral, and had never pursued hunting for their subsistence. They were evident allusions, however, to the nature of the sign Sagittarius, the hunter; that the character of which existed long previous to the time of the Romans there can be no doubt. It seems extremely probable that they were merely a corruption of the old Egyptian doctrine of the sun being ruled by Jupiter while in that sign.

Thus we have traced, through all the twelve months, the allusions to the doctrine of the planets governing the signs in which the sun is in each respective month, according to the rotation of their orbs or distances from the sun. That some such arrangement was made at a very early period by the Egyptian astronomers and astrologers, there appears good evidence, from the above peculiar coincidences; and a still stronger proof that the era of Egypt, as we have termed it, was established about the period we have pointed out, follows.

The *Thoth* was fixed for the commencement of the year, which was erroneously supposed to contain only 365 days; but as the ~~year~~

is in reality longer by five hours, forty-eight minutes, and forty eight seconds, it would, of course, be that much in error in one year, and that amount of error would increase to twenty-four days, five hours, and twenty minutes in one hundred years. Now this falling back of the commencement of the year would bring the *Thoth*, or first day of the year, in the course of 1,228 years to the 26th day of February, instead of the 21st day of December, on which we have supposed it to have been originally fixed. We have evidence that in the year 747 B. C., which was the important era of Nabonassar, the founder of the kingdom of Babylon, the year did commence on that day;* hence the era of Egypt must have commenced 1,228 years earlier, or in the year 1975 B. C. The difference between this year when the *Thoth* coincided with the entrance of the sun into Capricorn on the 21st of December, and the year 2100 B. C., where the Dog star rose heliacally a week before the overflow of the Nile, is only 125 years; and the difference between 1975 B. C., and 2136 B. C., when the Pleiades marked the exact line of the vernal equinox, or that point from whence the zodiac has ever been reckoned, is only 161 years. These periods, even the longest of them, are so brief, that we may readily conclude that they were occupied in bringing astronomy to that degree of perfection which it must have reached, when, if our theory be correct, the era of Egypt was finally determined, and the *Thoth*, or commencement of the year, fixed at the period of the sun reaching the winter tropic.

It is impossible that the signs of the zodiac should have been apportioned out as the chief ruling places, or *houses*, of the planets in exact accordance with the planet's orb, or distance from the sun, merely by accident. There appears a harmony in the arrangement which bespeaks much intelligence, and the consequence of some circumstances, either real or imaginary. That those circumstances were the rotation of rule over the sun, as we have described, is at least highly probable. Whether the fact of the receding of the *Thoth*, so as to bring the beginning of the year backwards from the 21st of December to the 26th of February, on which it is known to have stood at the era of Nabonassar, be sufficient evidence that the year was in reality first established according to the theory we have attempted to maintain, must be left to the learned to decide. If no valid objection should be offered to this supposition, it will establish a very interesting fact in the history of astronomy; which is, that *the Zodiac was known, and the months of the year founded*, at least as early as the year 1975 B. C., or as long ago as 3809 years before the present date.

ZADKIEL.

* Chronology of History, by Sir H. Nicolas, page 15.

LONDON.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

I'm weary, I'm weary,—
This cold town is dreary,
The selfish and heartless pass gaily along;
If virtue comes hither,
Her garlands soon wither,
And darkness falls fast on the light of her song.
Proud city! proud city!
The wise and the witty,
The brave and the beautiful dwell in thy walls;
Thou heapest up treasure,
Thou spreadest out pleasure,
'Till pleasure itself her pale votary palls.
What folly, what folly,—
What sad melancholy,—
What idiot pride passes onward in state!
How gay are the trappings,
How gorgeous the wrappings,
Surrounding the titled, the would-be-called great!
How lonely, how lonely,
The mind feels, that only
Regards this gay scene as a masquerade ball,
Where the tinsel and glitter
Hide hearts sad and bitter,
And art has a visor provided for all!
Here nightly, here nightly,
Though all looks so brightly,
Thy stones are baptized with the tears of the frail;
Mid music and gladness,
The wild wail of madness
And sigh of the sorrowful float on the gale.
Now dying, now dying,
How many are lying,
Like the deer that is wounded and left by the herd;
Their golden hopes blighted,
Their broken hearts slighted,
Their souls unrefreshed by token or word.
I'm weary, I'm weary,—
This cold town is dreary:
Oh! give me the hearth in the home of my heart,
With fair looks to meet me,
And true hearts to greet me,
And nature's dear face, without painting or art.
The wild wood, the wild wood,
The light lay of childhood,
The hum of the hamlet, the chime of the bells,
They waken emotion,
They kindle devotion,
Never felt in the city, with all its gay spells.

THE LIFE, OPINIONS, AND PENSILE ADVENTURES OF
JOHN KETCH.¹

WITH RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES DURING
THE LAST THREE REIGNS.

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD BAILEY EXPERIENCE."

" O grief beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it lov'd to live, or feared to die."

" Necessity is a hard taskmaster."

NONE seek that substantive good, (happiness) now, through virtue; none are terrified at crime, but as the law of man affects them; none approach the territories of dishonesty with that scrupulous hesitation, that timorous trembling, which men in former times were wont to do—example follows example, and temptation succeeds temptation, till the adoration paid to the idol of wealth has laid prostrate all the ennobling qualities of man. Like the rays of light, the principle of inordinate gain penetrates itself through all the affairs of life, and obliterates the remembrance of every known virtue. Dishonest masters make dishonest servants; hence it is, that scarcely a case occurs of embezzlement or robbery, wherein the guilty party, when committed for trial, has not a long story to tell regarding his employer's dishonest practices in trade; saying, that the prosecutor, if justice could always reach the most guilty, would have the heaviest punishment awarded him.

These remarks I hope will not be taken invidiously; there is much for the law-makers yet to learn, of the dishonest tricks of those who are still honest in the eye of the law, and who, by their example and conduct, vitiate and destroy the principles of those, whom they, in furtherance of their own views, are compelled to call in as agents to assist them.

The history of one young man who was recently transported for fourteen years, from the house to which I have alluded, (Messrs. S. and C.) will, in part, illustrate my meaning. The number this one firm caused to be executed and transported, excited the attention of most persons connected with the administration of the law in the city, and occasioned an anxious inquiry into the minutiae of each subsequent particular case. When, therefore, the young man now introduced to the reader's notice, came under his sentence, at the request of a certain alderman, he wrote the history of his connexion with the famed prosecuting house, which would seem to have been a hot-bed of delinquency.

I copied it from the original manuscript, and with his shall conclude my own history.

¹ Continued from vol. xvi. p. 448.

"I was a posthumous child, my father dying about four months before I came into the world; immediately after the funeral my mother settled her affairs in London, and proceeded to the neighbourhood of Glasgow, in order to have the society, and secure the protection of her own relations, she being a native of Scotland. I will pass over my juvenile days, which were spent much like the sons of all Scotch parents who were in a decent way of trade, that is to say, my time, excepting the hours devoted to meals, was divided between school, play, and sleep. When I reached fourteen years of age, my relations, particularly an aunt, whose favourite I was, urged my mother to bind me out an apprentice to some trade, but my mother said I was of a delicate constitution, and ought not to go into the world so early; besides, she thought I was not calculated for any laborious avocation.

"I am now six feet one inch in altitude, and have as broad and athletic a frame as most men, which statement will enable the reader to estimate the extent of my mother's affection, which overthrew her judgment. Things went on in this way until I was nearly sixteen years of age, my mother refusing every offer for placing me out, because, if I may tell the truth, she did not consider any situation which presented itself genteel enough for her only son. In this state of affairs an old friend of my father's came to Glasgow to purchase goods, he being a warehouseman in Wood Street, Cheapside; calling upon my mother he noticed me, and said, if she would allow me to go up to town with him, he would place me out in some shop of business.

"I have said my mother's aim was to genteelise me—this was her only failing; following the foolish fashion of the age, she looked upon all mechanics as belonging to the lower classes, and she at once closed with the gentleman's proposition, viewing a shop of business as a rise above every species of labour, however scientific the employment it might lead to. This is properly the commencement of my life; the day after my arrival in London I was placed upon liking at Messrs. S. and C.'s retail shop at the west end of the town, where I was treated with parental kindness, and after some negotiation articulated for five years, on the payment of one hundred pounds as a premium, a sum of money which compelled my affectionate mother for many years afterwards to live in the most frugal manner to repay.

"The day after I was bound, I was desired to go down into the back kitchen to take my dinner with the second and lowest class in the establishment, one of the partners telling me that as I was now permanently fixed, I must comply with all the rules of the house. To this I had not at the time any objection, but I thought it very odd that the payment of the money, and the signing of the indentures, should have the effect of kicking me, in one day, out of the parlour into a back kitchen to eat my meals. In the course of another week I found my employment and treatment precisely the same as that of two other boys in the establishment, who were paid five shillings a week to carry out parcels; and do the *flag-work* of the shop. I was allowed my alternate Sunday to ramble and go where I pleased, neither the masters or the mistresses of the house ever regarded my conduct,

or inquired what acquaintances I made, so long as I was at home at the hours which regulated the conduct of the shopmen.

"For two years and a half my situation was little better than that of a porter's, when my pride took fire, and I determined to make a resolute stand against the injustice of taking my mother's money to teach me a trade or business, and then using me as the meanest hired servant. I had not framed my resolution long, before I made my remonstrance, on which my masters said; 'Why, Henry, we have been thinking of bringing you forward, and now an opportunity occurs of carrying it into effect, and you shall commence your office to-morrow. You see that hatch, or hole, which the carpenter has been making? that communicates with the private passage,' pointing to the place. 'Yes, sir,' I answered. 'That one,' continued he, 'is to receive goods brought to us for sale; we mean to receive any pieces of goods offered for sale through there, with the price affixed to them, and then either pay for or return them, as it may suit us, without being teased with the seller's importunities, or haggling for price.'

"My duties commenced, as promised, the following day, when I was surprised to find my post in a room connected with the passage, which was perfectly dark, and so constructed, that neither the party who brought the goods, or those who received them, could see each other; at first I thought the reason which was given by my employers the true one for this particular arrangement; but I soon had my mind enlightened upon the subject.

"Our house undersold all their neighbours, and thereby greatly increased their trade, and this they contrived to do in various ways; in fact, they were nothing more or less than receivers of stolen goods, but by the arrangement above stated, avoiding any communication with the selling party, under a plea of offering a convenience to the trade; and this department I for several years managed; always carrying the goods offered to an inner room for the inspection of one of the partners, and as he decided, either returned the goods or money to the vendor through the hole or hatch. As the whole of my time was not filled up in this employment, I was throughout the day, at intervals, otherwise engaged in unpacking and examining the goods which came to the house from manufacturers connected with the haberdashery department.

"In no article of trade was our establishment so celebrated for low prices, as in haberdashery goods, underselling most houses ten per cent. It for a long time perplexed my imagination to account for the cause, why manufacturers should make their goods, and tender them at a less price to our house than any other; and yet I knew this to be the case from what I learnt of the prices charged to other retail dealers, and the bills and invoices which passed through my hands. One day I was sent for into the counting-house, and desired, when the next pack came in from a particular manufacturer to be very careful in examining and ascertaining, by measurement, the precise length of the pieces of tape, bobbin, trimmings, &c. &c. which should be delivered; also to count the number of pins in each of certain papers, which were then expected from another house. As I left the counting-house, I overheard one partner say to the other, 'Yes, while we

calculate upon an advantage, let us see that we are not ourselves done.' When the goods came in, I measured several pieces taken out of the pack indiscriminately, and found them all exactly six yards short in length as sold by all the rest of the trade, and the pins eight deficient in each row, although the length of the rows were the same as usual, effected by setting the pins wider apart. In communicating my discovery to my masters, they said, 'No more! very well, count the pieces, check the invoice, and then let the goods go into stock for sale.' Whether the principals in the firm had made a false estimate of my inaptitude to penetrate secrets, and thus become incautious, I know not; but I was no longer at a loss to account for their being able to undersell the fair dealers ten per cent., when they were giving the public goods in value nearly twenty per cent. less as to quantity. To make this more clear to the readers out of trade, I beg to remind them that from time immemorial, all haberdashery goods made up in pieces, were of one fixed length, tapes, bobbins, trimmings, &c. which were known to the trade; few purchasers, excepting only milliners and mantua-makers, and those but rarely, ever thought of measuring the pieces when bought. Thus a piece of tape, to the retail buyer, was a piece of tape, regardless of its length; so of an infinite number of other articles; and a paper of pins was a paper of pins, nobody scarcely ever thinking it worth their trouble to reckon the number in each row. With the exception of another house in the city, (now one of the most wealthy in the trade,) my employers were the first to see the advantage which might be taken of this carelessness, or want of caution, on the part of the public. Having entered into a contract with some manufacturers to make up goods of twenty per cent. less in quantity, they announced to the public an intention of vending articles, the prices of which were better known to the public than any other kind of goods, at ten per cent. under the prices charged by all the rest of the trade.

"Remaining at this honourable post until nearly six months after the expiration of my apprenticeship, my employers, one Saturday afternoon, told me that they expected me to dine on the Sunday with them up stairs, and spend the evening. When this invitation was given, I was somewhat surprised, more especially as they addressed me with marked politeness, saying, 'Then, Mr. Henry S——, we shall expect your company at half-past two o'clock.'

"Dressing myself in the best possible order my wardrobe would permit me, I was punctual in attendance at the hour fixed, having paced the park the whole of the morning in vain efforts to divine the meaning of this extraordinary invitation. After dinner the ladies withdrew to prepare for church, when I was left with my two masters, who, like true tradesmen, did not long keep me in suspense, but at once entered on business. The elder partner commenced the conversation, addressing me again, 'Mr. S——, we do not hesitate to acknowledge that, during your service in this house, we have never had occasion for any complaint against your conduct. Talking over the length of your services with my partner, and your capabilities for business, we both came to a resolution of doing something to serve you; we have, therefore, taken the opportunity of a leisure day to

explain the manner in which we mean to carry out our intentions.'

"Having expressed my thanks, the other took up the conversation, saying, 'We have purchased the lease of a house and shop in G—— Street, and as we have most implicit and unbounded confidence in your honour and honesty, we think we cannot do better for you than setting you up in a business for yourself. Can you raise any money?' I expressed my doubts, but said, 'I would write to Scotland and sound my relations.'

"It was finally arranged that I should do so, and the matter stand over until I received an answer. In the end, by the exertions of my mother and her family, two hundred pounds was advanced upon her security, upon which I entered into trade on my own account; but, as I had no credit, my supply of goods, as per agreement, was furnished by my partners. My anxiety to become a master, made me overlook and pass unnoticed, many particulars in the arrangement, which would have opened the eyes of any man less sanguine, and more experienced, than myself.

"My two hundred pounds went towards purchasing the lease of the premises; for the security of the residue, and to cover the accruing debt for goods had from my former masters, I gave a warrant of attorney for one thousand pounds, with an understanding that every Monday evening I should hand over the week's receipts to the parties who favoured me with their support. Thus bound hand and foot, I could not select my own goods, but was compelled to take such as they felt disposed to spare out of their stock, which I soon discovered was but the refuse; such, in fact, as was considered old stock, and reduced in value, by keeping, thirty per cent., notwithstanding it was charged to me at five per cent. upon the original invoice cost. Not to protract my story, I soon learnt that the last thoughts of my supposed grateful masters were the serving me, but the opening a market for unsaleable goods; in this situation I thought of my poor mother, and how she was to be repaid the two hundred pounds. Still, however, flattering myself that I might by perseverance emancipate myself from the thralldom into which I had so unnecessarily placed myself, I opened accounts at other houses, who, not knowing my situation, were willing to give me credit; but all my efforts were vain; the enormous prices I paid for the bulk of my goods had from my false friends, and the constant drain from my till to satisfy their rapacity, after three years and a-half struggle, bore me down. Watching their opportunity, my pseudo-patrons entered up a judgment on the warrant they held, and swept everything away, leaving me in debt to a body of enraged creditors, who accused me of being in league with those who took away, under the cover of the law, the goods with which they had, in hopes of payment, supplied me. In the end, I was left in the world pennyless, and an uncertificated bankrupt, added to which, I had the reflection of having ruined my mother, if not occasioned her death, as she died a few months after my name appeared as a defaulter in the Gazette.

"My story is now soon told: after many fruitless efforts to procure a situation, my former masters, as they told me, out of mere charity,

took me back as a shopman at a salary of twenty-five pounds per annum. The period of my own crimes now commences. Unfortunately I became attached to a female domestic in the house; to gratify her vanity, I upon three occasions gave her ribbon to decorate her person from the shop, and at her entreaty, at length, supplied her with a pair of silk stockings, the taking of which being observed by a person in the shop, I was apprehended, tried, and sentenced to fourteen years transportation. My doom is sealed: I feel that nothing can now be better for me than leaving the country for ever; I have, therefore, no motive to distort the truth, or put forth a false statement. I have told the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The facts contained in this narrative have not been written with the slightest view of exculpating or extenuating my own crime: I am guilty, and mean to expiate my offence with a patient resignation to my fate. It is only at the request of the worthy alderman who has taken an interest in my history that I give it a chance of publicity. If I have any other object, it is to caution young men against being entrapped by flattering prospects of patronage, and thus rushing upon their own destruction, to further the views of mercenary and heartless individuals, whose faith they are induced to rely on, because, in mercantile technical language, *they are respectable*. A respectability which has tripped up the heels of thousands!"

* * * * *

Should these memoirs of one in every way so degraded as myself ever reach the eye of the public, I have only to apologise for having consented to write them, for presuming to suppose anything regarding myself of sufficient importance to interest the world.

I entreat my readers, however, to bear in mind that I was in a manner constrained to take up my pen by the urgent entreaties of my friend, the surgeon, to whom I owe many obligations; and if there should be any censure or praise on the part of the public for placing the memoirs in print, the gentleman who caused them to be published must take the responsibility upon himself.

Under the full impression that the minor details of my life would prove tedious to most readers of taste, I have only touched upon the leading causes which led me into crime, and the events which occasioned me to pass on from one species of offence to another, omitting the more minute particulars of my career in each. Regarding the office I held for so many years, and the scenes I necessarily witnessed in it, I am not, at the time I write, so insensible as to suppose the public at large could bear to go through, and be tortured with a detail of all I know and have seen connected with executions.

I have, therefore, selected only those cases in which I thought I could best embody the opinions I possessed in the latter part of my existence, when I said and did nothing which was not (however mistaken I may have been) the result of reflection, uninfluenced by any sinister motives of favour or gain. I am now, while I write these finishing lines, but too sensible of what a weight of crime I have to answer for, without, at this eleventh hour when all but dropping into the grave, becoming a hypocrite.

My opinions I believe to be founded on good grounds, being got by

experience. I am much too great a well-wisher to my country to desire that any should derive their knowledge from the same source as I have; yet I earnestly pray that all future writers may have as substantial reasons for an adherence to their own doctrines as I have.

THE CLOSE OF KETCH'S CAREER, BY THE EDITOR OF HIS MEMOIRS.

The hero of this work wrote his memoirs about four years anterior to his demise, subsequently to his being pensioned and superannuated by the authorities; he, however, retained his mental faculties to the last. After he had completed the papers, of which I have availed myself, and he had nothing to engage his mind, the strong religious fervour which had long been giving his mind a better and a thoughtful turn of thinking, now became tinged with fanaticism. As he could no longer attend the court in disguise, as he used to do, and busy himself about cases, his mind was wholly engrossed in polemical sectarian doctrines.

Having, among other works which chance threw in his way, read a book, intitled, "*Brown's Vulgar Errors*," he said the whole world was made up of vulgar errors, and for the last two years of his life, most evenings, after dusk, was accustomed to go out into the bye-ways and preach, collecting his audience, and arresting their attention as they passed along the streets, by calling out, "Brethren, brethren! you are all in error:—the world is but a bundle of errors:—give ear, and I will put you right." Then he would, if he could, find auditors, descant on the wickedness of the world, the errors of great people, the mistakes made by those who were wise in their own conceit, and the punishments awaiting those who turned a deaf ear to the voice of wisdom which called out to them in the streets.

Several times he fell into the hands of the police on a charge of breaking the peace; but nothing could restrain, while he was allowed his liberty, the fervour of his imagination, which led him to think, that he was called upon to expiate, as far as in him lay, his own crimes and offences against God and man, by teaching an erring world the road to salvation.

Unfortunately for him, his wife died a year before he was called upon to give up his own life; this circumstance rendered his last days very miserable; although he was considered by many who heard him in the street, but who did not know him, persuasive in his lectures, yet he could not induce any person to sit up with him when sickness confined him to his bed. I have, therefore, been unable to collect his last words, or the manner in which he died: the woman who occasionally attended upon him during his illness having been called from home to charwork, when she returned found him dead in his bed.

SNARLEY YOW; OR, THE DOG FIEND.¹

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL.

BY CAPT. MARRYAT.

CHAPTER XXIII.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken finds great cause of vexation and satisfaction.

IN the meanwhile Mr. Vanslyperken was anything but comfortable in his mind. That Corporal Van Spitter should assert that he saw the devil at his shoulder, was a matter of no small annoyance any way; for either the devil was at his shoulder or he was not. If he was, why then it was evident that in consequence of his having attempted murder, and having betrayed his country for money, the devil considered him as his own, and this Mr. Vanslyperken did not approve of; for, like many others in this world, he wished to commit every crime, and go to heaven after all. Mr. Vanslyperken was superstitious and cowardly, and he did believe that such a thing was possible; and when he canvassed it in his mind, he trembled, and looked over his shoulder.

But Corporal Van Spitter might have asserted it only to frighten him. It was possible—but here again was a difficulty: the corporal had been his faithful confidant for so long a while, and to suppose this, would be to suppose that the corporal was a traitor to him, and that, upon no grounds which Vanslyperken could conjecture, he had turned false: this was impossible—Mr. Vanslyperken would not credit it; so there he stuck, like a man between the horns of a dilemma, not knowing what to do; for Mr. Vanslyperken resolved, had the devil really been there, to have repented immediately, and have led a new life; but if the devil had not been there, Mr. Vanslyperken did not perceive any cause for such an immediate hurry.

At last, an idea presented itself to Mr. Vanslyperken's mind, which afforded him great comfort; which was, that the corporal had suffered so much from his boat adventures—for the corporal had made the most of his sufferings—that he was a little affected in his mind, and had thought that he had seen something. "It must have been so," said Mr. Vanslyperken, who fortified the idea with a glass of *scheedam*, and then went to bed.

Now, it so happened, that at the very time that Mr. Vanslyperken was arguing all this in his brain, Corporal Van Spitter was also cogitating how he should get out of his scrape; for the corporal, although not very bright, had much of the cunning of little minds, and he felt the necessity of lulling the suspicions of the lieutenant. To conceal his astonishment and fear at the appearance of the dog, he had libelled Mr. Vanslyperken, who would not easily forgive, and it was the corporal's interest to continue on the best terms with, and enjoy the

¹ Continued from page 27.

confidence of his superior. How was this to be got over? It took the whole of the first watch, and two-thirds of the middle, before the corporal, who lay in his hammock, could hit upon any plan. At last he thought he had succeeded. At daybreak, Corporal Van Spitter entered the cabin of Mr. Vanslyperken, who very coolly desired him to tell Short to get all ready for weighing at six o'clock.

"If you please, Mynheer Vanslyperken, you think me mad last night 'cause I see de tyfel at your shoulder. Mynheer Vanslyperken, I see him twice again this night on lower deck. Mein Gott! Mynheer Vanslyperken, I say twice."

"Saw him again twice!" replied the lieutenant.

"Yes, Mynheer Vanslyperken, I see twice again—I see him very often since I drift in de boat. First, I see him when in de boat—since that I see him one time, two times, in de night."

"It's just as I thought," said Mr. Vanslyperken, "he has never got over his alarm of that night.—Very well, Corporal Van Spitter, it's of no consequence. I was very angry with you last night, because I thought you were taking great liberties; but I see now how it is, you must keep yourself quiet, and as soon as we arrive at Portsmouth, you had better lose a little blood."

"How much, Mynheer Vanslyperken, do you wish I should lose?" replied the corporal, with his military salute.

"About eight ounces, corporal."

"Yes, sir," replied the corporal, turning on his pivot, and marching out of the cabin.

This was a peculiarly satisfactory interview to both parties. Mr. Vanslyperken was overjoyed at the corporal's explanation, and the corporal was equally delighted at having so easily gulled his superior.

The cutter weighed that morning, and sailed for Portsmouth. We shall pass over the passage without any further remarks than that the corporal was reinstated into Mr. Vanslyperken's good graces—that he appeared as usual to be harsh with the ship's company, and to oppress Smallbones more than ever; but this was at the particular request of the lad, who played his own part to admiration—that Mr. Vanslyperken again brought up the question of flogging Jemmy Ducks, but was prevented by the corporal's expressing his fears of a mutiny—and had also some secret conference with the corporal as to his desire of vengeance upon Smallbones, to which Van Spitter gave a ready ear, and appeared to be equally willing with the lieutenant to bring it about. Things were in this state when the cutter arrived at Portsmouth, and, as usual, ran into the harbour. It may be supposed that Mr. Vanslyperken was in all haste to go on shore to pay his visit to his charming widow, but still there was one thing to be done first, which was to report himself to the admiral.

On his arrival at the admiral's, much to his dissatisfaction, he was informed that he must hold himself ready for sailing immediately, as dispatches for the Hague were expected down on the next morning. This would give but a short time to pay his addresses, and he therefore made all haste to the widow's presence, and was most graciously received. She almost flew into his arms, upbraided him for being so long away, for not having written to her, and showed such

marks of strong attachment, that Vanslyperken was in ecstasies. When he told her that he expected to sail again immediately, she put her handkerchief up to her eyes, and appeared, to Vanslyperken at least, to shed a few bitter tears. As soon as she was a little more composed, Vanslyperken produced the packet with which he was intrusted, which she opened, and took out two letters, one for herself, and the other addressed to a certain person in a house in another street.

"This," said the widow, "you must deliver yourself—it is of consequence. I would deliver it, but if I do, I shall not be able to look after my little arrangements for dinner, for you dine with me of course. Besides, you must be acquainted with this person one time or another, as it will be for our advantage."

"Our advantage!" how delightful to Mr. Vanslyperken was that word! He jumped up immediately, and took his hat to execute the commission, the injunction of the widow to be soon back hastening his departure. Vanslyperken soon arrived at the door, knocked, and was admitted.

"Vat vash you vant, sare?" said a venerable looking old Jew, who opened the door to him.

"Is your name Lazarus?" inquired the lieutenant.

"Dat vash my name."

"I have a letter for you."

"A letter for me!—and from vare?"

"Amsterdam."

"Shee! silence," said the Jew, leading the way into a small room, and shutting the door.

Vanslyperken delivered the letter, which the Jew did not open, but laid on the table. "It vas from my worthy friend in Billen Shaaten. He ist vell?"

"Quite well," replied Vanslyperken.

"Ven do you sail again, Mynheer?"

"To-morrow morning."

"Dat is good. I have the letters all ready, dey come down yesterday—vil you vait and take them now?"

"Yes," replied Vanslyperken, who anticipated another rouleau of gold on his arrival at Amsterdam.

"An den I will give you your monish at de same time."

More money, thought Vanslyperken, who replied then, "With all my heart," and took a chair.

The Jew left the room, and soon returned with a small yellow bag, which he put into Vanslyperken's hand, and a large packet carefully sealed. "Dis vas of de hutmost importance," said the old man, giving him the packet. "You will find your monish all right, and now vas please just put your name here, for I vas responsible for all de account;" and the Jew laid down a receipt for Vanslyperken to sign. Vanslyperken read it over. It was an acknowledgment for the sum of fifty guineas, but not specifying for what service. He did not much like to sign it, but how could he refuse? Besides, as the Jew said, it was only to prove that the money was paid; nevertheless he objected.

"Vy vill you not sign? I must not lose my monish, and I shall lose it if you do not sign. Vat you fear—you not fear that we peach; ven peoples pay so high, they not pay for noting. We all sall hang togeder if de affair be found."

Hang together! thought Vanslyperken, whose fears were roused, and he turned pale.

"You are vell paid for your shervices—you vas vell paid at doder side of de vater, and you are now von of us. You cannot go back, or your life vill be forfeit, I can assure you—you vill sign if you please—and you vill not leave dis house, until you do sign," continued the Jew. "You vill not take our monish and den give de information, and hang us all. You vill sign, if you please, sare."

There was a steadiness of countenance and a firmness in the tone of the old man, which told Vanslyperken that he was not to be trifled with, and assured him that he must have help at hand if requisite. If left to himself, the Jew would have been easily mastered by the lieutenant, but that such was not to be the case, was soon proved, by the old man ringing a small silver bell on the table, and shortly afterwards there was a rustling and noise, as if of several persons, heard in the passage. Vanslyperken now perceived that he was entrapped, and he also felt that it was too late to retreat. Actuated by his fear of violence on the one hand, and his love of gold on the other, he consented to sign the voucher required. As soon as this was done, the old Jew was all civility. He took the paper, and locked it up in a large cabinet, and then he observed,

"It is for our own shafety, sare lieutenant, dat we are obliged to do dis. You have noting to fear—we are too much in want of good friends like you, to lose them, but we must be safe and shure; now you are von of us—you cannot tell but we can tell too—we profit togeder, and I vill hope dat we do run no risique to be hang togeder. Fader Abraham! we must not think of that, but of de good cause, and of de monish. I am a Jew, and I care not whether de Papist or de Protestant have de best of it—but I call it all de good cause, because every cause is good which brings de monish."

So thought Vanslyperken, who was in heart a Jew.

"And now, sare, you vill please to take great care of de packet, and deliver it to our friend at Amsterdam, and you vill of course come to me ven you return here."

Vanslyperken took his leave, with the packet in his pocket, not very well pleased; but as he put the packet in, he felt the yellow bag, and that to a certain degree consoled him. The old Jew escorted him to the door, with his little keen grey eyes fixed upon him, and Vanslyperken quailed before it, and was glad when he was once more in the street. He hastened back to the widow's house, full of thought—he certainly had never intended to have so committed himself as he had done, or to have positively enrolled himself among the partisans of the exiled king; but the money had entrapped him—he had twice taken their wages, and he had now been obliged to give them security for his fidelity, by enabling them to prove his guilt whenever they pleased. All this made Mr. Vanslyperken rather melancholy—but his meditations were put an end to by his arrival in the presence of the charm-

ing widow. She asked him what had passed, and he narrated it, but with a little variation, for he would not tell that he had signed through a fear of violence, but at the same time he observed, that he did not much like signing a receipt.

"But that is necessary," replied she; "and besides, why not? I know you are on our side, and you will prove most valuable to us. Indeed, I believe it was your readiness to meet my wishes that made me so fond of you, for I am devotedly attached to the rightful king, and I never would marry any man who would not risk life and soul for him, as you have done now."

The expression "life and soul," made Vanslyperken shudder, and his flesh crept all over his body.

"Besides," continued the widow, "it will be no small help to us, for the remuneration is very great."

"To us!" thought Vanslyperken, who now thought it right to press his suit. He was listened to attentively, and at last he proposed an early day for the union. The widow blushed, and turned her head away, and at last replied, with a sweet smile, "Well, Mr. Vanslyperken, I will neither tease you or myself—when you come back from your next trip, I consent to be yours."

What was Vanslyperken's delight and exultation! He threw himself on his knees, promised, and vowed, and thanked, kissed hands, and was in such ecstasies! He could hardly imagine that his good fortune was real. A beautiful widow, with a handsome fortune—how could he ever have thought of throwing himself away upon such a bunch of deformity as the Frau Vandersloosh? Poor Mr. Vanslyperken! Dinner put an end to his protestations. He fared sumptuously, and drank freely, to please the widow. He drank death to the usurper, and restoration to the King James. What a delightful evening! The widow was so amiable, so gentle, so yielding, so, so, so—what with wine and love, and fifty guineas in his pocket, Mr. Vanslyperken was so overcome with his feelings, that at last he felt but so so. After a hundred times returning to kiss her dear, dear hand, and at last sealing the contract on her lips, Mr. Vanslyperken departed, full of wine and hope—two very good things to lay in a stock of.

But there was something doing on board during Mr. Vanslyperken's absence. Notwithstanding Mr. Vanslyperken having ordered Moggy out of the cutter, she had taken the opportunity of his being away to go on board to her dear darling Jemmy. Dick Short did not prevent her coming on board, and he was commanding officer, so Moggy once more had her husband in her arms; but the fond pair soon retired to a quiet corner, where they had a long and serious conversation, so long, and so important, it would appear, that they did not break off until Mr. Vanslyperken came on board, just before dark. His quick eye soon perceived that there was a petticoat at the taffrail, where they had retired that they might not be overheard, and he angrily inquired who it was. His wrath was not appeased when he heard that it was Salisbury's wife, and he ordered her immediately to be put on shore, and sent for Corporal Van Spitter in his cabin, to know why she was on board. The corporal replied, "That Mr. Short had let her in; that he had wished to speak on the

subject, but that Mr. Short would not speak," and then entertained his superior with a long account of mutinous expressions on the lower deck, and threats of doing him (Mr. Vanslyperken) a mischief. This conversation was interrupted by a messenger coming on board with the despatches, and an order to sail at daylight, and return immediately, without waiting for any answers.

The reader may wish to know the subject of the long conversation between Jemmy Ducks and his wife. It involved the following question. Moggy had become very useful to Nancy Corbett, and Nancy, whose services were required at the cave, and could not well be dispensed with, had long been anxious to find some one, who, with the same general knowledge of parties, and the same discrimination, could be employed in her stead. In Moggy she had found the person required, but Moggy would not consent without her husband was of the same party, and here lay the difficulty. Nancy had had a reply, which was satisfactory, from Sir Robert Barclay, so far as this. He required one or two more men, but they must be trustworthy, and able to perform the duty in the boats. Jemmy was not very great at pulling, for his arms were too short as well as his legs, but he was a capital steersman. All this had been explained to Nancy, who at last consented to Jemmy being added to the crew of the smuggler, and Moggy had gone off to the cutter to persuade Jemmy to desert, and to join the smugglers.

Now, as for joining the smugglers, Jemmy had not the least objection ; he was tired of the cutter, and being separated from his wife had been to him a source of great discontent ; but, as Jemmy very truly observed, "If I desert from the vessel, and am ever seen again, I am certain to be known, and taken up, therefore I will not desert, I will wait till I am paid off, unless you can procure my discharge by means of your friends." Such had been the result of the colloquy, when interrupted by the arrival of Vanslyperken, and the case thus stood, when, on the next morning at daylight, the cutter weighed, and steered her course for the Texel.

(To be continued.)

PARTINGS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

PARTINGS—Oh! who hath not felt their power?
Who hath not mourned o'er the parting hour?
Quickly we cherish affection's ties
For minds of congenial sympathies;
But our lots may in varied scenes be cast,
Our brief communion too soon is past,
And we sigh while the rushing tear-drops start,
"Alas! we have only met to part!"

Partings there are of more bitter ruth,
When we breathe farewell to the friends of youth;
They are linked with thoughts of our happiest hours,
Of birds and sunshine, of trees and flowers;
They were sharers in all the joy and mirth
Of the social board and the festive hearth.
Oh! little the world can glad the heart
Condemned from an early friend to part.

Yet are there partings more sad, more drear,
When the awful summons of death is near,
When we stand the couch of a sufferer by,
And gaze on the dim and languid eye,
Watch the last hues on the fading cheek,
Hear the last accents subdued and weak,
Then yield our loved one to Death's cold dart,
And feel that with more than life we part.

Partings! O is not their trial giv'n
To lift the spirit from earth to heav'n?
We might deem this world a place of rest,
Surrounded by all we love the best;
But when we the loss of friends deplore,
May our thoughts be turned to that blessed shore,
Where heart shall spring to its kindred heart,
And meet in glory—no more to part!

OUR ACTORS!¹

AND THEIR ORIGINALLY INTENDED TRADES, CRAFTS, AND CALLINGS.

MR. JOHN REEVE—the LOW comedian!

“ Wine is to wit, as water thrown on fire—
 By duly sprinkling, both are rais'd the higher;
 Too largely dealt, the vivid blaze they choke,
 And all the genial flame goes out—in smoke.”

To the never-to-be forgotten, and ever-to-be laughed at, Mr. John Reeve—we recommend the above lines as worthy of his most attentive perusal and study; let him engrave them, as it were, on the tablet of his memory, in such indelible characters, that death alone shall be able to efface them; and by so doing he will, in all probability, preserve his health, and enrich his purse. Having given the advice of a friend, we may as well now turn to our duty as his impartial biographer. Cockaigne may rejoice, for Reeve is a chicken of its own hatching—and a pretty bird he has grown, as most of our readers are well aware. Bow-bell was heard by his honoured mamma on little John's natal day, for it was in the immediate vicinity of the far-famed St. Paul's that he first saw the light, and gladdened the heart of the worthy citizen and common councilman whom he had the honour to call papa.

Even in his earliest years, “master Jackey” was never accused of being a pretty boy; but what his features lacked in positive beauty, was overbalanced by an abundance of comicality. After running the infant race from harmless pap up to indigestible plum-pudding, Master Jackey found himself the junior boy at a suburban academy, with Yates—the now Manager Yates—as his class-mate and play-mate.

Though these young gentlemen differed on many minor points, they perfectly agreed on the major one—namely, to indulge in every “delightful bit of mischief” that entered into their fertile imaginations in the glorious cause of “fun.” Yates bore the palm for conception of mischief, but Reeve, (little Jackey,) was the boy to carry it into execution—'twas Frederick Yates *invenit*—John Reeve *fecit*: numerous were their “hair-breadth 'scapes” from horse and birch, till one day, during the few awful minutes which precede the meridian mastication, they endeavoured, by means of two yards of twine, to attach the collar of Pompey, the house-dog, to the behind button of the presiding usher's coat. They were detected in the very fact, and without trial (O horrible!) condemned to be flogged—and flogged without the incumbrance of dinner.

Flogging “most foul, as at the best it is;
 But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.”

¹ Continued from p. 95.

So thought the young delinquents, as they felt the birch; but there was no appeal from an insulted usher and an injured house-dog.

The honest citizen, and jolly common councilman, after a time called "grown up Jackey," from "the suburban groves of Academe," to enjoy rurality behind the paternal counter. Though it was possible that he might do for the counter, yet he was certain that the counter would never do for him—he felt the thing impossible, for even then he had "done" Shakspeare's soliloquies, and had been told "'twas beautiful;" in short, he knew he had a taste for the drama, and when the shop was shut, twice a week did he stealthily wend his way to the temples he idolized, which he abridged as "Drury and the Garden," and on each occasion sacrificed to the muses, by paying half price to the one shilling gallery.

These nightly absences from the family supper-table roused the old citizen's anger, who had a higher opinion of his own ledger than the finest volume of Shakspeare, which he considered (good man!) as a mere "waste book."

"Master Jackey," now rising seventeen, was soon transplanted to a wholesale house in the hose line, in or near Wood Street, Cheap-side. John had no taste for this trade either—"stockings be d—d!" cried our hero, "give me a truncheon," and Richard would soon be himself again. Spouting was prohibited below, by the two sedate senior clerks, who were "evangelical." John tried the top of the house—"twas flat and leaded—"a splendid stage!" quoth John, "and here will I nightly indulge in poesy divine," and there he imitated every actor that he had ever seen, from Kemble to Liston, from Bramham to Grimaldi, from Macready to Munden—*cum multis aliis*—

"Every thing by turns, and nothing long."

At length he became tired of reigning alone, and found a kindred spirit in a neighbouring butcher's heir, of Gutter Lane, a sensitive son of the cleaver, who could murder sheep or Shakspeare—

"Equal to both, and armed for either field."

Young Marrowbones was nightly smuggled to the house-top, but the noise they made in their nocturnal onslaughts against the sacred Nine, alarmed the watchmen, and they, as in duty bound, alarmed the neighbourhood. What could it be? A ghost? No, no, cried one, (shaking his head as if he thought there was something in it,) no, no, ghosts are quiet shadows, and couldn't make a horrid noise like that. It's above the hosier's house, I think—perhaps he's mad—and mad the now collected mob soon dubbed the hosier. The general cry was, "Enter, watchmen, and secure the maniac!"

The door was loudly knocked—the half-dressed maid appeared—strict search was made—when lo! poor John and his butchering colleague were found, just as Jaffier Reeve had stabbed his friend, and shouted curses on the senators of Venice.

In the morning, when an explanation was demanded, John folded his arms, and with the strong tone and mannerism of poor Kean's Iago, looked at his master and exclaimed,

Thou man of many stockings, "demand me nothing.
 What you know, you know :
 From this time forward, I never will speak word"
 In your d—— d shop !

So saying, he strutted to the warehouse-door, and there for an instant pausing, cried, "I say old socks, I shall send for my clothes," then vanished from the sight of the Wood Street monarch of the cotton store, and sought the paternal hearth once more.

The poor old common councilman—the kind-hearted father of this most eccentric son, couldn't tell what to do with his young scapegrace, as he called him, but he looked in his laughing face, and almost forgot his follies—at least, he so far forgave them, as to obtain an appointment for him in the house of his bankers, Messrs. Gosling and Co., of Fleet Street, and John very soon briskly sang the lively lines of poor Trudge's song, *à la* Harley in tone and manner.

"A clerk I am, in London gay,
 Jemmy, Jemmy linkum feedle,
 I go in boots to see the play," &c. &c.

John was now from under the paternal roof—his own master—nineteen years of age, and most of the evening to himself. Then came

"The ruling passion strong in life,"

in full force upon him. He sought and found a vent for his enthusiasm; he procured an introduction to Mr. Pymm, a gentleman, who, for the amusement of himself and his well-introduced friends, had fitted up a very elegant little private theatre, in Wilson Street, Gray's Inn Road. By becoming a subscriber per month, John, the tyro, was permitted to enact, "The coach is at the door, sir," with the promise that if he did that like a *preux chevalier*,

"*Sans peur et sans reproche*,"

he should be advanced to the dignity of a character with a high sounding name—an earl at least—perhaps a duke—for Pymm I., monarch of the Theatre Rural, Wilson Street, Gray's Inn Road, has conferred more titles in his mimic kingdom, on tyros in the histrionic line, than any minister, (Whig or Tory,) has bestowed on plastic, time-serving senators, for the last fifty years—and they have been pretty numerous—so, at least, that blessed volume called "The Peerage," says.

Poor John's task of working up to the "Peerage," seemed too slow-footed for his fiery nature—he determined upon what is called a neck-or-nothing dash at histrionic fame.

"Aut Reeve, aut Nullus!" he exclaimed, to the astonished manager Pymm, as he put down the hard cash required for one night's hire of the Theatre Rural, Wilson Street, Gray's Inn Road, and at the same time handed, (written in substantial counting-house German text,) the following sketch of the intended play bill for the intended night—

OTHELLO, by Mr. Reeve !!!

* * * * *

SYLVESTER DAGGERWOOD, by Mr. Reeve !!!

With voluminous imitations of the living and the dead !

The night arrived, big with the fate of Reeve and Shakspeare. The doors were opened, and the play began. In Othello when John declared he

“Was perplex’d in the extreme,”

the audience laughing cried, “they saw he was ;” but when he came to that soul of whim and vagabondism, Daggerwood, immortal John “was himself again.”

On what a mere trifle the turn of a man’s fortune may depend. A person connected with Drury Lane saw John as Daggerwood ; this person’s benefit was on the tapis. John was thought a card, and was asked “Would he act in the farce, and give his imitations on the public boards of Drury, on such a night.” “Yes,” cried delighted John, “and act Othello too, with the greatest pleasure.” “No,” said the smiling patron, “I’ll not intrude on your good nature, to fatigue yourself in tragedy.” “No trouble, my dear sir,” cried the anxious John, “I could do Othello twice a night for a month—I so like tragedy ;” but the gentleman of Drury Lane mildly insinuated, that Mr. Kean having made a hit in the Moor, might feel offended at being obliged to resign it—even for a night. “Ha, true, true !” smiled Reeve, “I like Kean’s Othello very well—though it isn’t a bit like mine—but I am sure I’ve no wish to hurt his feelings, poor fellow !—well, then, let it be only Daggerwood—and *all* my imitations.”

John appeared—and universal approbation crowned his first attempt upon the royal boards. The deed was done—the die was cast—and an actor he was fixed by fate.

John, after a time, could not resist the master passion : he quitted his bank clerkship for the sock, for even at rural Pymm’s he was told the buskin would not fit him ; and he whose duty had been to stop *forgeries*, actually commenced his new profession with *imitations* ; and from his long habit of handling *notes*, he soon became an adept at the singing of *song*. His imitations were at once pronounced to be the best that had hitherto been heard or seen : they did not consist of the mere sound of an actor’s voice ; no, he so identified himself with the man, by his gesture and his manner, that you almost persuaded yourself he stood before you.

Mr. Arnold heard of the ability displayed by this newly-found, genuine son of Momus, engaged him on very liberal terms (treble his bank clerkship’s) for the Lyceum, from which theatre he was transferred to the Adelphi, then rising into fame amongst the superior minors. During the summer vacation he visited Cheltenham, Bristol, &c. ; and amongst the various parts he attempted, was that of Benedict—not “Benedict for this night only,” but Benedict “till death shall us part.” He married a very pretty and amiable girl, and was happy ; but it proved a happiness of short duration, for he became a father and a widower in one fatal hour !

Reeve went the round of the London theatres: he has appeared on them all at various times. His engagement at Covent Garden was comparatively a failure: he was not at home in the sterling legitimate drama. Reeve is only strong when he has some grotesque outline, with the author's permission to fill it up with his own peculiar whimsicalities. Then he is sure to succeed; but if a playwright attempt to martinet with him, author and drama is sure to be——what must not be said to ears polite.

Mr. Reeve was, for several years, at that which is now, perhaps, the only national theatre, as far as a national drama is concerned—the Haymarket; but it was neither to the satisfaction of himself, the audience, or the manager, at least to the extent wished and hoped by all parties. He returned to the Adelphi theatre, in which he finds himself more at his ease than in any other: he must be *ad lib.* or nothing—the constraint even of Shakspeare or Sheridan he cannot bear—therefore, he found the Adelphi, with its light farces and mindless, but gorgeous melodramas, a fit place of rest, until various disputes with the management (*id est*, his old schoolfellow and companion in juvenile mischief, Yates) as to the “quantum of *eau de vie* necessary to keep up an actor's comic steam for an evening,” led Reeve to accept of the too-seducing offer of Mr. Stephen Price, (proprietor of the New York theatre,) and quit his English friends, to give “a taste of his quality” to the Republicans in the far west, where he is “bagging dollars,” bibo-ing brandy, and adding a fresh leaf or two to his rather decayed wreath of fame.

Reeve's love of the good things of this life is notorious, and his indulgence in the strong liquids, beyond a certain point, has often put him in dangerous positions, both on and off the stage. He is a universal favourite with the *bon-vivants*, and what may be called the most attractive half-price actor that the Adelphi theatre has ever had; for it is a very common practice amongst our young city bloods, (as well as many of the West-enders,) to make wagers, as to the ebriety of immortal John, on any specified evening, when of course the “betters” and their umpires attend to ascertain “the awful fact,” if Momus be “*Bacchi plenus*,” or not.

Reeve in society is a most jovial companion, if not an intellectual one: he is much esteemed by his particular friends: he was never yet known to break up a party, even though the call-boy announced that the audience were waiting for his appearance. “Tell them I am too ill to act to-night,” John would thunder to the astonished messenger; which too ill, when duly announced, was interpreted into too * * * * *; and with a laugh of pity at the infirmity of human nature, his plea was admitted as valid, and when he next appeared he was received as well as ever. John, glorious John!—when his mortal spirit flies—Reeve will certainly (by the Vintner's Company's at least) be deified as the Bacchus of the nineteenth century.

The sharer and boon companion of many of his midnight orgies has addressed the following whimsical Bacchanalian lines to

THE IMMORTAL AND GLENLIVET LOVING JOHN REEVE!

NULLI JOHANNES SECUNDUS.

Come, honest John—come here, John,
 Attend to me awhile;
 I've something for your ear, John,
 May haply make you smile.
 I'll tell you of old times, John,
 When *you* dispens'd good things;
 And *I*—I scribbled rhymes, John,
 And *both*—got drunk as kings.

Ah! you may still remember, John,
 We kiss'd the virgin-clay,
 On dark days in December, John,
 And smok'd our griefs away:
 Ay, smok'd our griefs away, John,
 Shut out the foggy light—
 And made a d——d bad day, John,
 At *least*—a decent night.

The man who cannot drink, John,
 For our delights may sigh;
 When reason 'gins to wink, John,
 The pulse plays wild and high:
 When the *care-nought* mood is stealing, John,
 O'er the moments as they pass,
 And the sweet oblivious feeling, John,
 About the—FOURTEENTH GLASS!

Let him whom care hath school'd, John,
 To meet misfortune's stroke:
 Let him whom hope hath fool'd, John,
 Still lay his soul in soak:
 Drown all his fond regrets, John,
 "In bumpers flowing o'er;
 Forget his love—AND DEBTS, John,
 And mind his griefs no more."

You see I quote from Burns, John,
 That star of brilliant hue;
 From some I steal by turns, John,
 I'll *never*—steal from you:
 Bob Burns lov'd strong *Glenlivet*, John,
 The best of barley bree;
 May bounteous heav'n give it, John,
 In streams, to you and me!

But know you how to brew it, John?
 An art that all shou'd know—
 As we were wont to do it, John,
 Some thirteen years ago.
 Sir Morgan have you read, John,
 The knight of whim and glee;
 And ponder'd what he said, John,
 His—GLORIOUS RECIPE?

Let your fruit be efficacious, John,
 Your water hissing hot ;
 Your jug the most capacious, John,
 That you or yours have got :
 Of sugar give enough, John,
 Of spirits all your store ;
 And you'll brew such goodly stuff, John,
 Was never brew'd before.

Take with you ere we part, John,
 (I leave you with regret,)
 The *warm* wish of a heart, John,
 That ne'er dissembled yet :
 May you and I get still, John,
 As drunk as we wou'd be,
 And those who wish us well, John,
 May get as drunk as we !

HARLEY ! quicksilver Harley !—He always seems as if he were moved by concealed wires—wires pulled by Messieurs Momus and Co. What reader has not seen him ? what reader has not laughed at him ? at him and with him ? was such a grin ever seen on the face of mortal man ? A never-ceasing grin—in short, “an annual grin—renewable for ever.”

John Pritt Harley was born in our great, overgrown, modern Babylon, commonly called London : his father was a very respectable silk-mercantile, doing business in a quiet, small way, without ticketing his goods, or enticing customers into his shop by having plate glass in his windows, at the cost of ten guineas per pane. He was one of those old-fashioned, plodding tradesmen, (the race is nearly extinct in London,) who were contented with a plain joint daily, with the elegant addition of a pudding on Sundays. Little JOHN PRITT (he never was called *pretty*) in very early life began to assist his honest father in the business of his small, but well-arranged little shop, so that at thirteen years of age he could flourish the yard measure with almost as much dexterity as any of those six feet—what shall we call them ?—those niminy-piminy—those EPICENE creatures in coats, waistcoats, and continuations, who are kept by dozens to simper at our ladies, and disgust manhood, at the Waterloo and other houses, in the silk, tape, lace, and bobbin line of business. But little John Pritt Harley had a soul that reached beyond a yard measure ; he panted for a liberal profession, therefore chose the law ! He quitted the yard for the quill, and was the junior fag of an attorney's office in Chancery Lane ; but neither quill nor yard would suit the mercurial disposition of the embryo comedian. Blackstone was soon superseded by Shakespeare in his ardent imagination ; he therefore showed his clerkship “a fair pair of heels,” and indulged his dramatic propensities by becoming at once an ambulating Thespian ! This great event (for undoubtedly great it was to him) took place in the little strolling company at Sheerness, which little company was then managed by the little father of the now far-famed dramatist of “Black-eyed Susan,” &c. &c., little Mr. Douglas Jerrold. But here poor John Pritt Harley found himself daily getting into a state that would have qualified him to act Romeo's starved apothecary without the aid of art ;

he therefore thought it prudent, as he himself observed, to sheer off from *Sheerness*, while he had sufficient steam to propel his ten-toed machine (a carriage originally used by Adam in old paradise, and now by Haymakers in that new paradise, old Ireland) to Hythe, in the county of Kent, where another ambulating manager had invited him to "do Momus and Melpomene," for the amusement and delight of the numerous *militaires* quartered in that celebrated cinque port,—salary twenty-five shillings per week, and find his own wigs!

Here he nightly shouted tragedy till hoarse, and sung comic songs till he was breathless; but as he himself said, (though Shakspeare said it before him,)

"The labour we delight in physics pain."

The salary was *bona fide*, so were the benefits; and, to the surprise of all the world, (we mean the Hythe world, of course,) the lean Harley fattened and walked erect again! Having Momus'd with Trotter, the ambulating manager of the Kent and Sussex *corps dramatique*, a yearly round or two, the offer of double his then salary induced him to visit York, as the principal low comedy actor of that once respectable circuit, where, with *quantum suff.* of empty praise, he realised some solid gold, and that he wisely garnered for future exigencies. Though at a two hundred miles distance from London, he heard a sort of managerial whisper of—"York, you're wanted," and, with Cæsar's "*Veni, vidi, vici*," for his motto, he came, he played, and stamped himself the public favourite, which he has ever since remained.

Harley has great animal spirits—always in a sort of fidget,—

"His action is always strong, but sometimes such,
That candour must declare, he acts too much."

These lines, which Churchill wrote of one of his own time, may be very justly applied to Harley; but time, perhaps, will tame his quicksilver, for the register—the register of that very notoriously anti-Malthusian parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields—declares that in a few months, John Pitt Harley will be on the shady side of fifty! though he does not look it, for we may take upon ourselves to say, that when he has finished his toilette, and has Adonis'd for his hebdomedal visit to church, that he may venture to sink a good third of his age, if certain circumstances should imperiously demand that a number should be declared.

Harley's assumption of idiocy is the most perfect thing we have ever witnessed on or off the stage; it is the most imposing—we say imposing, for it once actually imposed upon two thieves,—regular professional, well-armed thieves, who stopped and plundered the supposed sensible part of the contents of a certain leathern convenience, called a Yorkshire stage-coach, in which our whimsical friend (*young Harley then*) was taking his annual Thespian journey from Wakefield to Hull—Oily Hull! as gentlemen with sensitive olfactories facetiously term it. It was but a few years after our quicksilver votary of the sock entered into the profession which he has since adorned, as much by his private conduct as by his professional

talent. We will give our readers the story, but premise that a written account must fall very far short of his verbal one, with the potent adjuncts of his irresistible grin and chuckle, for, in story telling, he always "suits the action to the word, and the word to the action, with this especial observance," that he is sure to keep his hearers in a roar of laughter, whether they will or not; such is the power he has over the cachinnatory nerves of his convivial friends: but to the anecdote of

"THE IDIOT HARLEY; OR, HOW TO DECEIVE TWO THIEVES."

'Twas dark December; the rain and wind beat high," as Lady Randolph observed when she lost her child:—'twas the same month and nearly the same sort of weather, when Harley would have lost his purse, had not his now celebrated grin (a grin that then was little known to the great world) preserved it from the reckless spoiler's grasp.

It is now rather more than a quarter of a century ago,—'twas at that dull period when the idea of steam vehicles running on rail-roads for the convenience of the general traveller's rapid transit, was supposed to be a mere chimera in the disordered brain of some scientific enthusiasts;—'twas at that dull period that a lumbering, slow-going stage-coach was seen wending its way from the western side of bonny Yorkshire towards that famous emporium of swamps and whale-blubber, denominated in the county maps as Kingston-upon-Hull. Within this capacious machine sat a pale, thin young man, "*avec une grande bouche*, and teeth to match!" He had been recently invested with the fool's cap and bells, and had been doing Momus through the circuit of that somewhat extensive county of York. This pale, thin young man was Harley, soon to become one of the principal comedians on the metropolitan boards. Opposite to him was deposited the capacious and well-wrapped-up body of a fat and wealthy clothier of Wakefield, who rejoiced in the appellation of Jeremiah Dobs. They were the only passengers; and such an unmatched pair were never before jostled together, even in a stage-coach. Dobs confessed that he knew nothing of either Molpommony or Thelyar, except that he had read their names in the London papers, as having been brought up to Bow Street for obtaining money under false pretences in Drury Lane. Harley sighed at Dobs's want of taste, and Dobs laughed at Harley's ignorance, when he confessed that he knew very little of wool and less of dying, except at the end of a five-act tragedy! Dobs had a hint from Morpheus; the hint was soon taken, and the gentle Jeremiah reposed in his arms: not so fortunate was Harley. So coy a dame was sleep to him that he could not once win her to his wishes; to be sure, it would have been rather wonderful if he had, considering the loud key in which his opposite neighbour, the fat and gentle Jeremiah, pitched his indomitable snore. Harley bore the horrid sounds for some time with that Christian fortitude for which he has always been proverbial. But a whole hour's repetition in every note in the gamut was too much even for his meekness; at length there came a sound so dire, so dreadful! "D——n!" cried the philosophic

Harley, "this won't do—no. There is a point where patience ceases to be a virtue, and this is that point." He was roused; therefore he resolved to rouse his tormentor; and placing the heel of his boot, as nearly as he could calculate, upon the great toe of the snoring manufacturer of broad cloth, he raised himself up to a position which left the whole weight of his slim body upon the aforesaid toe.

The pressure was felt—the snoring ceased. Jeremiah writhed, and Jeremiah groaned a curse or two, then slept again. At this time they were passing across the skirts of a dark and dreary common, where even a Ratcliffe romance-bitten traveller, in search of the sublimely horrible, might very justly suppose that the murderer lurked like a ravening wolf, ready to pounce upon his prey! Harley was just getting up his bile for another assault upon his snoring tormentor's great toe, when a firm, but not loud, authoritative "Stop!" was heard through the whistling wind: it was given in a deep gruff voice:—"Stop!" cried a second thief; to which was added, a potent threat of sending the gentleman who managed the reins to a warmer place than a wet coach-box on a Yorkshire common on a bleak December night, therefore, as in safety bound, coachey stopped *instantly*. When the first cry of "Stop!" struck on Harley's ear, his digits, as if by instinct, fixed on his purse, for it contained his all, the savings of two hard-earned benefits. The purse, conscious of approaching danger, flew from his pocket as if by magic, and concealed itself in the vacuum between the collar of his coat and the collar of his neck. At that instant the coach-doors were forced, and on each side a large brass pistol was seen, the holder of one of which weapons, intruding his craped visage, growled in a *sotto voce*, "Your money—quick!" at which Harley, now prepared to act his part, put on his idiotic stare, his ponderous jaws distended, and he grinned, and smiled, and nodded; but such "nods and wreathed smiles" only enraged the impatient thief, who, placing the pistol to the mimic's laughing face, cried, "Your money—d—n your grinning—your money or your life."

"Money!" laughed out the pretended fool in his best idiotic style; and, shaking his head like a mandarin on a chimney-piece, shouted, "Money! Bobby never no money:—Nunky pays for Bobby," (pointing to the still snoring Jeremiah Dobs, at the same time kicking his shins, and in a screaming key bawling loud enough to wake anything but a sleepy Wakefield clothier.) "Nunky! Nunky! poor man wants money, Nunky!—poor man wants money, Nunky!—give poor man money, Nunky!" The robber stared, then withdrawing his pistol from the wide-extended mouth of Harley, said to his thieving colleague, "Why, Tom, I say, this chap's a spoony!—come, quick!—draw the old one." A rough back-handed blow on the loud-pealing nasal promontory of the gentle Jeremiah, soon brought him to a knowledge of "his unfortunate whereabouts." He was soon sufficiently awake to see that two robbers were before him, each with a pistol to his breast: when finding that his rhetoric could not overcome such powerful and striking arguments, and hearing his apparently idiotic fellow-traveller, though not fellow-sufferer, continue chuckling, grinning, and bawling, "Nunky pays for Bobby!—Nunky pays for Bobby!" he made a merit of necessity, and resigned watch, purse,

and pocket-book, into the ruthless spoilers' hands, who had no sooner realized, than they vanished from his sight; which done, "Harley was himself again:" within his nether garment's pouch he replaced his darling cash—cash now doubly prized, as doubly won; for it was the first sum that in his then early life he had ever saved, first by his frugality, now by his ingenuity; and well he merited the pleasures it since has purchased him.

They reached Hull to breakfast: the comedian in due time chuckled, and grinned, and told the tale at so many convivial boards, that soon all Yorkshire knew it, and the ears of the unfortunate Jeremiah Dobs was saluted until the day of his death with the fatal sounds of "Nunk y pays for all."*

Harley has gathered together a very comfortable, independent fortune—a fortune upon which he could retire to a Tusculum villa in the West, and live rurally, and in peace—but he feels that his quicksilver would soon be below zero—in one of those "shady blest retreats," which poets feign to love, and only lovers seek; for Harley is not a poet, (the bump "of sweet poesy divine" has not yet developed itself in his cranium,) and as he is not a lover, (except in the Platonic line, of which more anon,)—he eschews rurality. The shady blessing he most delights in, is the shady side of Regent Street. While making that new figure in trigonometry, (accidentally discovered by Mr. John Reeve, the convivial comedian, on his way home late at nights,) called the circumbendibus, on his daily tour from the Garrick club, to his substantial old domicile in Gower Street, Bedford Square, Harley has often been heard to exclaim with a heroism worthy of the representative of Iön, the fatalist, rather than he of the sock, "I was born a cockney, and a cockney I'll die."

Harley made several abortive attempts to become a Benedict in the early part of his career, but (as both he and Shakspeare have it)

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

The handsome and laughter-loving daughter of the once celebrated Mrs. Inchbald, the authoress, played the deuce with poor John Pritt, on his first trip to Sussex with Mr. Manager Trotter. John Pritt popped the question, and she in reply facetiously told him, that "he'd no more use for a wife than a duck had for an umbrella." On hearing this he gave one long sigh, at which she laughed—and then he laughed—and there it ended. But a second attack, more serious than the first, occurred in Yorkshire—'twas with a gay young widow—the widow Woodhouse; he was in this case so far gone, that he had actually "booked himself for matrimony." He had his own consent, and merely wanted hers: she was a widow, and he thought she must comply; but this cruel breaker of low comedy hearts forbid the banns—Harley sung out "Will ye?" and she responded "No."

"Widow, will ye, will ye marry me?
Oh, oh, oh!"

sighed Harley.

* We are much obliged to our friend, the author, for discovering the paternity of this somewhat venerable anecdote.

"I will never, never marry thee,
No, John, no!"

laughed the widow—and in a week afterwards the widow Woodhouse was married to a richer, a fatter, and a taller man, and poor John Pritt Harley was heard singing Darby's distich.

Harley is unlike most of his brethren of the sock—he does not tavermise: he is pleasantly domesticated with two agreeable maiden sisters, and having been long honoured with an extensive and highly respectable circle of private friends, he does not court promiscuous acquaintances, and he has no desire to "show off;" for when any ill-bred person throws out a hint, "for a taste of his quality," he quaintly observes, that "having left his fool's cap and bells at Drury Lane Theatre, he is quite incapable:" and we remember meeting him at a dinner party in the purlieus of Lombard Street, where, being much pressed to sing, he simply declined, by stating, that "as he was not a freeman, he had no voice in the city."

As we have observed, Harley is rich, and with his well-known prudence, and lack of all speculative enterprise, and other "evil propensities," he has placed himself beyond the possible reach of indigence. Yet such is the very manly and proper feeling he has towards his less fortunate, (or we'll say, less prudent,) brethren of the sock and buskin, that he is a liberal subscriber to that most excellent and chartered institution, "the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund for Decayed Actors"—an institution begotten by the brain of David Garrick, fostered by the kindness of John Bannister, and nourished into full health and vigour by the enthusiasm of the lamented Kean.

Par parenthèse, it is a recorded fact, that this institution for years clothed, fed, and educated in a gentlemanly style, the brother of the late highly popular prime minister, George Canning. The youth we allude to was John Reddish, the son of Reddish, the once clever actor, and member of this institution, who died mad in the York asylum, leaving his only son in a state of comparative destitution. Mr. John Bannister, the then master of the fund, admitted the poor orphan's claim, and had him well educated and fitted for an appointment which Canning (when his splendid talent raised him from poverty and obscurity) obtained for his clever boy-brother. Canning's mother was an actress at Drury Lane Theatre, but by no means a successful one, as appears by a critique on her performance, when she made her *début* in the arduous character of Jane Shore. We extract the following from the "Town and Country Magazine," of 1773.

"Mrs. Canning has appeared in the character of Jane Shore, at Drury Lane Theatre, and Mr. Garrick did her so much honour in countenancing her first performance, that after having declined the part of Hastings for four years, he assumed it on the 5th of November, upon the introduction of this lady to the stage. We are always inclined to favour young aspirants, and therefore wish we could say much in this lady's commendation; but candour, and the duty we owe the public, compel us to say, that a continued monotony of voice, and very little expression in her countenance, are great impediments to her shining at present in the character of Jane Shore."

The mother of our great orator and statesman was thrice married: by her first husband, (Canning, a young Irish barrister,) came George; by the second, (Reddish, the actor,) came the boy above alluded to, who died in his foreign appointment; and by the third, (Hunn, a Bristolian "boisterous captain of the sea,") she had various sons and daughters, who felt their eldest brother's protecting hand, and we hear that they well deserved the great statesman's favour.

But to return to Harley: the members of this chartered institution, (an instance of whose orphan-fostering kindness I have briefly sketched,) on poor Kean's decline of health, elected Mr. Harley as their chairman (master, as it is called—a sort of president of a little republic, embodied for the purpose of doing good to their less fortunate brethren.) It is an office of much trouble and responsibility, yet no profit, but the heart-gratifying one of assisting those who cannot assist themselves; and Mr. Harley has for many years filled the office, not only to the satisfaction of his colleagues in the directorship, but to the continued enrichment of the funds of the society.

Harley is envied and sneered at by many of his sottish and dissolute professional brethren, for his presumed wealth and known prudence.

" Envy will merit as its shade pursue,
And like a shadow, prove the substance too."

He has the substance; and, unlike poor, weak, but kind-hearted Kean, he will take care that it do not decrease. He has sense enough to smile at the various attempts to perpetrate jokes on his prudence and quiet domestic economy—prudence which malice calls parsimony. They are all in very bad taste; *par exemple*, "they assert that the cat actually kitted in his kitchen grate—that seat of gastronomy having been transferred to the little back parlour, where 'the chop' or 'the steak' could be had hot from the gridiron!" This, and a variety of such-like weak inventions of the low sots and would-be-thought wits of the sock and buskin, he treats with the contempt they deserve, feeling conscious that

" A wit's a feather—and a chief's a rod—
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

MR. VANDENHOFF, the tragedian.

This gentleman, to whom his great ancestors have handed down a name certainly the reverse of pleasing to an English ear, (O Santa Cecilia! what must it be to *les oreilles Italiennes*?) sprang from a very ingenious old Catholic family, and was—like the late John Kemble—designed by his parents for the priesthood, and in the probationary study for which sacred calling he obtained a very respectable classical education, and passed his early manhood either as the principal or sub. of one of the various Catholic seminaries exclusively devoted to the youthful of that religious persuasion. His father, and we believe his grandfather, were very celebrated amongst the fair ladies of that dullest of all our dull cities—Salisbury; where they were supposed to possess much skill in that very ingenious and useful art, namely, the art of dyeing: for the domestic annals of most of the

leading families of the aforesaid dull city, record the Vandenhoff fame for producing every tint in the rainbow and out of the rainbow—from sweet cerulean blue to sombre black.

The dull but laborious occupation of wielding the ruler, flourishing the rod, and hearing the monotonous *hic, hæc, hoc*, and *amo, amas*, &c. was anything but satisfactory to young Vandenhoff: he had an aspiration after fame—he wished to be talked of, if it were only to be abused—anything appeared preferable to his then pursuit; and as for the graver one to which, in the fond parental eye, he was destined, he began to doubt the wisdom of that vow of celibacy, which he would be required to take. Nature whispered,

“ Without the smile from partial beauty won,
What were man? A world without the sun;”

and a stronger reason than all was, that a spark from Shakspeare's muse of fire had already set his imagination in a blaze. He mused and mumbled,

“ To be or not to be—that's the question.”

“ To be,” cried vanity—“ On,” cried ambition—and paraphrasing Othello's farewell to his occupation, he bade adieu to the desk of the Dominie, with an exclamation (though only paraphrastic) that will certainly reach posterity through the means of this volume.

“ Oh! now—for ever
Farewell ye neat nibb'd pens—farewell ye desks—
Farewell great ruler—and the large rod
That made each urchin tremble—O farewell!
And O! ye noisy brats—whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell!—Hoff Vanden's occupation's gone.”

(*Sub Rosa, Mem.*) Mr. V. allowed himself license with his own name, it being otherwise quite useless to the Muses.

Mr. Vandenhoff went the usual round of *Daggerwoodism* with a prudence seldom observed in young persons so situated: he had the advantage of education, a blessing that was not bestowed on many of his dissolute colleagues. Education whispered to him that he ought not to forget that she had made him a gentleman, and her whisper was not lost upon him, for he has never been known to forget it. He had been many years the tragic hero of the Liverpool and Manchester theatres, admired as an actor, and respected as a man. All was “ *colour de rose*” with him, until, in an evil hour, he was induced to quit the throne he had so long made his own, and visit the modern Babylon, as the substitute of a phalanx of retired and retiring talent. It is about sixteen years since this gentleman made a bold theatrical attempt to carry London by storm, by mixing the styles of Kemble, Kean, Young, and Macready, so admirably together, that it might very justly challenge applause as a splendid theatrical specimen of the “ composite order;” but it did not then meet with the encouragement which we must candidly acknowledge it merited, even for its ingenuity and industry. Unfortunately for Mr. Vandenhoff, those great artists, on whom he had formed his dramatic self, though they were retired or scattered, yet the merits of each were too vividly im-

pressed on the minds of the then admirers of our legitimate drama, to allow of the possibility of the new actor, with the unpronounceable name, as it was then called, "to be pushed from memory's stool."

We must here again observe, that this was about sixteen years ago, before the legitimate drama had been quite strangled by Fitzball, Planche, and Co. The "Jonathan Bradford" theatrical march of intellect had not then completely "*coupé les gorges*" of those poor injured and insulted damsels, Melpomene and her ever-smiling sister Muse.

Mr. Vandenhoff's bold and dashing attempts to carry London by the "coup composite," happened just at that seemingly fortunate period when John Kemble had retired from his profession, to end a long and well-spent life in the pure air, and amidst the romantic scenery of charming Lausanne; Kean had set out on his first trans-Atlantic trip to amuse and delight the unpolished republicans, and "purse their dollars" for the brief space of one year; Young, independent and careless Young, was only acting when the whim seized and the money tempted him; and the last, not least, of this new gentleman's opponents, Macready, was showing his temper and his teeth to the trembling, poor, ill-fed, and coinless underlings of our various provincial theatres. Therefore, with Mr. Vandenhoff—to use the Newmarket verbiage—it was apparently "a clear field and no favour;" but in the first heat the jockies (the cruel critics!) decided that he was not to win. This was soon understood by the managers—they had staked a good round sum (in the shape of salary) on his success, falsely calculating that as "The Vandenhoff" was the best north-country horse known on the theatrical turf, and all the favourites and crack horses being absent, he must succeed on the London course.

But, alas! the cruel jockies, (critics,) as we observed, decided that the Vandenhoff was not to win on the London course. What were these ill-judging and out-jockied managers to do? They soon gave him a gentle hint that he was "*Monsieur de trop*, and might return to the place from whence he came;" but Mr. V. was deaf to all such hints: he wisely arguing with himself, as any other domestic would have done under similar circumstances—we beg Mr. Vandenhoff's pardon, but the highest authority in the land, namely, the Lord Chancellor, has decided that an actor, in suing for his salary, *id est*, wages, must sue as a hired servant;—we say, Mr. V. wisely argued, that if the managers did not know when they had a good servant, he knew when he had a money-making place; therefore, to stay he was resolved, as long as the law allowed.

We dare say that our gentle readers are not aware that, of all monarchs on the earth, theatrical monarchs are the most notorious for determination in carrying any point, when it has once entered into their overbearing noddles to do so. The Covent Garden directors had resolved to free their salary list from the inharmonious name of Vandenhoff, and the two horrible figures, a ten and a unit, annexed to that inharmonious name, figures that, like the visionary gentlemen of Banquo's line, "seared their eye-balls," as they hebdomedally gazed upon them. But how was the erasure from that fatal book to be

effected? There was the rub! "Get money; get it honestly if you can, but be sure you get money," was the advice of an old gentleman of the last century, one Mr. Inkle, who lived in Threadneedle Street, in our smoky city of London. (So Saint George Colman the Younger wrote before he perpetrated "Broad Grins," or madly "run a-muck" against poor Dowton and his harmless *dammées*, when appointed his Majesty's reader of new plays. We wish he would read certain old ones, and cut out his own voluminous *dammées*. George Colman turned saint! O Mother Cole! Mother Cole!)

The Covent Garden managers had made up their minds to save money, and, like the above-quoted Mr. Inkle, of Threadneedle Street, would have saved it honestly if they could; but save it they said they were determined. Mr. Vandenhoff would not take the "hints for retreat," dropped with all that Joseph-Surface-like urbanity, which has always distinguished one at least of the managerial clique. "Well," croaked another, who never was noted for his *suaviter in modo*, "since words won't do, we must try deeds."

Managers of theatres, we admit, have some honesty; but they never like to decrease their stock by using any of it, except when obliged, as the "Vandenhoff annals" will show.

"The croaking manager" came at once to the point that would wound the Vandenhoff feelings, and perhaps put the Vandenhoff body to instant flight. They were about to produce a melodramatic spectacle immediately, to please the galleries. Here was their opportunity, an opportunity not to be lost: they cast him an insignificant part, Leicester, in a more insignificant drama. (Kenilworth is beautiful as a tale, but contemptible on the stage, from the want of skill perhaps of him, who pressed into the Muses' service paste and scissors, and then had the audacity, or rather mendacity, to call himself an author!) Mr. Vandenhoff had his choice of three evils, either to play the insignificant part, or be mulcted of six weeks' salary—no joke—or go—no joke either. With much wisdom, if not with an equal quantum of spirit, he pocketed the insult with the salary, and "went on" for the part, for acting in it was out of the question; (for, to let the gentle reader into a secret—a secret, by-the-by, known to every member of the sock and buskin—it is the parts that make the actors, not the actors the parts; ineffective *roles* make ineffective *artistes*, and *vice versa*;) for the united talent of all the great tragedians of the last and present century, Garrick and Kean included, could not have produced any striking effects, or have elicited the slightest applause in the part, evidently intended by the honourable managers to disgust the feelings of the "new gentleman with the hard Dutch name," and make him retreat to Lancashire, and there "serve his sovereign in the north." But the new gentleman, with the hard Dutch name, had screwed his feelings to the money-making pitch; and had, as it were, in his "mind's eye," already banked the surplus of his somewhat weighty salary, and postponed all further attempts at London fame *sine die*, (which *sine die* has since been proved, in the Vandenhoff case, to mean fourteen years.) The honourable and gentlemanly managers, finding that neither hints, innuendoes, nor even the utmost professional insults, would induce this

gentleman with the hard Dutch name to move the seal from off their bond, resolved, with all their malicious cunning, to try what effect neglect would have upon him. They made him "nobody," his name was never seen or heard. When it was hinted that such a person belonged to the theatre, the managers frowned, and growled in a whisper—(they were not singers)—a line which Haynes Bayley has since introduced into one of his popular ballads—

"O no, we never mention him!"

He made a regular weekly visit to the treasury, but not to the stage; and when, at length, the usual season and his term of engagement expired, "the croaking, gentlemanly manager," with one of his well-known demoniac grins, told him, (that which he long had known, namely,) that he was no longer wanted, and might go to—; but the choice of a place of retreat was left to himself, and he wisely fixed on Liverpool, the scene of all his former glory, ere London critics had marred his hopes of London fame. The theatrical throne of Lancashire he thought his lawful right, and to be resumed at pleasure; but it so happened, that when he left it empty to go on his unfortunate London speculation, it had necessarily been filled by another gentleman, (a Mr. Salter,) a man of superior genius, though somewhat flighty.

"Genius to madness nearly is allied,"

as our poet says. Now to speak parliamentarily, after Vandenhoff's defeat in the contest for London, he wished to be again returned for his old borough of Liverpool; but how could he turn out the sitting member—poor Salter? That was the rub: but nothing is impossible to a disciple of the learned and renowned Ignatius, (for, as we observed at the commencement of this memoir, Mr. V. is a sound Catholic, and was educated to become a successor of Ignatius;) then the question was, how would Ignatius himself have acted had he wished to unseat a sitting member or banish a rival actor?—for it was impossible for two stars to shine in one Liverpool.

Mr. V., to his praise we record it, attended mass regularly; (his sect are almost predominant in Lancashire, and at his benefit cram the theatre to the very ceiling;) what there was said, or done, or what confessed, we cannot tell; we only know, that it was soon loudly whispered that he was an ill-used man, and ought to send his rival "over the hills and far away," according to the then popular song.

The theatre immediately became the arena of discordant noises and ruffianly bruising matches; and the front of each box and gallery was nightly adorned with flaming placards, exhibited by the partisans of each would-be mimic monarch, the contents of which were as disgraceful to the drama as to common sense.

Nor was this spirit of opposition confined to the theatre alone; for "Vandenhoff for ever, and the good old cause," "Salter for ever, and no Catholics," disgusted the eye of the passenger, who could read it chalked on every wall, street, and dirty alley of that extensive and populous town.

The end of all this scene of fire and fury was, that the pupil of Ignatius, the man of tact and industry (Mr. Vandenhoff) was safely re-seated in the tragic chair, which the man of genius, lacking tact, (Mr. Salter,) was forced to vacate for—the cell of a mad-house, where, melancholy and broken-hearted, he shortly died, and was forgotten! “*Sic transit gloria histrionis!*”

After a lapse of fourteen years, (a somewhat thick slice from the loaf of life,) perhaps wisely calculating that all his former opponents, except Macready, had for ever left the scene, Mr. Vandenhoff again appeared on the metropolitan boards; and his success has since been such as to warrant the conclusion, that he has now become fixed, if not as the first, certainly one of the first, of our legitimate actors. Mr. V. has had many disadvantages to contend with: nature had not been over kind in her arrangement of his visage; all there is light and inexpressive; and even when darkened by the aid of art, the expression is not improved. He is accused of coarseness, yet his coarseness arises from the natural formation of his features, and not, as some suppose, from want of taste. His name, too, carries a Tenier-like coarseness in its very sound. Why did he not change it for one more pleasing to the ear, as many of his colleagues have already done? Instance his friend, whom those veracious chronicles, the play-bills, call Mr. Williams, but who, in the days of his youth, before he embraced the actor's calling, was cursed with the horrible-sounding patronymic of Mr. Shanks! Think, gentle reader,—“Romeo, by Mr. Shanks!” Who, after having read the name, would go to see the actor?—Romeo Shanks!

“What's in a name?” cries Juliet; “Shanks, by any other name, will act as well.” Old Manager Macready, being of Juliet's opinion as to another name, re-patronymed Romeo Shanks, and called him “Williams,” and Williams has since become a name not quite unknown to fame in the play-bill annals of the Haymarket and Lyceum. Anything that excites a feeling of the ridiculous in the mind of an auditor must be fatal to the tragic effect of both actor and author: for instance, “Juliet, by Miss Slaughterhouse!” O gentle Juliet! Even the syren Grisi, that splendid woman and enchanting cantatrice, was obliged to prefix her sponsorial to her patronymic—a patronyme that came so strong upon the English ear with the vulgar, fat-like sound of Greasy, that the silly wags, who do the ridiculous for the Sunday papers, found in it a source of puns somewhat damaging to the necessary dignity of a prima donna; but when prefaced with the soft Italian Julietta, it fell so sweetly on the ear, that all our vulgar English associations were at once forgotten, and Sunday papers punned no more.

Mr. Vandenhoff is the father of a pretty light-haired girl, who, after having been duly parrotted by her industrious sire, her little feet were transferred from the domestic carpet to the bare boards of Drury Lane Theatre. She came out in Juliet—Shakspeare's Juliet!—came out, and went in again; for it appears that the manager of the theatre and the father, the too partial father of this lady, differ in opinion as to the *quantum* of talent possessed by this pretty, blue-eyed *débütante*, therefore “she appeared as Juliet, and then was heard no more.”

Mr. Vandenhoff, by his private conduct, even more than by his public talent, does honour to the arduous and difficult profession which he so early adopted. In society he is the scholar, the gentleman, and a strictly honest man; and at the domestic hearth the affectionate husband of a very handsome and amiable wife, and kind father to an accomplished family; he is a man that through the various worldly struggles of half a century has always fought, fought bravely for his right, and won it. *Leve fit quod bene fertur onus!*

DOWTON,—caustic, cranky, comical Dowton!—one of the most sterling actors that the English stage can boast of. Who has not seen him?—and seeing him, who has not admired him? We think we may boldly answer—all the world: that is to say, the world of taste, taste for the legitimate actor's art.

Mr. William Dowton is a native of that loveliest county of all England, Devonshire. His honest, honoured, and respected father sold figs in the ancient and somewhat dull city of Exeter. It is now about seventy years since the infant, William Dowton, first made a grumbling noise in this bustling world—a noise that he has, *sans intermission*, continued ever since; and his friends think he will continue it till the day of his death, which, at Thalia's request, we beg leave to fix at a very distant period. The delighted and indefatigable grocer, as "little Billy" grew into "stout William," flattered himself with the idea that he had begotten a son destined to higher deeds than to weigh pounds of sugar and tie up ounces of Bohea: he fondly thought young William had a taste for the arts; he therefore placed him with what was then called a marble cutter, which term has since been politely modernised into "a sculptor;" but "huge figures carved in stone" had no charm for stout William, for theatrical images were always uppermost in his imagination; and the approving hands of some too-partial friends, who rapturously hailed his efforts when he, with some private theatrical tyros, attempted the execution of Dr. Young's dull tragedy of "The Revenge," induced him to cut the chisel, instead of urging the chisel to cut the marble, and abscond to a strolling company of comedians at Ashburton, in his own native county of sweet Devonshire.

Here he suffered hardships both in person and in spirit; for he received very little money, and not the slightest approbation, for his histrionic efforts. This was enough to damp the ardour of any one but a young enthusiast very far gone;—and such was Dowton in his teens. Privations in "the victualling department" he could have borne with a philosophic calmness worthy of a stoic, but to see another person play the part of Romeo!—Romeo, the object of his fond ambition—

"Romeo, his thought by day, his dream by night,"

this was beyond even Roman firmness; and he has often declared, at a more advanced period of his life, that he thought it would have broken his silly heart if he had not hit upon the following singular expedient to relieve his woe. In his rather seedy wardrobe he then boasted of two coats;—No 1, only six months in wear, No. 2, aged

one year and a quarter; though both of the aforesaid coats were, of course, much the worse for the wear and tear of a strolling actor's life, yet were they far preferable, both in cut and nap, to the only one possessed by the somewhat ancient gentleman who (according to his lawful right, as per agreement signed and wafered) was about to enact the youthful lover Romeo. Dowton looked at this person, and with upturned nose grumbled out with altered emphasis (an alteration that might be frequently adopted with much justice when applied to many a tyro)

"Oh, Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art *thou* Romeo?"

Dowton sought and obtained a *little-a-little* with this threadbare tragedian; he looked in his face, and there, besides the wrinkles, he read, (or, at least, he thought he read, as plainly written as the hand of misery could write,) "I wish I had young Dowton's coat." On this suggestion of his youthful fancy, he threw out a hint for an exchange, not of coats, but "Shakspeare for broadcloth." No sooner had he dropped the hint than it was understood. "My hand—a covenant!" cried he of the threadbare garb and wrinkled visage; and in a few nights Dowton strutted in young Romeo's suit, and the ex-Romeo walked off with Dowton's coat.

How easily affairs of the deepest interest to our happiness are arranged if we have the means! Dowton fortunately had two coats: had he possessed but one, he never would have delighted himself by acting Romeo in Ashburton, but, in all probability (stung to the quick by disappointed vanity and almost broken-hearted) he would have returned to his native city and the chipping of marble, and "Dowton, the actor, would have been heard no more."

After the usual ups and downs of a country comedian's ambulatory engagement, he fixed for some years, as the "actor of all work," in the Kent circuit;—Canterbury, Rochester, Maidstone, &c. Here he became the friend and favourite of Cumberland, the celebrated dramatic author; and here he first committed matrimony, by running away with Miss Baker, without the consent of her honoured mamma, the rich and eccentric old proprietress of the various Kentish theatres, and whose somewhat large fortune has since been left to Dowton's progeny, which are rather numerous, though not equalling grandsire Priam's.

Dowton, as an actor, is only good and great in the drama as it was and as it ought to be. Shakspeare, rare Ben Johnson, Congreve, Sheridan, the Colmans, &c.—in these Dowton is as near perfection as possible, but amongst the modern trash, he is lost or useless. Planche and Fitzball have "swamped the legitimate drama of England!" and poor Dowton, to save himself from drowning in the overwhelming deluge of nonsense, has been obliged to put his old edition of Shakspeare and our other national dramatic poets in his great-coat pocket, and, with unimpaired professional powers, at the advanced age of seventy, has actually crossed the Atlantic, to see if uncontaminated Jonathan will yield the drama's legitimate son that support which the aforesaid "diabolical and blue-fire-mongers, Planche and Fitzball," have deprived him of in his native land.

" 'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true."

When, as Polonius, he gave those lines with such whim, he little thought that they would so soon apply to his own forced emigration.

After acting a stipulated number of nights at Liverpool, he embarked on board one of those splendid American packets which, in point of the creature comforts of eating and drinking, have been very justly denominated the "floating London taverns." After having delighted the London public for forty years, Dowton, at the age of seventy, has been obliged to seek for bread in a foreign land, because Shakspeare and Sheridan have been superseded by Planche and Fitzball. Blush, Englishmen! blush!

As the old man put his foot upon the vessel that was to bear him, (perhaps, for ever,) from wife, children, relations, in short, from all that is embodied in that truly English word, "Home," he dashed away the tear that would intrude upon his cheek, and paraphrased a speech of old Kent's, (a part he had so admirably filled before the Fitzball era :) as he gave the parting pressure of the hand to his youngest son, he exclaimed,

"To other climes this old trunk I'll bear;—
Shakspeare lives hence—
Planche and Fitzball are here."

(*To be continued.*)

THE OLD COTTER'S LAMENT FOR THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

THERE'S wail in the cottage, an' dool in the ha',
For the harp that is broken, the strings that are mute!
Over Ettrick an' Yarrow it seems as gin a'
Were o' kin in their sorrow, baith mortal an' brute;
A' nature's in weeds, but the chief o' the train
Is the widow, that sits by the lanely hearth-stane!

Though Scotland is dear to my heart, as the child
To the young mither, scarcely herself but a wean;
Yet I canna but greet for the friendships that smiled
On my young days, sae mony hae fled frae the scene;
And there's nane that I greet for sae sadly at a',
As the last bonny tree 'twas my fate to see fa'.

Oh! 'twas planted by nature, as holy words tell,
By a river o' light, an' its fruit was o' gold;
In storm an' in sunshine it still had a spell,
For the hearts o' the young, an' the minds o' the old;
And a' lo'ed to see its green branches sae high,
And nane ever lo'ed them, I ken, mair than I!

Oh! Ettrick will miss him at morn's liling hour,
An' at even-tide, too, miss his step on the hill,
When she find nae a garland, nor e'en a stray flower,
Nor an echo, to tell o' his living voice still;
Oh! then she will greet, like a maiden apart,
Wha's lost the first love o' her young loving heart.

For he was the frankest and kindest of a'
That wore the blue bonnet, an' belted the plaid,
Though the world couldna judge o' his merits ava,
For they said he was vain o' the wit o' his head;
When 'twas naething but nature, unfashioned an' wild,
That made the man talk wi' the heart o' the child!

The man o' the world, schooled in speech an' in look,
Hides his heart wi' a mask, an' talks fairly enow;
But the pure son o' nature learned a' without book,
He hasna the knack o' the scrape an' the bow;
Nor the tinsel that covers a heart fu' o' pride,
An' things whilk the world never dreams o' beside!

Oh! 'tis best to be honest; we a' love a name;
Frae the clown to the lord, ilka man in his place,
Has a hankering for praise, and a phantom o' fame,
That leads him a dance, as the deer does the chase:
Oh! 'tis weel to be honest, as Jamie wad say,
And not at bo-peep wi' our conscience to play.

Waes me! but I miss him! the last o' the reign
O' nature's dear children, sae guileless an' good!
Waes me! but I miss him, beside his hearth-stane,
An' greet at his chair, standing no' as it stood!
I may seek him in cottage, and seek him in ha',
But he's gane frae the sight an' the sound o' us a'!

He's gane—oh, 'tis easy to tell where he's gane,
We maun look to his life for the lot o' his soul;
To the words, an' the deeds, an' the faith o' the man,
To guess o' his prize-cup, and crown at the goal:
And weel may we ken that his spirit finds grace,
Wha lo'ed naething so much as the light o' God's face.

There's wail in the cottage, and dool in the ha',
For the harp that is broken, the strings that are mute;
Over Ettrick an' Yarrow it seems as gin a'
Were akin in their sorrow, baith mortal an' brute:
And it breaks my auld heart, when I think o' her pain—
The widow that sits by the lanely hearth-stane.

TO ROSABEL.

How beautiful this world in which we live !
Of lovely things and influences sweet
How full !—how filled with thrilling powers that give
The pulses of the heart a livelier beat !
And then, of all, the one we sweetest deem
What joy to cull and single from the rest ;
By cherishing to make it sweeter seem,
And lovelier still, by loving it the best.

'Tis thus that thou, where all is sweet and fair,
Art yet to me the fairest, sweetest still ;
Thus naught, my Rose, like thee, how sweet soe'er,
Can through my bosom pour so sweet a thrill.
How sweet the soft low voice of whispering trees,
And odours fresh from nodding wild-flowers thrown ;
But, oh ! to me how sweeter far than these
Is thy bright smile, my beautiful—my own !

'Tis sweet to hear the deep-toned organ pealing,
Sublimely sweet the choral anthem's swell—
And sweet is music o'er the waters stealing,
From lover's lute, or Fancy's midnight shell.
Sweet is the summer-song of bird and bee—
Sweet is the rustling of the leafy grove ;
But sweetest far of all sweet sounds to me
Is thy sweet voice, my Rosabel—my love.

How sweet the village hum, distant, at eve ;
How sweet the sound of far-off village bells ;
How sweet, retired, to sit alone and weave
For those we love imaginary spells !
And love is sweet on whatsoever it fall—
On infant beauty, friend, or flower, or tree—
But sweeter far than these—than all, than all—
To love and be beloved, sweet Rose, by thee !

Sweet is the voice of praise to woman's ear—
And sweet the sight of home to traveller's eye—
And sweet is reconciliation's tear,
And solitude is sweet to those who sigh.
'Tis sweet to live, and love, and dream, that we
Have friends whom naught from us but death can sever ;
But sweeter far to die, beloved by thee,
Than with aught else, unloved, to live for ever.

E. J.

PALEOTTI.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

THE notes of busy preparation had been heard for many days sounding through the old halls and tapestry chambers of Alton, the ancient seat of the Duke of Shrewsbury. Mrs. Collins, the aged housekeeper, with her faded tabby silk gown pinned up behind, and fly cap perched a-top of the cushion, over which her silver locks were most carefully strained, was up with the grey dawn, to set her maidens to work. Window curtains and chair bottoms were uncovered and dusted; cobwebs, which the industrious spiders had been allowed full time to spin, brought down from their airy heights on the painted ceilings, and carved testers of the antique bedsteads; while the choicest flowers the gardens could produce, had been arranged in the oriental vases, on the high mantel-piece in the state drawing-room, to make (as Mistress Collins said to Nelly, the housemaid) a sweet smell for his lordship.

But, alas! the flowers faded, and his grace came not, to enjoy the treat prepared for his patrician nose. At length one evening, as the indefatigable old lady was standing on tiptoe to place some fresh exotics in those same China beaupots, the sound of carriage-wheels was heard in the avenue. 'Twas a miracle the good woman did not throw down the rich porcelain, in the hurry of her joy. Away waddled she, like a mother duck after its brood, unpinning her gown, and smoothing down her large sprigged muslin apron, as she went.

It was indeed the duke; but not alone came he. Alighting from his chariot, he handed out a lady dressed in a splendid foreign habit, with a long veil, nearly covering the whole of her person. The housekeeper stood aghast, the young maidens peeping behind her; while the little, portly, red-nosed butler opened his molish-looking eyes wider than seemed prudent for their own safety or comfort. If any thing, however, could have moved the old housekeeper to drop her hereditary dislike to everything not strictly English, it would have been the fair creature that was now presented to her as her future mistress. The rich glow of modesty, that lighted up a most lovely and ingenuous countenance, showed to advantage those fine features rarely seen but in the classic land of song; and the tones of her low sweet voice, when she spoke, finished the charm of feminine perfection.

That the domestics were loud in their praises of the beauty of their new mistress, cannot be denied: but still, she was a foreigner, and of course a papist, and in those days, when the ancient family of Talbot boasted the ducal dignity, immediately following, as they did, the abdication of the second James, I need hardly remind my reader, that

popery was (and not without reason) in exceedingly evil odour. Mrs. Collins, with a solemn visage, assured the butler it was a thing not to be tolerated in a Christian country. "Ah, Mr. Amos!" sighed the old lady: "'twas an ill wind that blew our young lord over seas to the popish country. We shall have nothing, I count me, now, but a lot of outlandish trumpery, coming to turn the old castle inside out. I wonder if she will have a father confessor. Lord bless us! that things should come to such a pass, and all for the sake of a pretty face, for I'll warrant she had not a guinea's value to her fortune."

"Indeed you say very right, Mrs. Collins," echoed the old butler: "things have come to a pretty pass. What would the old lord say, if he could look out of his grave? And I'm sure 'tis enough to make him, to see the duke taking a wife from among these papishes, when so many fine ladies in his own country would have been half wild with joy to have got him for a husband. What will poor Lady Constance say to it? And pretty Miss Polly Talbot, that told me she loved her cousin better than her own brother? I reckon they'll none of them look very sweet upon my lord's foreign wife."

This, and much more, passed between the two old servants, as they sate at supper in the housekeeper's room, while the inferior domestics as freely, and not a whit more charitably, handled the subject in the servants' hall, expressing their fears that foreigners would be coming, to turn them all out of their places.

But in this they neither did justice to themselves, nor their lord. The duke knew the value of English servants, of whom, to this day, it may be said, none are so cleanly, none look so respectable, and none, perhaps, are so impudent. The greatest propriety marked the actions of his grace in all things; and love, powerful as he had found it, would never have made him its slave, in those points which right feeling and reason could not sanction. One Italian servant, therefore, was all that ever formed a part of his domestic establishment; and that was Magdaline's own maid. She had been the friend and confidante of her young mistress for many years; and with a heart glowing like her skin, and a temper as unclouded as her own Italian skies, she was a valuable and gay, though humble, companion to the duchess, in a land of strangers.

Agnes, however, was not so soon reconciled to English habits and English manners as her mistress. She had not a husband's affection to make up for absent friends, and banish all remembrance of lovely Italy, with its moonlight serenades, delicious fruits, and religious pageants, to which latter her heart clung with true childish delight; for Agnes was a Roman Catholic in the most rigid sense, and the little forms and mystic observances of her faith often raised the laugh against her amongst the servants, and sent her angry and almost weeping to her mistress's chamber, wondering at the impudence and arraigning the ignorance of the English, in denying the right of the pope to burn, imprison, and utterly destroy, all who did not acknowledge him as the supreme lord of the souls and bodies of all Christian people.

Before we introduce the new duchess to the gaping congregation, assembled at the parish church of Alton on the following Sunday, to

take notes, not of the sermon, but the thousand and one items that make up the catalogue of a bride's paraphernalia, we will just take a glance at events anterior to the duke's union with the gentle Magdaline.

Beneath the glowing canopy of an Italian sky, and sheltered amidst groves of orange and bowers of myrtle, love may not wreath more lasting garlands than he does in our own cold climate, under the shade of the sweet though not costly hawthorn. But to the romantic mind, the same object will appear more attractive, when dressed by the lavish hand of sentiment, and sparkling in the gems of refined beauty. Such, at least, were the feelings of the handsome and elegant Duke of Shrewsbury, when he sat gazing, amid the sweet scenery of an Italian landscape, upon the beautiful and half-averted face of Magdaline de Paleotti.

The duke had often been caught in the toils of beauty in his own country: but the casual meetings at a ball, or party, with all the cold ceremonies, matter-of-fact conversation, and heartless imagery, that surrounded an English belle, threw such a damp over the newly-awakened fire, that, before his heart had become sufficiently ignited to boast of a steady flame, "Love's young dream" had vanished. But now, amidst scenes lovely as the fabled Arcady, or primeval Eden, in the land of poesy and the very region of song, love stole upon him with the looks of a syren; nor did he, till too late, attempt to shut his eyes. In delightful rambles among the Elysian gardens of the palazzo de Paleotti, or the still breathing ruins of departed genius, he could have wandered away his days with the tender Magdaline. The midnight dance, the moonlight serenade, the perfumed billet, and costly love-token, engrossed all his waking thoughts, and gave to his dreams a rosy colouring, like the skies under which he wooed. Thus, all external circumstances combined to keep up the thermometer of love, and to throw such a halo over the person of his mistress, as almost to deify as lovely a personification of womanly delicacy and grace, as ever rose from the magic touch of a Phidias or Praxiteles.

Magdaline lost both her parents when a child; and having been placed in a convent to be educated, she had imbibed such a pensive cast of countenance, and so meditative a turn of mind, from her long sojourn with the pale sisterhood, that her young and gayer friends often called her the little nun. She had no near tie but her brother, the Marquis de Paleotti,* over whose household she reigned mistress, rendering to him, however, the respect of a daughter, rather than the usual observances of a sister.

Ferdinand, Marquis de Paleotti, was a colonel in the imperial army, and the military costume accorded well with the bold and chivalrous air that characterized his figure, which in height was majestic, and in proportion symmetrical, with a head and face of true Italian contour and beauty. Still there was a something in his dark eye that the heart recoiled from. Its shape, its brilliancy, few could match, even in that land of fine eyes: but the expression savoured not of the sweet charities of life, and the keen glance of suspicion was rarely ex-

* The Marquis of Paleotti was the head of a noble family in Italy. He was born at Bologna, and in the reign of Queen Anne was a colonel in the imperial army.

changed for one of a kindlier nature. His temper, spoiled by the indulgence of inferiors in his childhood, and his pride, inflated by the flattery of parasites in his riper years, rendered him obnoxious to all counsel, and impatient of all control; so that few ventured to rouse the sleeping lion, that always seemed ready to start from its light slumbers.

The Duke of Shrewsbury, with all the open frankness of a good nature, and the amiable unsuspiciousness of a mind that "thinks men honest if they seem but so," was no congenial companion for such a man as Paleotti; and, but for Magdaline, they never would have joined hands in amity together: but the marquis knew full well the value of such a suitor for his sister. The alliance was one that flattered his pride, and gratified his selfishness. The wealth of his brother-in-law would be very serviceable to him, as his pleasures and extravagant style of living had already made shipwreck of the greater part of the considerable estates that fell to him at his father's death. A friendly purse to draw upon was thus an object to Paleotti, till such time as his union with some rich maiden might enable him to launch out again into that princely style, in which his proud spirit loved to display itself.

In the hope, therefore, of Magdaline's becoming Duchess of Shrewsbury, the marquis strained a point to entertain the duke with unwonted splendour and hospitality. Yet, under the mask of a flimsy courtesy, Paleotti concealed the bitter feelings of a narrow and envious heart towards his noble guest, as the possessor of wealth and virtues beyond his own attainment.

It will appear strange, that with no one to consult but himself, the duke delayed making proposals of marriage to the fair Italian. The fact was, there existed in his candid and enlightened mind, a strongly rooted objection to the religion Magdaline professed, which was that of the church of Rome. Different faiths appeared to him as inadmissible, in the marriage state, as different interests; and to kneel at the same altar, as indispensable as to repose upon the same couch, or to partake at the same board.

Shrewsbury tried to reason with himself, or rather, to unreason his mind, and suffer love to be the umpire: but it would not do. Religion had worked in his young heart, before the world had a voice in it; and God's holy word, delivered like oracles from the lips of parent and preceptor, had become a law to him; and to act against that law every feeling of his heart revolted. He could have laid down his life for Magdaline; but to renounce his faith was impossible. What could he do in such a dilemma? Fly? how fly from the only woman he had ever really loved, and who loved him in return? for Shrewsbury could not be blind to the tender passion that lighted up the face of Magdaline, at his approach, with life and bloom, and cast a shade over her beautiful features, when he pronounced his English "good night."

To fly, however, he at length determined, after many a sleepless night passed in the struggles of love against conscience; when, happily for his eternal repose, the latter triumphed. The day before the duke was to leave Rome, a grand masqued ball was to be given at the

palazzo de Paleotti, in honour of the birth-day of a young Neopolitan heiress, to whom the marquis was paying his addresses.

With an aching heart the duke submitted himself to the hands of his valet that evening, on which he was to enjoy the society of the fair Magdaline for the last time: and the business of the toilet being dispatched, he proceeded to the palazzo, which he found brilliantly illuminated, and thronged with masques, in all the gorgeous and varied costume which taste and fancy could suggest.

To do justice to the scene that presented itself to the eye of Shrewsbury on entering the marble halls of the palazzo, the imagination of the reader must go back to the legendary lore of the nursery, and embody, with breathing life, the *dramatis personæ* of the fairy entertainments in the enchanted palaces of their delightful revels, that made our young eyes to glisten with delight, and the roof of our play room to echo with the joyous glee such tales inspired.

In the numerous apartments of the palazzo, set apart for the reception of company, all that art could furnish or wealth procure had been tastefully brought together. The rich velvets of Genoa, and the bright silks of Barcelona, covered the walls: vases of the purest alabaster, with their delicately wrought groupings, that looked as if a breath would dissolve them, were filled with the gayest and most fragrant flowers; statues of Parian marble, seen at intervals between the fluted Corinthian pillars, from which hung garlands of living roses and myrtle, contrasting beautifully with the chaste pale wreathings of undying art; lamps of transparent beauty, throwing a sort of moonlight softness over the exquisite colouring of a Titian, a Claude, or a Guido; the sound of music, floating upwards from the different instruments and voices, all delightfully blended in one harmonious whole; while the graceful figures of the women, sparkling in gems, and gliding about with the noiseless steps of sylphs,* completed the enchantment of the scene.

Though all wore masks, the eye of the lover soon distinguished the bright and elegant figure of Magdaline, moving amid the groups of Italian beauties that surrounded him: yet the duke kept at a distance from his fair mistress. He felt that he had too long indulged in those little gallantries, which the latitude of foreign manners encouraged, and his own romantic mind too readily fell in with. Magdaline, however, accustomed as she was to the idle gallantry of her countrymen, would have thought nothing of the duke's attentions, had not his eyes (honest English eyes) breathed far more than his lips, and given importance even to the gift of a flower, or the words of a simple song. Poor Magdaline saw that the duke avoided joining her that evening, though his eye followed all her movements; and once, as she passed him, she heard him audibly sigh. A change so sudden, so unexpected, alarmed her affection. The gay scene became oppressive to her: and seeking an opportunity, she stole away; and retiring to a distant part of the gardens, entered a little temple dedicated to Apollo. Sitting down, and taking off her mask, the delightful coolness of the night breeze, as it stole through the gilded

* The Italian women are remarkable for the grace and delicacy of their movements.

lattice, laden with the odours of the citron and orange blossoms, revived her; though still a heavy weight hung upon her spirit. She began to review the past; to recall every sentiment or word she had uttered to the duke; for that she had offended him was beyond a doubt.—Ah! how little do men consider, while pursuing the selfish gratification of their feelings, by making some gentle girl the object of their temporary devotion, what a dark cloud they are preparing for those sunny eyes, that look up to them so trustingly; or what a cruel blight may fall upon the hopes and wishes of an innocent heart, whose only fault is “love.”

While Magdaline was thus employed, she heard two voices near the temple in earnest discourse. In one of them she quickly recognized Shrewsbury’s. “Well,” said his companion, whom by his accent she knew to be English, “I am ready to start when you please: but I confess your going so suddenly is a surprise upon me. I thought you never could have made up your mind to leave the fair Magdaline.”

“The task was no easy one, I assure you, Clifford,” said the duke; “but our faiths divide us; and ’tis best not to delay the parting, but to fly while I can.”

In an instant the whole truth flashed upon the mind of Magdaline. Her religion then was the barrier to her hopes—the separating line between Shrewsbury and herself! But for that, she might have been his wife. Her cheek became pale—her heart died within her; and leaning her head against a pillar, she closed her eyes, and remained motionless, and totally unconscious of the duke’s presence; who, after parting from Clifford, had entered the temple, and stood gazing upon her with looks of ineffable love and admiration. What a contrast did her sad and inanimate countenance present to the life and splendor of her gala costume! And yet, as Shrewsbury contemplated the fair creature, the light of a brilliant moon shining full upon her, how strongly did he feel the pride with which he would have led her forth to the world as his acknowledged bride! Her dark curls, bright and glossy, flashed with innumerable gems; her white arms and delicate waist were wreathed and clasped with brilliants; and her little foot, with its embroidered shoe and silver sandal, realizing the fabled Cinderella’s, gave her altogether, as she sate in the moonlit temple, the appearance of some beautiful enchantress in the crystal halls of fairy land.

Hardly sensible that he was speaking, the duke sighed out the name of “Magdaline,” at which she started, and feeling the impropriety of her situation, rose up to go away. “Stay, sweet Magdaline!” said the duke, taking her hand. “I have waited for an opportunity like this all the evening. I would speak to you: I would explain some things, that may have appeared changeable in my conduct.”

“Some other time,” said Magdaline, hurriedly.

“No, signora,” said the duke: “it must be now—to-morrow I leave Rome.”

Magdaline’s heart was too full for speech. She permitted Shrewsbury to lead her back to the seat; where placing himself beside her,

he stated at large the struggles he had undergone, in opposing the wishes of his heart, to dedicate himself and his fortunes to her service. He painted, with all the eloquence of true love, the ardent affection he felt for her: and then broke out into such a fervid strain of elevated piety, as he enlarged most delicately upon the difference in their faiths, that Magdaline sobbed aloud. An hour passed in this sweet, though painful manner, and then they parted from each other—parted in silence and in tears.

Magdaline retired to her chamber, and the duke to his hotel, both more firmly convinced of the congeniality of their hearts and minds, and both believing that life had nothing left, comparable to the object which they had, for a point of conscience, given up for ever. Having thrown off her gay attire, and stripped her dark tresses of their jewelled ornaments, Magdaline retired to her pillow; but sleep she could not. Thought followed thought—tear followed tear. At length, towards the hour when she usually rose to matins, a disturbed slumber came over her, presenting the bright visions of past happiness, darkened by those gloomy shadowings of future evil, with which the dreams of the unhappy are ever clouded.

But to hasten the *dénouement* of this tale of love. The duke having departed with his friend to Germany, Magdaline underwent a variety of trials, from the joint disappointment of her own hopes, and those of her brother. The rage and mortification of the marquis were unbounded, when he found that the duke had actually left Rome, without making proposals to Magdaline; who in vain endeavoured to excuse Shrewsbury's conduct on the plea of his religion—a plea that Paleotti held in the greatest contempt. Though the essence of Christianity could never imbue a nature so compounded of evil passions, more particularly of that one, of all others the most offensive—pride; yet habit and early ingrafted superstition made Paleotti cling, with something like devotion, to the outward pomps and ceremonies of the Romish church. Thus Magdaline, unhappy in her home, and divided from the only being she had ever found to be all her romantic heart could truly love, was thrown back upon her own mind for resources, from whence to gather comfort and consolation. Day after day, and hour after hour, she pondered upon all the duke had said to her respecting their different faiths. She read over and over the books that he had given her upon religion. Perplexed, and torn contrary ways, she next had recourse to her confessor; but Father Antonio gave her little comfort, telling her to banish all thoughts of the duke, as an alien from the true faith. He bid her pray to the saints and holy martyrs, for grace to overcome her unhappy passion; and gave her strict injunctions to perform certain oblationary penances and fasts, and to come to him to solve all those things her tender age rendered her incapable of comprehending. Poor Magdaline wept and prayed, fasted and did penance; and wept again, to find all unavailing. But, not to enlarge upon the subject, suffice it to say, that Magdaline at last made up her mind to renounce that faith, which separated her from the duke, and to become a member of the Protestant church. And here we wish we could draw a veil over the only blot that history can record, in the unsullied page of Magdaline's life: but truth

obliges us to conceal nothing. Let it be understood, then, that disguised in the dress of a peasant girl, Magdaline fled to Augsburg in Germany; where, after a formal renunciation of the Romish creed, she became the wife of Shrewsbury.*

It did not require much entreaty to prevail upon Paleotti to forgive the marriage of his sister with one of the noblest peers of England; although, to accomplish it, she had flown in the face of "holy mother church;" and the duke, with his young bride, set out on his return to his native land, happier than he had believed he should ever again have set foot upon its sea-washed shores.

Thus having conducted the happy pair from Germany to England, we take up the thread we had dropped in the netting of events, and join the noble bride and bridegroom at the church porch, on the before-mentioned Sunday, when the blushing Magdaline was to make her appearance as Duchess of Shrewsbury. To run the gauntlet of a first introduction to the world, as a bride, was truly distressing to a delicate young female, in those days when women were more chary of being looked upon than now. With eyes fixed upon the ground, Magdaline passed on to her pew, her fair face crimsoning with the thought, that all the Argus-eyed matrons and sharp-nosed spinsters in the church were turning their keen glances of criticism upon her. And busily enough (despite their prayers) went they to work, to see if a tooth was too long, or a nose too short; a cheek too white, or a hand not white enough. None of these things, however, could they discover, when her Grace, standing up, enabled them to take short-hand notes, to help the memory, in the discharge of their retail duties from house to house, after divine service. Having failed to discover anything sufficiently glaring in her face or figure to *unduchess* her, they set to work in other ways; and Lady Constance having heard from her maid what the duchess's woman had told her, (for poor Agnes, like most of the guardians of the toilet and pincushion, dearly loved a little friendly gossip,) the news soon flew about, like a buzzing bee, to every ear, that the fair Italian had renounced her religion for a coronet and a coach-and-six. "How dreadful!" said the old lady mothers: "How shocking!" cried the disappointed daughters; all of whom would have given up their religion, and everything else, for such a husband and set of jewels as Magdaline possessed. Nevertheless, after some further sage talk with their maids, they all came to a better train of thought; and it was pronounced to be in no way degrading to insinuate themselves into the friendship of the new duchess, who had a handsome brother, a marquis, and a colonel in the imperial army. Besides, the wedding festivities would bring many a gallant and noble young gentleman to the duke's hospitable mansion. Country pastimes and rural scenes were propitious to love; and the very occasion of the meeting would put matrimony in every one's head. In short, the young ladies wishing to win husbands, and the old ones still loving to display their stock of finery and experience, to work they went. Old dresses were newly trimmed, new dresses

* The Duke of Shrewsbury being at Rome, fell in love with the sister of Paleotti, whom he married, after she had renounced the Roman Catholic religion. The duke held many situations, amongst others that of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

made up in the last fashion; cosmetics duly prepared from the most approved recipes in the old family book; and every accomplishment brought into frequent display before the lady mamas, who, in starched kerchief, and steeple-built head-gear, sat bolt upright, watching the evolutions of a fan, or the adjustment of a hoop.

Thus, through the influence of their selfish feelings, the lovely young duchess soon found herself established in the good graces both of her old and youthful neighbours; and, too amiable to look behind the mask of politeness all put on, she gave them full credit for an abundance of virtue and good-nature, and felt her heart warm with gratitude to the countrywomen of her husband for their attention to a stranger. The duke knew human nature a little better than his Magdaline; and, though not prone to judge harshly of others, could exactly measure the depth of that regard which a *duchess* inspired.

Feastings and revelry were kept up at Alton for several weeks; and, as the young ladies had anticipated, some weddings arose out of the one they met to celebrate. In due season, the duchess was presented at court, where her beauty, romantic history, and, above all, her splendid jewels, caused the usual nine days' wonder; when (being neither a card-player nor an *intriguante*) she was most benevolently permitted to retire into that shade, so dear to her chaste spirit and holy dispositions.

Nothing worth noting happened in the duke's family for some length of time after his marriage. The seasons were alternately divided between their town-house and country-seat, at which latter place the duchess's arrival was always an event of importance, and anxiously looked forward to both by her poor and her genteel neighbours,—the first anticipating all those blessings which the great should and she did delight to dispense, and the second longing to hear all about the fashions;—whether the Isabella kincob gown was still the vogue, and cherry-coloured stays most prevailing, with blue or silver trimmings? Then, when the duchess actually arrived, with what eager eyes the young ladies devoured her new furbelowed scarf and spotted hood! To work they went to make out of their wardrobe something, though but the shadow of such elegances. But when Magdaline displayed upon her pretty diminutive feet a pair of Spanish leather shoes, lined and bound with gold, despair took possession of every youthful breast, and London was declared to be the only place where people of fashion could possibly live; till worried and wheedled alternately, the poor mothers agreed to send, by the first opportunity, for shoes so exactly matching those of the duchess, that it would be impossible to tell one from the other. Oh, how selfish is the young heart! Yes, youth is all selfishness; wilfully wasting, by its endless wants and retrograde movements, the holy oil of the maternal lamp, that shines only for its use.

At last a cloud came over Magdaline's wedded life. Her brother, the marquis, having upon the peace of Utrecht quitted the imperial army, came to England. The duke and his duchess were not wanting in every outward show of kindness and attention, though they lamented his visit as likely to lead to many evils, particularly gaming, for which London afforded such fatal facility. Paleotti was much

pleased with the splendour and elegance that surrounded his sister, whose assistance he now stood in need of; for his pleasures and extravagance had almost beggared him. He had long since converted his estates into ready money, upon which he hoped to be able to keep up appearances till fortune should throw something in his way.

The rank and personal appearance of the marquis won him immediate admittance into the first society, and all Magdaline's fashionable friends vied with each other in paying court to the handsome Italian. Balls were given in honour of him; dinner and evening parties made solely on his account; and all the pretty court belles put on their most bewitching smiles, and most becoming and gayest ornaments to attract his notice. 'Twas true, he had more the look of some haughty sultan than of a gentle gallant; but then it was so romantic to be frightened into love, that, in short, it was impossible to keep their eyes off his handsome mysterious face, till his large, brilliant eye acknowledged the favour, and then a pretty confusion had a charming effect; at least, so thought the fair gazers: but what the marquis himself thought, his dark and reserved countenance never revealed.

There was staying with the duchess at this time, as a sort of humble companion, a young girl, the orphan daughter of a poor Irish curate. Ellen Conway (for so she was named) could not boast of any of those accomplishments the companions of the idle great ones of our day require, as the *confidentes* of the boudoir. She had a neat and delicate hand in all sorts of fine needle-work, and a sweet, untutored voice, that gave effect to one of her wild native melodies, and pathos, the pathos of nature, to those tales of fancy and feeling which she read to the duchess. But though the list of Ellen's acquirements was so scanty, her gifts of mind, heart, and person, were not small. Sensible, though too romantic, in the first, affectionate and tender in the second, and more than commonly lovely in the third, she soon became an object of deep interest to Paleotti, whose proud nature was softened by her gentleness, and flattered by her plainly discoverable though respectful admiration of him.

There is nothing, perhaps, so favourable to the growth of a tender attachment between two persons of the opposite sex as that intimate footing upon which people meet when living under the same roof. The social meal, with all its accompanying little courtesies, interchange of sentiments, and freedom of intercourse,—the morning walks and evening pastimes,—all combine to open a wider field of enjoyment and a better knowledge of character, in a few weeks, than years could accomplish in the usual meetings of lovers. It was some time before the duchess had her eyes opened to the mutual passion that existed between the marquis and her beautiful *protégée*; the pride of Paleotti and the modesty of Ellen equally throwing a veil over the truth. But at last, one of those kind friends that generally haunt the dwellings of the great, (ay, and the little too,) vapouring about like ghosts, to tell of some evil deed which will not let their unquiet spirits rest, made Magdaline acquainted with the secret; in consequence of which an *éclaircissement* took place, painful, though in different ways, to the lovers. Paleotti was much too proud to take the curate's daughter to wife; and Ellen Conway, mortified and

wounded at a proposal, secretly made by the marquis, to live with him in the lawless state of unwedded love, threw herself into the arms of the duchess, and implored her to send her back to Ireland to an aunt of her father's,—the poor but tender foster-mother of her helpless childhood. Her kind protectress reluctantly acceded to her request; and in a few days Ellen set off, unknown to the marquis, for her native Erin, carrying with her the prayers and loaded with the presents of the duchess; and as Paleotti, when she was gone, never once mentioned her name, his sister had good hope that he would soon entirely forget her.

For some months the marquis had sojourned under the roof of Shrewsbury, neither adding to nor greatly diminishing from the domestic felicity of the noble pair; but on a sudden he intimated to his sister his intention of taking lodgings in another part of the metropolis. The duchess was too well acquainted with her brother's character to attempt anything like opposition to his wishes, though she foreboded nothing but sorrow from his being thus thrown upon his own hands in such a place as London.

Paleotti departed to his new abode, taking with him his faithful Italian valet, with whom Agnes, the duchess's maid, was so much in love, that her mistress had no small trouble to soothe and pacify the poor damsel after the departure of Claude, whose lively manners, pleasant temper, and sweet guitar, had won him favour with all the duke's domestics.

Months rolled away, and the marquis seldom visited his sister but when he wanted cash; and when he did come, his abstracted manner and haggard looks made Magdaline fear all was going wrong, and that, left to his own reckless way, he was leading a life of dissipation and ruinous extravagance. She knew that her brother had repeatedly borrowed large sums of the duke, besides frequent supplies from her own private purse. Agnes, too, by hints and significant shakes of the head, often roused her sisterly fears, as she knew that any information touching the marquis's way of life must come from his own servant, Claude, who frequently called to chat an hour with his countrywoman, Agnes.

As the duchess was sitting alone one evening in her dressing-room, the duke being then at the House of Lords, Paleotti suddenly opened the door, and stood before her, with looks so wild and disordered as to startle her not a little. His hair was unpowdered and dishevelled, his linen soiled, and his whole appearance slovenly, and different from what she had ever before seen it. "Magdaline! I must have cash—
instantly, or I'm eternally ruined."

"Good heavens, Ferdinand!" said the duchess, much alarmed; "what can be done? The duke, you know, is not at home, and I cannot—indeed I cannot command more than fifty at this moment; but if that will do, you shall have it."

As she spoke, Magdaline rose to go to her *escrutoire*; but Paleotti, laying his hand upon her arm, said hurriedly, "No, no, it will not do: I must have, at least, five hundred pounds."

"You cannot have what it is not in my power to give you," said she, mildly but firmly.

"Then take the consequences!" said the marquis, drawing a stiletto from his breast.

Magdaline screamed: "Oh, Ferdinand! dear Ferdinand! what do you mean?"

"To have the money I require, or destroy myself before the unnatural sister who will not help me in my need. Once again, hear me, Magdaline! my necessity for that sum is more than pressing. I must have it, or die; for I will not survive my dishonour. You have jewels:—give me them:—I can raise money upon them to answer my present purpose."

Magdaline was silent. Paleotti smiled bitterly. "You pause betwixt your love for those baubles and my life. Come, no trifling!—Yes, or no!" and he extended his hand that grasped the stiletto.

"Indeed, indeed, you should have the jewels," cried the agitated duchess; "with the duke's sanction, I would most freely give them; but in his absence, to—to—"

"Will you give me them or not?" cried the marquis impatiently, and elevating his voice: "this delay maddens me;" and his dark eye flashed, like the red lightning on the stormy deep.

The duchess spoke not; but going into an adjoining closet, returned immediately with a little ivory casket in her hands. Paleotti put forth his hand to take it.

"Stop," said Magdaline, "I must open it first." Then applying a small key that hung at her watch-chain, she lifted up the lid and displayed to the eager eyes of her brother the splendid set of diamonds with which the duke had presented her on her marriage. A superb tiara of brilliants, necklace, earrings, stomacher, and breast-knots of the same precious gems, Magdaline took out, one by one, and gave into Paleotti's hand. At the bottom of the casket lay the miniature likeness of the duke, set round with a triple row of brilliants. The marquis took it up: "This will fetch a good deal," said he: "they are very fine stones indeed."

"I cannot part with that," said Magdaline, hastily taking the picture out of his hand.

"Why not?" asked the unfeeling brother, and her look mildly reproved him, as she said, tears standing in her meek eyes, "I would as soon part with my life."

"But you shall have it again," continued he.

"No, Ferdinand," said the duchess, replacing the precious treasure in the casket, and turning the key; "No; that will never go out of my possession until all things go."

"Well!" said Paleotti, "you were always a strange romantic creature!" Then taking up the blue morocco box in which Magdaline had placed the jewels, he advanced to the door, when turning his head, he said, "Remember, you will have them all back again when I can get money to redeem them; so you need not tell the duke."

(To be continued.)

THE BRIDE.

SHE stood before the altar screen,
Beneath the grey-arched temple pile,
And o'er her fell the crystal sheen
Of morning's richest sunny smile:
Zoned in the golden flood of light,
To earth she seemed not to belong;
Or if to earth, her form was bright
As seraphs loved when earth was young.

Yet she was pale—and sooth a tear
Was trembling in her lucent eye,
As though some thought, to memory dear,
Was rising with a rising sigh;
And thoughts most dear they were that rose,
For though her love was sealed on one,
Yet never can the heart's leaves close
On kindness past, or mem'ry shun.

For she had left the home of years,
The nestling place of infant days;
And she had set her foot where tears
Too often mar sweet woman's ways;
And she had laid a fond warm heart
As ever beat, at love's bright shrine,
With murmured vows "till death do part,
Devotedly, thine, only thine."

The chain of gold around her flung,
The clustered jewels on her hand,
Were gathered where hot tears are wrung,
From toil at wealth's untamed command;
Then ne'er can those meet emblems be
To show the wealth which they enfold;
For hand and heart, where love is free,
Cast shade on jewels, gems, and gold.

In joyous hour, or worldly strife,
In cloud or sunshine, she will stand,
An angel in the paths of life,
To scatter blessings from her hand.
And say not woman's love is light,
Her constancy oft worn in pride;
For never was she first to slight
The vows of love which sealed her—bride.

J. F. FAULKNER.

LOITERINGS OF TRAVEL.

CHARLECOTE.

BY N. P. WILLIS, ESQ.

ONCE more posting through Shottery and Stratford-on-Avon, on the road to Kenilworth and Warwick. I felt a pleasure in becoming an *habitué* in Shakspeare's town—in being recognized by the Stratford post-boys, known at the Stratford Inn, and remembered at the toll-gates. It is pleasant to be welcomed by name anywhere; but at Stratford-on-Avon, it is a recognition by those whose fathers or predecessors were the companions of Shakspeare's frolics. Every fellow in a slouched hat—every idler on a tavern bench—every saunterer with a dog at his heels on the highway, should be a deer-stealer from Charlecote. You would almost ask him, "Was Will Shakspeare with you last night?"

The Lucys still live at Charlecote, immortalized by a varlet poacher who was tried before old Sir Thomas for stealing a buck. They have drawn an apology from Walter Savage Landor for making too free with the family history, under cover of an imaginary account of the trial. I thought, as we drove along in sight of the fine old hall, with its broad park and majestic trees—(very much as it stood in the days of Sir Thomas, I believe)—that most probably the descendants of the old justice look even now upon Shakspeare more as an offender against the game-laws, than as a writer of immortal plays. I venture to say, it would be bad tact in a visitor to Charlecote to felicitate the family on the honour of possessing a park in which Shakspeare had stolen deer—to show more interest in seeing the hall in which he was tried than in the family portraits.

On the road which I was travelling, (from Stratford to Charlecote,) Shakspeare had been dragged as a culprit. What were his feelings before Sir Thomas? He felt, doubtless, as every possessor of the divine fire of genius must feel, when brought rudely in contact with his fellow-men, that he was too much their superior to be angry. The humour in which he has drawn Justice Shallow, proves abundantly that he was more amused than displeased with his own trial. But was there no vexation at the moment? A reflection, it might be, from the estimate of his position in the minds of those who were about him—who looked on him simply as a stealer of so much venison. Did he care for Anne Hathaway's opinion, then?

How little did Sir Thomas Lucy understand the relation between judge and culprit on that trial! How little did he dream he was sitting for his picture to the pestilent varlet at the bar; that the deer-stealer could better afford to forgive *him*, than he the deer-stealer. Genius forgives, or rather forgets, all wrongs done in ignorance of its immortal presence. Had Ben Jonson made a wilful jest on a line in his new play, it would have rankled longer than fine and imprisonment for deer-stealing. Those who crowd back and trample upon men of genius in the common walk of life; who cheat them, misrepresent them, take advantage of their inattention or their generosity in worldly matters, are sometimes surprised how their injuries, if not themselves, are forgotten. Old Adam Woodcock might

as well have held malice against Roland Græme for the stab in the stuffed doublet of the Abbot of Misrule.

Yet, as I might have remarked in the paragraph gone before, it is probably not easy to put conscious and secret superiority entirely between the mind and the opinions of those around who think differently. It is one reason why men of genius love more than the common share of solitude—to *recover self-respect*. In the midst of the amusing travesty he was drawing in his own mind of the grave scene about him, Shakspeare possibly felt at moments as like a detected culprit as he seemed to the game-keeper and the justice. It is a small penalty to pay for the after worship of the world! The ragged and proverbially ill-dressed peasants who are selected from the whole Campagna, as models to the sculptors of Rome, care little what is thought of their good looks in the Corso. The disguised proportions beneath their rags will be admired in deathless marble, when the noble who scarce deigns their possessor a look, will lie in forgotten dust under his stone scutcheon.

Were it not for the "out-heroded" descriptions in the Guide-Books, one might say a great deal of Warwick Castle. It is the quality of over-done or ill-expressed enthusiasm, to silence that which is more rational and real. Warwick is, perhaps, the best kept of all the famous old castles of England. It is a superb and admirably appointed modern dwelling, in the shell, and with all the means and appliances preserved, of an ancient strong-hold. It is a curious union, too. My lady's maid and my lord's valet coquet upon the bartizan, where old Guy of Warwick stalked in his coat of mail. The London cockney, from his two days watering at Leamington, stops his pony-chaise, hired at half a crown the hour, and walks Mrs. Popkins over the old draw-bridge as peacefully as if it were the threshold of his shop in the Strand. Scot and Frenchman saunter through fosse and tower, and no ghost of the middle ages stalks forth, with closed visor, to challenge these once natural foes. The powdered butler yawns through an embrasure, expecting "miladi," the countess of this fair domain, who, in one day's posting from London, seeks relief in Warwick Castle from the routs and *soirées* of town. What would old Guy say, or the "noble imp" whose effigy is among the escutcheoned tombs of his fathers, if they could rise through their marble slabs, and be whirled over the draw-bridge in a post-chaise? How indignantly they would listen to the reckoning within their own portcullis, of the rates for chaise and postilion! How astonished they would be at the butler's bow, and the proffered officiousness of the valet, "Shall I draw off your lordship's boots? Which of these new vests from Staub will your lordship put on for dinner?"

Among the pictures at Warwick, I was interested by a portrait of Queen Elizabeth, (the best of that sovereign I ever saw,) one of Machiavelli, one of Essex, and one of Sir Philip Sidney. The delightful and gifted woman whom I had accompanied to the castle, observed of the latter that the *hand* alone expressed all his character. I had often made the remark in real life, but I had never seen an instance on painting where the likeness was so true. No one

could doubt, who knew Sir Philip Sidney's character, that it was a literal portrait of his hand. In our day, if you have an artist for a friend, he makes use of you while you call, to "sit for the hand" of the portrait on his easel. Having a preference for the society of artists myself, and frequenting their studios considerably, I know of some hundred and fifty unsuspecting gentlemen on canvas, who have procured, for posterity and their children, portraits of their own heads and dress-coats to be sure, but of the hands of other persons!

The head of Machiavelli is, as is seen in the marble of the gallery of Florence, small, slender, and visibly "made to creep into crevices." The face is impassive and calm, and the lips, though slight and almost feminine, have an undefinable firmness and character. Essex is the bold, plain, and blunt soldier history makes him, and Elizabeth not unqueenly, nor (to my thinking) of an uninteresting countenance; but, with all the artist's flattery, ugly enough to be the abode of the murderous envy that brought Mary to the block.

We paid our five shillings for having been walked through the marble hall of Castle Warwick, and the dressing-room of its modern lady, and gratified much more by our visit than I have expressed in this brief description, posted on to Kenilworth.

LINES,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENCILLINGS BY THE WAY."

It was a mountain-stream that, with the leap
Of its impatient waters, had worn out
A channel in the rock, and wash'd away
The earth that had upheld the tall, old trees,
'Till it was darken'd with the shadowy arch
Of the o'er-leaning branches. Here and there
It loiter'd in a broad and limpid pool
That circled round demurely, and anon
Sprung violently over where the rock
Fell suddenly, and bore its bubbles on,
Till they were broken by the hanging moss,
As anger with a gentle word grows calm.
In spring-time, when the snows were coming down,
And in the flooding of the autumn rains,
No foot might enter there—but in the hot
And thirsty summer, when the fountains slept,
You could go up its channel in the shade,
To the far sources, with a brow as cool
As in the grotto of the anchorite.
Here, when an idle student, have I come,
And, in a hollow of the rock, lain down
And mused until the eventide, or read
Some fine old poet, till my nook became
A haunt of faery, or the busy flow
Of water to my spell-bewildered ear
Seem'd like the din of some gay tournament.
Pleasant have been such hours, and though the wise
Have said that I was indolent, and they
Who taught me have reproved me that I play'd
The truant in the leafy month of June,
I deem it true philosophy in him
Whose path is in the rude and busy world,
To loiter with these wayside comforters.

THE PRIMA DONNA.

A TALE.

. " amici
Io vaccommiato, ei disse, ite felici."
TASSO.

IN the spring of 17—, I visited Italy, for the first time, in company with the son of Lord L——, who was making the grand tour for his amusement; while I followed in his wake, as it were, for the sole purpose of pursuing my professional studies. Our lots in life were as different as our characters, he being born to rank and affluence, and I being the son of a poor and humble musician in one of the smaller towns of Germany. Lord L——, who was a great dilettante, had taken a fancy to me, when in Germany, on account of some juvenile display of musical talent on my part, and having insisted on becoming my patron, sent me to Vienna to acquire a knowledge of singing and counterpoint. From thence I went to England at an early age, where I gained considerable credit for my acquirements, and where I might have earned a livelihood without difficulty, had I not been so very desirous of travelling into Italy for my improvement, as to prevent my settling down quietly with the small stock of knowledge that I had acquired. It was, therefore, on the departure of his son Augustus, that Lord L—— kindly proposed that I should be enabled to fulfil the wish of my heart, and with many recommendations to the former to treat me as a brother, he wished me much success, and we set out for Paris in high spirits, he with the idea of being freed from every restraint—and I buoyant with the brilliant anticipations I had formed of the country we were going to visit. These friendly injunctions were, however, rather lost upon Augustus. He was too intimately persuaded of his own dignity ever to forget, for a moment, the distance which, he considered, stood between us; and though under his father's eye he had always behaved towards me in a kind and amiable manner, we no sooner found ourselves alone, than he gave way to his natural disposition, which was cold and haughty, giving little and exacting a great deal. Perhaps owing to his father's partiality to me, he was inclined to look upon me in the light of a spy that Lord L—— had set to watch over his conduct, and give him secret information thereof; yet nothing could be further from my character than any kind of deceit, and had he better understood me, he would not have mistaken my interest in his concerns for curiosity, nor my frankness for any undue assumption of familiarity on my part.

We remained but a short time at Paris. Augustus longed for Italy and classic ground; and would, I believe, have gone straight to Rome, had he not had many letters of introduction for Milan, which his father particularly wished him to deliver, and which ultimately led to his forming many acquaintances, and passing the whole of the

winter in that city. He took up his abode in one of the best hotels, and lodged in the *appartamento nobile*, while I slept at the top of the house, in a very mean little room, which served as my bedroom and my study. Our arrangements were soon made: they consisted chiefly in this, that we should be troubled as little as possible with one another. We generally met in the morning at breakfast, after which I repaired to the house of the master under whom I studied, and then walked about the town, or did what I pleased till dinner, which we mostly took together; and the evening was spent on his part often, I believe, at the gaming-table, and in a variety of amusements; and on mine frequently at the theatre, for the sake of hearing the best music possible.

"Have you seen the Adelaide?" was the first question put to me in one of the coffee-houses that I went to, and which was chiefly filled by musicians and dilettanti, who were busy discussing the merits of the last opera, and loud in praise of the above-mentioned prima donna.

I replied, "that I was a stranger in the place, and should be grateful to any one who would point out to me all that was most worth seeing."

"Then," said one of the party, "do not sleep another night without having seen Adelaide Caracelli, that eighth wonder of the world;" bestowing on her, at the same time, the epithet, I think, of *divina cantatrice*, and many others more enthusiastic, which I do not now recall.

"I beg to interfere," said a dilettante, who sat in a corner, and had till now patiently borne with the praise bestowed on Adelaide; "as a stranger, I cannot suffer your judgment to be biassed by these extravagant praises. Adelaide is, and always was, a very sweet singer, but nothing more; and, as for being the eighth wonder of the world, no one having common sense, or who had heard the Signora Albertina of Naples, would ever presume to hazard so ridiculous an opinion."

He then proceeded to laud his favourite in far more extravagant terms than those which had been lavished on Adelaide, which failed not to produce a retort courteous from his adversary. In one and the same breath they endeavoured each to draw my attention from the other, till stunned and perplexed by so many contending voices, and that about a subject on which, as yet, I could offer no opinion, and glad once more to get into the air, I walked home to my chamber with an aching head, and the most ardent desire to see Adelaide, and judge for myself.

The next morning at breakfast I related the occurrence to Augustus, who was much amused at it, and agreed we should go together to La Scala, that I might help him, as he termed it, to know his own mind about the music. I was so prepossessed all day with the thought of the prima donna, that my occupations were laid aside, and I walked about longing for the evening. At length the hours wore away, and happy was I when we were both seated in the theatre, and the curtain rose before my expecting eyes. The scenes, antecedent to Adelaide's appearance, were to me as so much lost time, and so many

obstacles to my wishes, which were now wound up to a pitch bordering almost on pain. At last she came—it was needless to ask, “Is it she?” The sweetness of the first note she uttered, prolonged to an unusual length, and dying away in exquisite softness, settled the question at once—it *could* be no other than Adelaide. And yet, charmed as I was, the first feeling was almost that of disappointment. Perhaps my thoughts had run too high, or perhaps we are apt to be disappointed when a face is not exactly what we had pictured to ourselves, even though it should be ten times more beautiful. I had fancied her tall—her stature was low, and her form slender. I had fancied a queen-like dignity—her countenance was gentle, melancholy, and seemed impressed with a subdued sorrow. No face was ever more expressive, though not strictly beautiful; and I had ample means of seeing its resources developed during the various scenes of the opera. And there was a peculiar tone in her voice when she sustained a high note, and made it ring and vibrate, which seemed to seize on the very fibres of one’s heart, with a power and pathos that I never certainly had dreamed of before, and never have heard since. I was like one who had hitherto wandered in darkness, and on whom the light of heaven burst forth at once—so vehement and sudden was the effect of the inimitable singing and exquisite music on the ears and mind of an enthusiastic cultivator of the art, who had scarcely had any opportunity before of becoming acquainted with its practical effects. Augustus, contrary to his usual custom, had not said a word during the performance; in fact, he was entranced beyond his usual powers of receiving delight, and was fearful of giving way to any childish expression of rapture. On our way home, seeing I could not contain my transports, he acknowledged his high satisfaction at all that we had seen, and declared several times that, as far as he could judge, Adelaide was the most delightful of singers, and in point of face and figure, on which he thought himself perfectly competent to decide, she was almost faultless. We agreed to go again the following evening to La Scala to see the same performance: we did so, and I can affirm, on my part, that I saw and heard with increased satisfaction, the charm of novelty being more than compensated by the interest I took in following the thread of la Caracelli’s inimitable personification of her part.

For the next fortnight, Augustus and I seemed actuated by one and the same spirit, for he gave up all other amusements for the theatre, and we were constantly seated side by side to listen to the soul-inspiring strains of this idol of our admiration. This admiration made him grow more communicative and familiar, and one morning at breakfast he thus addressed me:—“Maximilian, is there no one amongst your musical friends who knows Adelaide off the stage? Do ask and see. I should be very curious to make acquaintance with her. If her conversation is but half as good as her acting and singing, she will be the most wonderful woman I have yet met with.” My colour rose as he spoke, for I had had the same wish myself, and had already made some inquiries to that effect. I promised compliance, and left him with that intention. I experienced little difficulty in obtaining an introduction into her circle through my patron’s

means, who had already spoken of me in very handsome terms. And this time the proud Augustus was very glad even to go as the secondary person of the two. Adelaide generally received her friends in the evening when the opera was over. Her manners in private life were perfectly easy and graceful; and the amiable simplicity which she displayed, put every body at once on the footing of old acquaintances. Her face appeared quite as beautiful as on the stage, excepting its paleness, and the charms of her conversation were certainly such as to increase the admiration which her dramatic characters excited. Her household consisted of herself and her sister, who was immeasurably inferior to her in personal beauty, and had never appeared on the stage; of Sempronia's husband, who had been passionately in love with Adelaide, but meeting with no return, had married the sister, in order not to lose sight of the object of his idolatry; and, lastly, of a sorrowful-looking young man, named Leo, who was a kind of secretary and factotum to the family, who copied music for Adelaide, and sometimes accompanied her on the harpsichord. The Caracelli's reception was highly flattering to a young musician, who was eager for distinction. On hearing what I had composed, she insisted on my playing and singing, and asked me a thousand questions of kind interest. As for my companion, she did not trouble herself much about him, further than what politeness required; he was left to make friends with Sempronia, while we were singing over some duets, in which I acquitted myself much to her satisfaction—at least she was kind enough to say so.

The next day Augustus declared he had grown so tired of amusements, that he had a great mind to take up his violin, which he had long neglected; and desired me, as I had some knowledge of that instrument, to give him instructions. I was so taken up myself with music, and with la Caracelli, that I did not at once see whence came this sudden fondness for musical study, which I now discovered in him for the first time. I acquiesced of course, and took a great deal of pains in teaching him, though I verily believe that three quarters of the time were generally spent in talking of the inimitable prima donna. Once admitted into her house, we were, in a manner, made free of it, as long as our abode at Milan might last; and we became her most regular visiters, seldom passing an evening without dropping in. I often brought with me some new air, which I had composed that morning, and which the Caracelli would sing at first sight, in a way to enamour me of my own compositions. Even Augustus, by degrees, joined our concerts occasionally; and, anxious to appear as a musician, used all his endeavours to get through his task in a creditable manner, and never failed meeting with the kindest encouragement and applause from the lady.

This sort of life went on through the winter with little variation. Besides my usual studies, I was now busily employed in setting one of Metastasio's dramas to music, a work on which I hoped, if not to rest my future fame, at least to lay the first stone of the future edifice. My whole wish, my real aim, was to write a part which Adelaide would not disdain; and to this purpose I bent the entire energies of my soul, and laboured to make that character stand out

amongst the rest, as much as she shone beyond all the other singers in talent. At every passage that I wrote down for her, I used to fancy how she would sing it, and thought I actually heard the sounds, in my lonely chamber, vibrating through the air.—Adelaide Caracelli! syren of all syrens! could you but have known half the enthusiastic dreamings which filled my brain, you would have smiled at the power you so unconsciously possessed. But I had no one with whom I could hold communion. My master was upwards of sixty, my acquaintances were as yet too new to lay bare my weaknesses perhaps to their derision, and the son of my patron, who was most fitted in years, and from long acquaintance, to give an ear to the overflowings of my heart, was too far removed in character for me to venture on any such flights in his hearing. Besides, a kind of instinctive fear of speaking too much of Adelaide, except when he began, frequently made me silent. If I may be allowed so to express it, my instinct was more correct on this point than my perceptions. With less experience than I possessed at that time, I might have seen that Augustus was irretrievably in love with Adelaide; but I did *not* see it—yet I felt embarrassed and timid whenever she was mentioned, which now occurred less often than at first. On his side he seemed divided between a kind of jealousy of me, and a fear lest by scaring away my confidence too abruptly, he should lose all opportunity of penetrating my sentiments. It may be supposed that these contending feelings made him capricious and unequal in his behaviour; treating me alternately as a confidant, a rival, or a stranger. I was, however, accustomed to patience, and willingly made use of it in this instance, in gratitude to Lord L——, whom I had no means of repaying, but by making every concession to his son. I therefore put up with many disagreeable trifles, and consoled myself with study and practice, to the great satisfaction of my instructors. My opera was now so far advanced, that my master caused parts of it to be tried by the pupils of the Conservatorio, in order to judge of its merits, before a rehearsal took place at the theatre. He expressed himself so pleased with it, that he promised me every assistance to forward its speedy representation. In Adelaide Caracelli I had likewise a friend and an advocate, and she had promised to use her influence with both manager and actors to promote my success. But though Adelaide was all encouragement, though the masters at the Conservatorio were profuse in their congratulation, I felt an uneasiness and dissatisfaction that I could not at first account for. A word from Sempronia had been the cause of this. I happened one evening to address to her some question of trifling importance, which caused her to allude, as to a circumstance well known to me, to Augustus's habit of visiting Adelaide every morning, while I was at the Conservatorio, and frequently going to the theatre during rehearsals. This fell upon me like a blow, the effects of which were too visible to escape Sempronia's observation. With the good-nature that formed an intrinsic part of her character, she instantly expressed her sorrow at having unconsciously given me pain, thereby only increasing my confusion, and I may add, my surprise at my own sentiments, as till then I considered my idolatry of Adelaide solely as so much incense offered to

the goddess of song. Alas ! I now found to my cost, by the strong human ingredients that were mixed up with my incense, that I loved the woman still more than I worshipped the idol. The transition appeared almost painful and humiliating in my eyes. Had I then been wound up to so enthusiastic a height, to find at last that it was love alone that animated me ? I can scarcely distinctly remember what I replied to Sempronia ; I only know that I took the first opportunity of departing without saying as much as "good night" to the beautiful Caracelli ; and through the mist that seemed to float before my eyes, I can only recall the look of pity and interest with which the eyes of the former followed me as I went out of the room. I returned with hurried steps to our hotel. The perturbation of my spirits was too great at first to allow me even to think, and it seemed merely the effect of mechanical custom that led me to undress and lie down. A flood of tears came to my relief—it was the passionate expression of all the feelings that raged within me, a relief that nature kindly gives to those whose hearts are cramped for want of sympathy, and the power of expanding beneath the benign influence of confidence and friendship. I was afterwards able to collect my thoughts. I now plainly recollected a thousand little things that had before escaped me, for want of a clue to throw light upon them, which proved, beyond a doubt, that Augustus was in love. He had never said a word to me of his morning visits, and that alone was suspicious. So far I was completely convinced—but the next question, one which I scarcely dared to investigate, and yet longed to know, was, does Adelaide return his passion ? I instantly began to recall in my mind how different her behaviour towards him was now to what it had been at first. In the beginning she had distinguished me as the musician, and taken little notice of him. Now they conversed often, she smiled upon him, and every look and gesture started up before me as so many witnesses of what I dreaded to ascertain. To me she had been uniformly kind and friendly—towards him she was at different times in all kinds of moods. How I envied the difference ! I saw love in all those variations of mind and manner, and nothing but the most chilling absence of all passion in her constant regard for me. Not satisfied, however, with my internal convictions on the subject, I resolved to draw from Sempronia the assurance that I was not mistaken, and perhaps make a friend of her, who was one of those good creatures who are ever ready to take an interest in other people's concerns.

With these intentions I waited as patiently as I could till evening, when I went to Caracelli's with the full intention of observing as much as I could, without interrupting or attempting to participate in their conversation. I even took my seat by Sempronia, as if accustomed to act the confidant, and make way for the lover, but in reality to appear as unconcerned as possible, that they might feel more at liberty. Sempronia welcomed me kindly, and the melancholy young man, whom I have already mentioned, drew his chair near ours, as if desirous of making one in our conference. They immediately began to speak to me as if they had been long aware of what was passing in my heart, unknown to myself ; and these two beings, whom I had before scarcely observed, seemed suddenly converted into old friends,

by the sympathy they expressed in my disappointment, and their warm expressions of preference for me above Augustus. He was little calculated, indeed, by his general demeanour, to make friends of those whom he did not study to please, though, perhaps, when he did so far lay aside his usual pride as to be desirous of captivating any one, few men possessed the faculty in a higher degree, as much from his handsome person as his agreeable and witty conversation. He spoke Italian fluently, and being well versed in the French language, in which Adelaide was an adept, they had ample means of communicating their ideas; and the charm of these conversations was perhaps heightened to Augustus, by the feeling of the display he was making of his powers in two languages not his own. La Caracelli was doubtless flattered by the constant adulation of a man known in the world to be of some discrimination; and as his encomiums on her singing, from their very want of scientific judgment, seemed to proceed from his feelings alone, the novelty was pleasing in a country where every amateur, from the highest to the lowest, has all the terms of the art at his fingers' ends.

Sempronia, seeing me downcast and sad, would willingly have left me in happy ignorance of what I wished to know, but finding me bent on ascertaining the full extent of my misfortune, she told me with some hesitation, that she had long observed a decided preference on the part of her sister for my companion, and knowing Adelaide's ardent soul as she did, could give me but little hope that I should be able to supersede a rival in her affections. After a short pause, however, she bid me not be entirely discouraged, as she might be mistaken in the symptoms she thought she had discovered, and constancy and perseverance sometimes worked their way, slowly indeed, but surely. A look which she cast on her husband, who was standing at the window with his back towards us, and the smile which suddenly followed it, seemed to remind her that it was not *always* the case. "My husband's example need not alarm you," continued she, as if reading my thoughts; "there was a want of ideality about him which displeased my sister. Adelaide requires to be loved, independently of all external circumstances—and will, do not doubt it, love the same in return. Should your friend, for instance, ever bring forward his rank, in any way, as contrary to their affection, from that day, depend upon it, Adelaide loves him no more."

Sempronia thus, half intentionally, half unawares, contributed to raise my spirits with hope, and nurse the flame that I had felt the necessity of extinguishing. I gladly seized the slightest ground on which to build the tottering fabric of romance, and though I scarcely exchanged ten words with Adelaide that night, I had received so much alleviation from my conversation with Sempronia, that I went away tranquillized, and far more satisfied than when I came.

According to her promise, the Caracelli had interested herself in my behalf about my opera, and preparations had already been made at the theatre, to put it into immediate rehearsal. I had written a letter to Lord L——, to give him an account of my studies, saying nothing, however, of our more private concerns; and I had received the most flattering congratulations from him, in a communication which

he saw how my opera might succeed, as in case it did, he would not be unwilling to play the part of the patron; and, moreover, the music was to Adelaide's taste, and her decisions were law at the theatre.

The next day I went to the theatre, where I was presently joined by Adelaide, together with her sister and brother-in-law, and Augustus, on whose arm she leant as she walked about the stage till all the musicians had assembled. She was in high spirits that day; but though I passed near her several times, she did not seem to take any notice of me, at which I was not a little mortified. I thought it peculiarly unkind, as I was sure she could not be ignorant of what I must feel at that moment. When the orchestra was filled, the Caracelli sung one or two of the airs of her part in a very sweet manner, but not, I thought, with that energy which she was accustomed to infuse into everything; and, conceiving it was done with a design to vex me, though it might be simply that few singers put forth their full powers at a rehearsal, I felt hurt and offended. At last I approached her with the cavatina that I had been working at, and begged her to try it. She did so. It pleased all who were present but Augustus, who persisted that it would always remain a very poor concern. Adelaide, perhaps secretly piqued that her singing should not have the power of embellishing anything, said thereupon that she thought it had better be left out altogether. This was objected to, as the situation absolutely required it; and it led to a duet that could not be suppressed. The manager, who was of a hasty temper, immediately declared, that if that were the case, he would find some other prima donna to take her place, for if the duet was suppressed it would equally displease the tenor, who had a prominent part in it. La Caracelli, who knew her power, made her curtsy to him, and said, since he was of that opinion, she would rather decline taking any part in the opera at all. Whereupon every tongue seemed let loose at once, intruding its opinion in one way or another, giving no bad idea of the confusion at the tower of Babel, and would have presented a truly ludicrous scene to me, had I not been too deeply interested in the result of the dispute to remain a calm spectator. Alas! it was useless to raise my feeble voice amidst a crowd, and even when the storm had somewhat subsided, I could not learn to what conclusion they had come. Business seemed plainly at an end, for that day at least; the musicians began to quit the orchestra one by one, and I saw Adelaide walk away. My rage was at its height, and joining Augustus, I could not help venting my bitterness in no very measured terms, as he had in reality been the cause of Adelaide's distaste for the cavatina and ultimate quarrel with the manager. His answer was more contemptuous than passionate, which I could so little brook at that time, that, listening only to the dictates of embittered and angry feelings, I loudly called on him to fight, at the same time clapping my hand on my sword. His action was as quick as mine, and glad, perhaps, of an opportunity of giving way to his hatred, he drew his sword, and we began lounging at each other. Several persons who passed to and fro probably took us for actors, as they did not interfere until Augustus fell wounded. The sight of his blood at once recalled me to my senses, and alarmed all who yet remained in the theatre. Every-

thing was in confusion, and people ran about in all directions for assistance, while I remained nailed to the spot, and mute with horror at the idea that I had perhaps killed him. All my anger had vanished, and I pictured to myself his desolate father upbraiding me with the death of his son. Augustus, however, had only fainted. The wound was slight, and he was easily conveyed to the manager's room till he should be taken home. Notwithstanding the repeated endeavours I made to approach him and offer assistance, he signed me to retire so vehemently, that, fearing he should exhaust his remaining strength, I was forced to comply. I did not, however, leave the theatre, but continued walking about in great agitation, till the surgeon, who had been called, came out of the room, and I inquired anxiously about his patient. He told me there was nothing serious, but that it was evident he had been in a violent passion; that he was very feverish, and had better remain quite quiet for a few hours before he was moved home. I cannot attempt to describe my feelings during the remainder of that day, which seemed to me the longest I had ever passed. I rambled about the theatre, not venturing to enter the room where Augustus lay. I could hear from the outside that he was talking incoherently, half in English, half in Italian; but thinking my presence would only increase his uneasiness I kept out of his sight. When, at last, I heard from the servant who had been sitting by him that he had sunk into a refreshing slumber, I did all in my power to keep everything quiet within reach of his hearing. I paced up and down before his door like a sentinel, and the sight was truly a singular one to see a theatre converted into a sick room. Towards evening all the actors began to arrive to dress themselves, Adelaide amongst the rest. I shall never forget her look when she first perceived me. A shriek, such as I never heard before, when I motioned her to be silent, and pronounced the name of Augustus in a low voice, stung me to the soul. Was it remorse, or was it a feeling that Adelaide was lost for ever to me? Alas! I fear the latter reason was uppermost in my heart. I endeavoured to soothe her uneasiness, but she would not listen; and having questioned all those about her on what had happened, she loaded me with bitter reproaches, and insisted on seeing Augustus, and that without delay. In vain I remonstrated on the imprudence of exciting his already irritated feelings, and the necessity of repose; she was not to be overruled, and the dispute had grown so loud that Augustus was startled out of his sleep, and was calling to know where he was and who disturbed him. It therefore became useless to defend my post any longer, and, finding the sympathy he excited turned to my disadvantage, I made the best of my way out of the theatre.

I was scarcely in the street when I was accosted by a certain Marchese di San Felice, a professed admirer of la Caracelli, who had followed me out. He was a man upwards of fifty, who had been handsome in his day, and was still good-looking and famed for his accomplishments, his wit, and his elegant attire, which was the envy and model of all the young men of Milan. With such elements as these, it may be imagined that San Felice was sought after and caressed in all societies. Success had made him inordinately vain; so

much so, that he expressed his sincere astonishment that Adelaide could prefer any one to himself, forgetting that he was some thirty years her senior. He consoled his vanity, however, by assuring me that Adelaide was beginning to grow sensible to his attentions, when, unfortunately for both, as he emphatically said, this foreigner came and stole a march upon him in her affections. He indulged in the bitterest invectives against Augustus. I was listening in silence, and wondering why he made a confidant of me on so slight an acquaintance as ours, which merely consisted in occasional meetings at the theatre and the coffee-house, when he suddenly broke off and began praising my spirit and my courage in his most insinuating manner. Somewhat ashamed of these praises, I should have willingly dropped the subject, but he proceeded to tell me that these sort of affairs had sometimes disagreeable consequences when the government took them in hand, and advised me rather to be beforehand, by denouncing Augustus to the police as the origin of the quarrel, which had been far too public not to be known all over the town by the next day: Augustus would then, no doubt, receive notice to quit the town, and I should remain victor on the field. I saw plainly through all this pretended kindness,—the real wish he had of getting a rival off his hands. I was indignant at the idea of such a proposal, but still avoided giving him any direct answer, and, as by this time we had arrived at my home, I bid him hastily good evening, and thanking him for his advice, I stole up to my chamber, where I sat waiting till Augustus came home. I then sent in to know whether he would see me, but being answered in the negative, I determined to write to him, in case he persisted in his resolution. The next morning I was told he had passed a good night; the surgeon's report was very favourable, and he had a long conference with an English nobleman, a friend of his, who called on hearing what had occurred the preceding day. As Augustus still refused admitting me, I was left to my own reflections till evening, when, to my utter amazement and vexation, I received an order from the police to quit Milan within four-and-twenty hours. It was now clear to me, that Augustus had employed his influence to direct the revenge of the authorities against me, and in the bitterness of my soul I half repented having neglected the friendly warning of San Felico. Those means which I had scorned to employ in my defence against a powerful rival, Augustus was not ashamed to use to crush me in my career, at the moment when my aspirations for fame were going to be tried by the test of public favour or disapprobation. "Of what use," thought I, with a sigh, "is it to conquer one's bad resolutions? The strong will ever oppress the weak, and no reward is ever to be looked for by those who do their duty." In such and other reflections I indulged myself for the space of an hour, when, seeing their folly and mischievousness, I suddenly started up, and began making my preparations. My possessions were not numerous enough to give me much trouble, or to take much time in collecting together, and when this was done, I went to take leave of my good maestro at the Conservatorio. He had heard of everything, and not only declined taking any money for his instructions, but hearing that I thought of going to Naples, wrote me a letter of

recommendation to an eminent musician in that city, and dismissed me with his blessing, and the wish that I might be more prudent henceforward in my conduct. I took no leave of Augustus, and simply writing on a scrap of paper my intention of going to Naples, and my wishes for his speedy recovery, I set off in no very enviable state of mind. By the time I had arrived at Naples, my scanty means were nearly exhausted, and I was so depressed in spirits as to be little capable of exertion. Having taken up my abode in the meanest hotel I could find, my next care was to deliver my only letter of recommendation, which was worth a kingdom to me in my forlorn state. It was with some difficulty I found out the street where Signor Melincini lived, and I ascended the staircase with a beating heart, feeling, as I did, that so much depended on this visit. Signor Melincini was writing when I entered, and a little further, by the window, sat a fine young woman with a very intelligent face, whom I afterwards learned was his daughter. They both rose as I entered, and as she lifted her countenance from the book she was reading, she seemed to look with an eye of great benignity at my squalid appearance. She, however, resumed her reading, and her father proceeded to open the letter I had brought. His countenance evidently expanded as he read the praises which, no doubt, my kind master had bestowed upon me; and when he had finished, he asked me what were my plans. I was embarrassed how to reply, but assured him that I was willing to do anything in the way of my profession towards gaining a livelihood. "Claudia," said he, turning to his daughter, "pray hand me those manuscripts that are lying beside you. If this young man does not think it unworthy his talents, it is the quickest means I can find of employing him." So saying, he put into my hands some music that was to be copied, and I returned home very well satisfied with my visit. I set to work very diligently, but my forlorn and lonely condition pressed heavily on my heart. This was still further increased by receiving a letter from Lord L——, which was sent after me by Augustus. He had simply enveloped it, without adding a word of his own, which seemed a very obstinate determination to keep me in ignorance of all that concerned him. The whole affair of our duel had been written to Lord L—— by some of Augustus's English friends, and my conduct had been represented in the blackest colours. His letter at once deprived me of all hope that I could ever appease him by any explanation on my part. Not that it was violent or ungentlemanly in language—far otherwise. But I saw that he was hurt at what he called my unpardonable ingratitude, and that he cast me off entirely, and for ever, as one unworthy of his kindness and generosity. There was no strength of mind that could help to console me under this circumstance. It was in vain that I recollected that I had erred slightly in comparison to what he had understood had been the case; I felt how guilty I must appear in his eyes to have lifted my arm against the son of a patron; and his concluding words, "Do not answer this letter, for I will receive none from you," rung in my ears as if it had been my sentence of condemnation.

I was obliged to suppress my feelings as much as possible, the necessity of exerting myself being now more imperious than ever;

but my extreme depression did not escape the observation of my new friends. With the nice perception which belongs to her sex, Claudia instantly saw that something weighed heavily on my mind, and thinking it might be some pecuniary embarrassment, she urged her father to speak to me on the subject. This was kind in the extreme, though at first I felt reluctant to let him know all. I finished, however, by giving him a faithful sketch of my history, in which I laid all the blame I deserved to my own account, seeking neither to excuse nor inculcate either Augustus or myself more than was due. When I had finished he assured me, that so far from thinking less well of me, this candid confession only served to raise me in his esteem; and that his services, and even his purse, if I was in distress, were equally at my command. Soon after this, having ascertained my capabilities, he recommended me several scholars, and he allowed me to copy music for him under his eye, instead of working alone in my chamber, which was very small and dismal.

One evening, on my return home, as I was crossing a very narrow street, I was accosted by two ill-looking fellows, who asked me if I was a stranger in Naples. On my replying in the affirmative, they turned round and seemed disposed to follow me. I had nothing more valuable about me than a roll of music paper, on which I had penned some ideas that same day; therefore I had no great apprehension of being robbed, as that could be of no use to them, and I had no trinkets whatever about my person. Yet, annoyed at their seeming inclined to track me to my dwelling, I mended my pace, and purposely struck out into a different direction to the one I should otherwise have pursued. Still these men were not to be foiled, and they soon came up to me, and placing themselves so as to intercept me, one of them desired to know my name. I saw at once that it was more foolhardy than brave to resist two men who seemed very desperate; and not being acquainted with the customs of the place, I did not know but they might belong to the police, and that a refusal of this kind might again involve me in some disagreeable affair: I therefore simply replied, "My name is Maximilian Rosenberg; what is your business with me?"

To which the one who had spoken before, answered, "This is not true, you are the son of an English nobleman; your name of Maximilian Rosenberg is an assumed one, and you are really Augustus L——. You must, therefore, give us from your finger a ruby ring that you wear habitually on your left hand, or you may have cause to repent it."

I now concluded that these men had either fixed on me by chance, seeing I was a foreigner, or that Augustus had taken my name for some unknown purpose; and I at once perceived how necessary it was to gain time, and leave them in their error; for should Augustus be in Naples, and I undeceived them too decidedly, he might become their victim, if, as I began to suspect, they were assassins. I knew well enough that he had a ring such as they spoke of: it was a gift of Adelaide, who had herself received it from the gay Marchese di San Felice. I displayed to them, however, my fingers, which they carefully examined. A short pause ensued. They seemed to hesi-

tate what was next to be done. "We must have some positive proof that you are not the person we take you for," said one of them, "before we can suffer you to go. You had better be frank with us."

"A truce to all this nonsense," exclaimed I with growing impatience, "whether I am Maximilian, or Augustus, or the Pope himself, I shall not say a word more."

With this I was pushing forward to pass them, when both at once drew their daggers from their bosom, and fell upon me like two infuriated tigers. Though at that time a young man of quick and violent sensations, I was not destitute of presence of mind, and I had courage enough for anything. I defended myself, therefore, in a manner which seemed at first to daunt them. But though I wounded each of them several times, they had of course the ultimate advantage, being two against one; and when they saw me drop down exhausted, covered with blood and dreadfully lacerated, they concluded their work was done; and, after telling me that I might thank my rival, San Felico, for sending me to heaven in the most summary manner possible, they made off as quickly as they could. I cannot very distinctly remember what followed. I know that I called out to them, "Tell him, Augustus will be his denouncer even in heaven," still impressed, amidst the confusion of ideas that beset my exhausted frame, that by seeming to own myself to be the person they sought for, I should at least prevent their seeking farther. I was left a good while, I believe, on the ground, before some people chanced to pass by. They gave me, very humanely, all the assistance they could, and took me to the nearest house, where I recovered my senses. I was allowed to remain there the rest of the night, and the next morning I got home with some difficulty. I sent word to my only friend, Signor Melincini, who came at once to see me. He was very much shocked on learning my adventure, and went without delay to the police to have the assassins sought after. Not content with this, he sent word to the English and German ambassadors to interest them in my behalf. It was of little use in the end, for they were nowhere to be found. As Signor Melincini's lessons and occupations would not have allowed him to see me often, he insisted on my being removed to his house, where he assured me he could easily make room for me; and the offer was too friendly a one to be refused. Besides, the sufferings that my wound occasioned me, I had the additional affliction of being forced to give up my pupils and all occupations, at the very moment when my prospects seemed to be growing a little brighter. I think I should have well nigh given myself over to despair, had it not been for Signor Melincini's daughter, who proved the sweetest friend in my distress that I could have hoped for. Her character, at first perhaps somewhat reserved, though not from the want of any one amiable feeling, soon shone forth in a new and most pleasing light, when she kindly ministered to my different wants. It was not a mere cold duty that she performed in compliance with her father's kind intentions; it was evident that her native goodness prompted her to relieve all those who suffered, as far as lay in her power; and her face appeared at times angelic, when she spoke to me in that softened tone, which the presence of a sick person

naturally calls forth from any one possessing a tender heart. The impatience I felt at first gradually subsided into a soothing calm; and had it not been for the feeling that I longed to make some exertion, to be no more a burthen on my kind friends, this state of repose would not have been without its charms. Signor Melincini endeavoured, however, to put me at my ease on that subject, by declaring that he felt so much friendship for me, that he never wished me to leave his house, and consoled me by saying, that as soon as my health would allow me, I should have some occupation, which I might do as slowly as I pleased, till my renewed strength would permit of my working for my glory, as he termed it.

One day Claudia entered the sitting-room with a paper in her hand, and asked me, with a look of great satisfaction, whether I wished to hear any news from Milan, as a good friend of mine and her father's (meaning the master under whom I had studied) had sent them a newspaper from that city. Then without waiting for my answer, she told me she would read it to me herself, as the exertion might fatigue me. What was my surprise, when I found that my opera had been performed, and not only that, but had been crowned with success! Let those who *can*, imagine my feelings, and ask themselves if it is not rapture too deep almost to be borne by one who was weakened, as I had been, by sickness and sorrow. Claudia seemed to understand me. She did not blame my weakness, but heartily congratulated me on this important step in my career. I talked for about two hours on this subject without ceasing, till Claudia at last begged me to consider how weak I was, and added, in a playful manner, "I will enjoin silence on you, as the ancient philosophers did on their disciples." I felt so grateful to Claudia for her interest in my concerns, that I instantly obeyed, and silence was no great punishment, as my head was full of pleasant ideas.

I found, on reading the paper through, that Adelaide Caracelli had not performed her part as it had been intended; some fresh quarrel having taken place between her and the manager, on account of her refusal to sing the night Augustus had been wounded. The public, displeased at first at losing their favourite, showed great signs of disapprobation some nights after when she *did* appear, which, together with her positively refusing to sing a part in the new opera, led ultimately to her engagement being broken. This of course caused a great delay before it could be performed, and even then some of the most difficult songs which had been expressly written to display her voice, were necessarily suppressed. "La Caracelli," thought I, "need not have pushed her predilection for Augustus so far as to refuse singing my music. It is both foolish and unjust." A moment after I wondered what gave me the power of seeing her conduct in this light, I who had well nigh worshipped her like a pagan idol. I felt almost relieved that she had given me this last proof of enmity, to show me how useless it was to follow any longer the dictates of an ardent passion that was never to be required. Still, on the other hand, I was hurt to think that another voice should have sung those airs which she had inspired, and which, but for her, I might never have written.

Some months passed before I could resume my occupations, which I then set about with a renewed ardour, and in a far more tranquil state of mind. My love for Adelaide seemed now to be merely the remains of a habit that was difficult to eradicate, and that I had in a manner survived. The fact is, I had suffered and shed my blood for her and for Augustus; they had exiled me from Milan: all that happened to me of evil sprang from this source. What wonder then, if the source was troubled, that the waters should no longer run clear? I do not mean that Adelaide Caracelli was banished from my thoughts, that I ceased to think her beautiful, or the greatest of singers, but her presence was no longer necessary to my happiness: all that had happened at Milan seemed, on my recovery, to be a painful dream, which was destined to haunt me for some time to come; while my feelings were assuaged and tranquillized, whenever I conversed with Claudia, or even when we were sitting each at our occupation at the same table. I had now hired a room in the same house in which Melincini lived, and continued, on his pressing invitation, to make one of his family.

The news of my success at Milan had, at last, found its way amongst the professors at Naples; I began to form acquaintances, to be employed as a teacher, and to compose. The sweet breezes of the south seemed to come over me like a musical inspiration. I caught the spirit of the Neapolitan melodies, and began to adapt my ideas to that school. I now visited the theatre, which I had not yet been able to do, and was anxious to hear the favourite singer, Signora Albertina, whom I had heard so highly extolled at Milan; the more so, as her benefit was announced previous to her departure for a considerable length of time. The opera was *la Didone Abbandonata*, by Jomelli. This was her most famous character in the serious line, for she was equally eminent in buffa operas, and the air, "Son regina," was one of her celebrated songs. The crowd was so great, that it was difficult to obtain even a bad place, yet my attention was rivetted by the delight that I experienced in hearing such music and such performers. Though I went determined to judge without any prejudice, I could but pronounce Adelaide far superior to her in the cantabile and deep pathetic expression, yet Albertina was surprising and overwhelming in the passages that required rapidity and energy. Her person was majestic and commanding, and her face remarkably handsome; still there was an affectation and a straining after effect that spoiled greatly the sensation she might have produced, and marred half the qualities that nature had bestowed upon her with so liberal a hand. One did not feel that wholesome delight, if I may be allowed the expression, that *la Caracelli's* performance never failed to inspire. In one word, if Signora Albertina's conquests over the admiration of her hearers were the more numerous, Adelaide's were certainly more select and more durable. After her departure the theatre was closed for some length of time, during which I was advised to give a concert with the assistance of the remaining singers, at which a cantata that I had composed was executed in a most satisfactory manner, and pleased the public. As I was leaving the place to walk home, I was accosted by a well-known voice, and looking up I

perceived the young man whom I had formerly seen at Adelaide's. After the first greetings were over, I asked him if he had left the Caracelli. "No," replied he, "she is in Naples at this moment, and hearing you were here, has expressed the greatest desire to see you. You must come with me now." Having excused myself for that night, I promised to call the next day. "You will find her altered," said Leo, "she has suffered a good deal since you last saw her. I doubt whether she will ever again be *la divina Adelaide* that we once knew."

I forebore from inquiries, and we parted. The satisfaction I had felt at the success of my cantata was now obscured by the pain these words caused me. I pitied Adelaide as if she had never wronged me; but I pitied her as a friend, without any allusion to what had formerly passed in my heart, and even the next day, though I was to see her,

"Mi desto, e tu non sei
Il primo mio pensier."

I found her expecting me, and quite alone. She did indeed bear on her countenance, as Leo had told me, the traces of a deep sorrow. She held out her hand to me with a look that so implored my sympathy, that I could scarcely refrain from tears. We were silent for a few minutes, and I exaggerate nothing when I say that, at that moment, there was no sacrifice I would not have made cheerfully to restore her to happiness. "I have wronged you, Maximilian," said she at length, "I have been unjust and capricious; you loved me, and I disdained you, and I perhaps have scarcely any right to expect the least friendship from one whom I have treated so ill."

Here I could not avoid stopping her, and begging her to refrain from all reproaches, as I bore her no ill-will for any share she might have had in Augustus's behaviour towards me. At the same time I asked her whether Augustus had received a short letter I had sent him, advising him to beware of San Felico's snares, and which I had directed to a friend of his at Milan. She told me the letter had been sent after him. "Your conduct," added she, "in that affair reflects the highest credit on your courage and generosity: and I must do Lord L—— (for such Augustus is now, his father being dead) the justice to say, that he sincerely repents the wrongs he has done you, and would gladly offer you any atonement. He would have written immediately had he not concluded you must have left Naples."

"Poor Lord L——! I am sorry he is dead," said I, "and that, too, without his being reconciled to me! But, however, since such is the will of Heaven, I hope it will promote your happiness by a union with Augustus."

"Ah, there it is," said she, "that is what afflicts me. While his father lived Augustus was all passion and love: but he is an altered man now, and has never spoken of our marriage since. It is true, that when he left Italy to go and settle his affairs in England, he said he should return, and expressed the hope of soon seeing me again; but I doubt the sincerity of these promises, for I have reason to think him unfaithful."

Adelaide paused, and remained some time lost in thought. At length I ventured to ask her full confidence on the subject. She then told me that Augustus had left Milan immediately after me to go to Rome, and not Naples, as Don Felico had understood, and that she herself had broken off her engagement, and gone there likewise. She dwelt with pleasure on the time she spent at Rome, where her success was complete, and Augustus unremitting in his attentions. "All went well," said she, "till one fatal day that Sempronia and I, together with her husband and Leo, proposed a party of pleasure, in the environs of Rome, to Augustus, who joined us. It was in this expedition that he first saw Signora Albertina, my far-famed rival of the theatre at Naples, who was then on a journey of pleasure to Rome. She was sailing down the river in a large boat, and, seated in the midst of her party, was singing to her own accompaniment on the harp. Her voice, her matchless beauty, had an electrifying effect on Augustus. He swore that the apparition was like that of Cleopatra, save that she was more beautiful, and praised, in enthusiastic terms, the country that called up such classic recollections. He could speak of nothing else the rest of the day, and I felt no wish to prolong our expedition. We returned to Rome, each probably discontented with the other, though I said nothing to him on the subject."

"And was this all?" said I: "can you be uneasy at such a mere transitory admiration? Did he ever seek to see her again?"

"He did," replied Adelaide, "and had not his father's death intervened, would, I am sure, have followed her to Naples. As it was, he saw her once again at an *accademia* she gave to some of her admirers to hear her improvise, at which he was rapt in admiration; though, as some of it was in the Neapolitan dialect, he probably but ill understood it. She left Rome after a week, as her engagements at Naples recalled her, but has, I understand, accepted one in London."

After Adelaide had thus relieved her mind by telling me her story, she said she had a favour to ask me. I wondered what it could be, and how I could be of any service to her. It was this. She had resolved to follow her rival to London, and have a chance of outshining her before Augustus, and, unacquainted with the language, as she was, had a great desire to secure me for a companion and interpreter. I was loath again to break up when I was beginning to make my way successfully, but I was unable to resist Adelaide's tears and entreaties, and I resolved to go. Her gratitude knew no bounds, and as the only thing she could do for me at present, she told me, that having accepted a short engagement at the theatre before this resolution of going to England, she would appear in my opera. I expressed my gratitude in return, and we parted mutually satisfied with one another. Caracelli did not fail to keep her promise, and I had the inexpressible gratification of hearing her sing those airs that were composed for her and her only, in that sweetly impressive manner that she alone could command. Her reception was enthusiastic; nor did the applause bestowed on the music fall short of my fondest expectations. Wreaths were showered on the prima donna and the composer, and I should have felt completely happy had I not seen what a painful effort it

seemed to be to Adelaide to repress her own sorrows on the stage. Her profound melancholy passed current in the eyes of others for admirable acting, and her very misfortunes contributed to heighten her success.

No one took so kind an interest on this occasion as Signor Melincini and his daughter. They could not congratulate me sufficiently, and, in truth, they had some right to consider my success as partly their own work, as it was by their means that I had first become known in Naples. They were both sorry when I announced my departure as a thing resolved upon, and attempted to dissuade from what appeared to them an exaggerated piece of chivalry towards a woman who did not love me. I assured them, however, that I should return as soon as I had fulfilled my promise to the Caracelli, and Claudia represented to me in glowing colours the future fame that I might earn by following up this first great triumph with due perseverance. Every word she said carried conviction with it, yet I was firm as far as regarded my present intention of departing, and as soon as the run of my opera was over, I set out with Adelaide, together with her sister and her brother-in-law only, for Leo remained in Naples. Our journey would have been agreeable, had not Adelaide's depression of spirits thrown a damp over us all. Yet even she occasionally broke out into a transient playfulness of manner, according as the quicksilver properties of hope happened to ascend or descend. But this sort of fictitious gaiety was more painful to me than the dull uniformity of grief. It represented to my mind a flame that blazes fiercely before it expires, and this sad image was constantly present to my imagination. Time was when I would have given the world to be able thus to see Adelaide every day, even with the consciousness of her being absorbed by the thought of another: that time I felt was past and for ever; but I had the gratification of feeling that I was performing the duty of friendship towards an amiable and unfortunate woman, whom I could never entirely cease to admire. What a contrast between her, and the serene and equal tenour of Claudia's mind, who, without any of those sparkling sallies of wit and merriment that delight in some, was endowed with a cheerfulness that nothing but the sorrows of others could obscure. I missed the pleasing conversations and the delightful intercourse that I had been accustomed to, and no friends seemed capable in my eyes of replacing Signor Melincini and his amiable daughter.

We at last arrived in London. Signora Albertina had preceded us, and was delighting the whole town by her beauty and talents, so much so that Adelaide thought her case was almost hopeless. One effort, however, she was resolved to make. As she was not likely to have an advantageous proposal from the managers of the opera, where Albertina was engaged at a very high salary, we thought it best she should give a concert, and to that effect I opened a negotiation with Festing. He had no sooner heard her at her lodgings than he at once entered into an engagement for a series of concerts, to be given at Hickford's room, and in order to excite the curiosity of the public, it was announced that an Italian singer, of great fame on the continent, would make her first appearance in England, her name being withheld

till the day of performance. Her first song, "Tu m'abbandoni ingrato," which she sung in the hope that Augustus might be amongst the spectators, was given with such deep pathos, I had almost said with such heart-breaking expression, that her triumph over the hearts and feelings of her audience was never for a moment doubtful. The applause was so long as scarce to allow the beginning of the following piece to be heard. Meanwhile, poor Adelaide was dissolved in tears the instant she was out of sight of the spectators. I was almost afraid she would not have recovered herself in time for her next piece; but this was not the case, for the temporary relief only increased her energy and expression.

The next day nothing was talked of but the fascinations of the new prima donna, and a strong party was formed in her favour, who would willingly, I believe, have dismissed Albertina from the operatic throne, to place their new favourite upon it. The friends of the former, therefore, thought necessary to advise her to declare that she would break off her engagement, if such an infringement were attempted on the monopoly she considered she had an exclusive right to, of enchanting the ears of the frequenters of the Haymarket.

The Caracelli's concerts continued to be thronged by both parties till the end, only six having been announced, but neither the fame nor the profit that accrued from them were any consolation to her. Of the first she had drunk to repletion ever since her early youth, and had perhaps found it "all vanity," and of the second she made no use herself, but distributed it to the poor, perhaps with some vague notion that Catholics often indulge in, of propitiating Heaven by acts of benevolence. It seemed inexplicable almost to her that Augustus had not yet appeared, for in the simplicity of her heart she imagined he would not be able to resist such proofs of devoted love. She reasoned, however, almost like a child,—impulse was everything with her, and she expected to find a similar disposition in others. I, who knew more of Lord L——'s character, considered the attempt to revive his affections a most useless one, yet, in compliance with her earnest wishes, I busied myself to get some information respecting him.

The admirers of Adelaide had expressed a great desire to hear her with the Albertina, that their claims might be fairly judged; and those of the other party were equally desirous of seeing them together, expecting it would end in the discomfiture of the former. But here arose a new difficulty;—Albertina secretly, perhaps, afraid of so close a comparison, and willing to throw every obstacle in the way, declared that la Caracelli should never sing at the opera while she was there, and by the nature of her engagement she was forbid singing anywhere else, private houses excepted.

I was considering how I could obviate this difficulty, as I was walking down the street where Augustus's father used to live. I had not yet seen the house since my return, but having been told by several persons that Lord L—— was out of town for the present, it struck me that I might gain some information about him from the servants, none of whom would probably know me, even if they were the same, and they most likely had all been changed. On approaching the house it seemed evident to me that the owner was absent; the draw-

ing-room shutters were closed, and the whole house wore a deserted air. "Poor old Lord L——," thought I, "your hospitable spirit seems indeed to have fled from this mansion." And I was indulging in some melancholy thoughts as I slackened my pace, when a carriage rolled past me, and the person within it made me a sign of recognition, and stopped at Lord L——'s door. This was Augustus. Seeing it was now too late to avoid him, I walked forward and came up with him as he alighted. He held out his hand to me and pressed mine heartily, and, scarcely speaking a word, led me into his house. We entered the parlour, the door of which he immediately closed. "Max," said he, for by that name he used to call me in the days of our intimacy, or when he was peculiarly confidential, "I have wronged you more than I can well express. You shed your blood in my cause, you suffered and were miserable, and all through me and for me. Now, though I do not think ever to atone for the evils I brought upon you, I know that a mind like yours will not be insensible to a candid repentance, and on such grounds I beg you to restore me to your friendship, and grant me your pardon."

I was touched by these words from one who had so little taught me to expect anything of the kind, and I replied in a manner corresponding to his, though I cannot exactly recall what I did say. After our reconciliation was thus effected, and we had conversed at some length about the Marquis of San Felico and his assassins, he at length said, "Adelaide Caracelli is, I find, in London. I am truly rejoiced at her success. I suppose you came over together."

I replied in the affirmative, and he went on:—"I have some amends to make you on that subject, and as I doubt not that Adelaide has forgotten me by now, I renounce every claim on her affections, and will never more stand in your way as a rival."

I felt perplexed as to what answer I should make. He doubtless expected some rapturous exclamation of gratitude, and there was an evident look of disappointment about him when I answered, "I ceased being your rival when I found how useless it was to struggle against a favoured one: therefore, think no more of this. Adelaide has never ceased loving you: she came to England for the express purpose of recalling you to a sense of your promises, and is anxiously counting the days and hours till she can be assured that you are still faithful."

"Maximilian," said he, "I really did not expect to see you acting the part of confidant in this manner to the woman you once loved." He then affected to laugh, but with the air of one who was annoyed that his display of generosity should be found out to be a mere cloak for getting out of a disagreeable affair. I represented to him in the most vivid colours Adelaide's distress, and urged him not to delay an interview that was so ardently wished for.

"Indeed, Max," replied he, "I cannot see her; so do not try to persuade me. You must stay and dine with me," continued he, ringing the bell; "I am in London but for a few days, and I wish to see all I can of you."

Finding him determined to break off the subject, I gave over for the time being, resolved, however, to renew it before I left him. At dinner he talked with great interest about my future prospects, and

offered me any assistance he could give me to forward my views. I told him it was Adelaide's and my intention to give a concert, at which, if we could manage it, Albertina would be engaged. Upon which he said he would be very happy to lend his house to Signora Caracelli for the occasion, if that would obviate any of our difficulties; that he would be out of town again by that time, but should certainly leave orders to that effect. I remarked, that he called her Signora Caracelli for the first time, and this circumstance, so slight in itself, went more to persuade me of his indifference than anything he had previously said.

"But, Max," continued he, "remember that you do not on this account lead her to expect anything from me. I have already said, and you must tell her so, however painful the task, that I cannot see her."

I left Augustus certainly satisfied, as far as regarded myself personally, but with the conviction that poor Adelaide no longer lived in his heart. I could not make up my mind to tell her so; I chose rather to give an account of my visit to Sempronia, leaving her to deduce what she thought proper from my narrative. She remained in the same conviction as myself, namely, that it was hopeless to attempt rekindling a fire that was completely extinguished.

"I fear it will break her heart if I tell her so," said Sempronia; "but what is to be done? It would perhaps be still worse to buoy her up with fallacious hopes." Sempronia, therefore, told her the truth. The next morning Adelaide insisted on hearing the whole related again by me; she would not believe all her sister had said, and asked me a thousand questions, which only brought her back to the same point where she had begun. But when she found I could only confirm what Sempronia had said, she declared she could not think it true, for Augustus could not have forgotten her thus; and she reproached me for attempting to traduce him. A moment after, her reproaches gave way to a passionate flood of tears, and presently she told me with great mildness, that she had not meant to contradict me, but she was sure that if she could but see Augustus, all would be right, and he would instantly return to her. Who could have attempted to undeceive so confiding and tender a heart? The thing was impossible, and I could only repeat the promise of trying to soften Lord L——'s determination. "I ask only to see him, if it were but for once," said she, over and over again, as if to impress me deeply with the sense of her wishes. That *once*, however, was what Augustus persisted in refusing, all I could say being of no avail whatever.

Meanwhile I made every arrangement for the concert, and having secured the Albertina, and several other performers of eminence, we fixed the day, which was the one that followed Augustus's intended departure. He had appointed me to come and see him on that morning, to take leave of him. I attended accordingly. He then said, that as I might perhaps be gone by the time he returned from the country, he was desirous of knowing what service he could be of to me. I declined, however, anything for *myself*, laying a stress on that word, as if to indicate the thoughts that were passing within.

"I understand," said he, "you are a generous friend, but do, for Heaven's sake, cease to talk to me about Adelaide, and do not, Maximilian, I conjure you, help her in any attempt to take me by surprise.

An anterview could but be painful to us both, and is much better avoided."

I was therefore obliged to take my leave of him, without accomplishing the end I had wished for.

The next day Adelaide was in such deep affliction, that we had some trouble to persuade her to dress and attend the concert at the hour that was fixed. Whether the desire of outshining her rival had some effect in raising her spirits, or whether, unknown even to herself, there yet lurked some hope in her heart that Augustus was not gone; certain it was, however, her languor seemed to disappear as she entered his house; a flush animated her countenance, and increased her beauty, as she walked with a firm step to the scene of her anticipated triumph. Albertina was advancing, likewise, with the air of a queen, her height and appearance rendering her strikingly different from Adelaide; and these two syrens, after eyeing each other in silence, sat down on opposite sides in the waiting-room, each surrounded by a little host of admiring dilettanti. The concert began with an instrumental piece, which was to be followed by a vocal one, before either of the primæ donnas made their appearance. Adelaide was put down as the first of the two, which gave such umbrage to Albertina, that she declared if such were the case, she would immediately retire. Of course the partizans of Adelaide thought necessary to resent this warmly, and the nearer the time approached the fiercer the dispute grew. La Caracelli would, I am sure, in her own person, have gladly given up the contest, but her party would have considered their honour as tainted had they not beaten the enemy from the field. In this emergency, a lady, who at Augustus's request had consented to take the part of the mistress of the house on this occasion, came up to me, and told me she would contrive to divert Albertina's attention while Adelaide sang her cavatina, directing me to lead off Adelaide the moment it was over, through a side door, into a cabinet of curiosities, where she requested she should stay till Albertina had likewise done singing.* Our stratagem succeeded perfectly, and at the appointed time Adelaide was led on without any delay. She sang the same air in which she had been so successful before, and, though I had so often heard it, the effect of those words, "*Tu m'abbandoni ingrato,*" sung in the very house of her unfaithful lover, and with all the attending circumstances, was so powerful, that I could not refrain from tears. The very walls ought to have been melted by such strains, so full of love and passionate despair. "What volumes," thought I, "would it not speak to the heart of him who is the occasion of her grief, could he but hear it."

I then led her off, as we had preconcerted, by a side door, for I knew every corner of the house, and we entered the cabinet as agreed. A lamp was burning on the table, beside which was lying a portrait of a very handsome woman. This immediately caught Adelaide's eye, and acted upon her as the positive conviction that Augustus loved another. A passionate exclamation escaped her, and her gestures were so violent at the moment, as to overthrow a small china vase, which was immediately smashed in pieces on the polished oaken floor.

* An expedient of this kind is related by Dr. Burney, of Horace Walpole's mother; the two rival syrens being Faustina and Curroni.

Upon this noise the door instantly opened, and to our mutual astonishment Augustus appeared. His surprise and indignation were evident in his face.

"Maximilian, you have betrayed me—wherefore this scene?" said he, looking at us alternately.

I pointed to the portrait, and hastily explained how we came there.

"My mother's picture," said he, "should not have given rise to this," and he put it coldly into a drawer. The old-fashioned dress had escaped Adelaide's notice, and what a load these words took from her heart.

"Leave us, Maximilian—leave us one moment," whispered she, and I instantly quitted the room.

Lord L——, it seems, unable to resist the wish of hearing Adelaide once more, had secretly stayed in town, and, without appearing to any of his friends, had been in a small room adjoining the one where the concert was given, during the time of her performance. She comprehended all this with the quickness of lightning, and following up, as she thought, the advantage she had already gained, spoke to him in the language of other times, though his ears were long since closed to that language. A few cold words were all his reply to the eloquence of a loving heart; and on her asking him what reason he had to excuse his infidelity, he replied, "No more of this—I am married."

Caracelli heard no more. She remained motionless as a statue, and then fell senseless on the sofa. Lord L——, who, perhaps, to stifle the cries of his conscience, was willing to consider this as a mere theatrical performance, hurried out of the room, and finding me at hand, said, "I wish you would take care of her, Maximilian. I protest I can do nothing for her."

So saying, he walked away, and in a few minutes I heard a carriage drive off. Poor Caracelli! It was now my task to revive and console her as well as I could. Unable to sing any more that night, she was excused to the public on the plea of indisposition, and Albertina was left to enjoy her triumph alone. And her partizans did not fail to have inserted in the newspapers on the following day, that Signora Caracelli had left the concert in a fit of passion at her own inferiority. But what cared Adelaide for anything that was said of her? She could not be roused to the slightest resentment; nothing that her worst enemy might have said or done, could, I believe, have had the power to move her at this time. "I will return," were the first words she said the next day on seeing me; even she being convinced that all was over. Lord L——, I afterwards heard, had been married some weeks, but family reasons had made it necessary to keep it a secret. His journey to town was one of business; and mere curiosity, it seems, had made him delay his departure till evening, as certainly he was far from desiring to meet Adelaide.

The preparations for our departure were soon made, and the following day saw us on our road. Adelaide said not a syllable about Augustus during the whole time of our journey. When we arrived at her villa, near Milan, and she perceived how anxious I was to go on to Naples, she told me that she would not detain me any longer

than I pleased. She then expressed her warmest gratitude for my friendship, and added with a sweet smile, "I hope some day to prove it by something more than words. Adieu, be happy; rest assured that such will ever be my most ardent wish." I forbore asking the meaning of her observation, but it gave me an indefinite feeling of pain, and my tears fell upon her hand as I kissed it, and bade her farewell.

The remainder of my journey was full of pleasant anticipations, which were more than realized, when Signor Melincini received me as he would a son, and declared in the fulness of his heart, that if I would settle in Naples, he would give me his daughter for a wife. This unexpected kindness was received with all the gratitude it deserved, and though Claudia said but little, I could perceive that her father had not presumed too much on her dutifulness. Our marriage was, however, to be postponed for a year or two, to give me time to advance in my profession. As I was now somewhat favourably known to the Neapolitan public, I was employed to write another opera, besides masses and motetts for the church, all of which tended to establish my reputation. This led to my being employed to compose an oratorio for the passion week, for the nuns of the Spirito Santo at Rome. As my occupations at the time precluded my being present to hear it rehearsed, and to give the necessary instructions to the performers, a friend of Signor Melincini, a musician, residing at Rome, had taken that duty upon himself; yet such was my desire of ascertaining the effect of my music on the Roman public, that, as the time approached, I managed to lay aside all affairs for a few days, and set out for Rome so as to arrive in that city on the day of the performance. I entered the church as a stranger, without making myself known to any one; but had not been there five minutes, when a young man, pointing to an empty place beside him, made me a sign to approach. I recognised the young man whom I was accustomed to see at Adelaide's, and, after mutual greetings, I asked him whether he knew anything of her. "You will hear her presently," said he, in an under voice, for the music had now begun, and superseded our conversation. I did indeed recognise Adelaide's voice the instant she took up the solo; it sounded grander, more powerful, and more expressive than ever; but I was so intent on thinking what Leo meant to imply by his impressive manner, that I could hardly give my full share of attention to the performance, however much I, above all others, was interested in it.

When it was over, and the crowd had dispersed, Leo embraced me, and said: "Your poor friend, as you probably surmise by this time, has become one of the nuns of the Spirito Santo. It was at her recommendation that you were employed to write the oratorio that we have just heard. She no doubt expected it would bring you to Rome to hear it, and she has delegated me to tell you that she has left a considerable portion of her fortune to you."

So saying, we left the church. This generous act of Adelaide's had, however, no power to remove the painful feelings that I experienced at the thought of such beauty and such talents being forever secluded from the world. Leo understood my silence, and we walked back to my hotel almost without exchanging a word. At last

I asked whether I could see Adelaide. "No," replied Leo, "I know it is her wish to see no one for the first year, not even Sempronia, whom she left at Milan. She probably thinks an entire seclusion is the best means of breaking off with a world of which she has expressed herself so weary." I had nothing to say to this argument. We spent the remainder of the day talking over the events of past times, and principally of Adelaide.

My stay at Rome was short; I felt anxious to be on the road, to remove the weight that seemed to rest on my heart. Being now enabled, by my altered circumstances, to offer Claudia a home more worthy of her than I had hoped would have been for some time in my power to do, we were married shortly after, to her father's great satisfaction.

In aftertimes I often made visits to Rome, together with my wife, where we always found the kindest friends in Sempronia and her husband, who had taken up their permanent abode in that city on Adelaide's account. Her sister never passed a day without seeing her; I was often admitted likewise; but though she assured me she had no regret whatever for the world she had quitted, I never could see that lovely face, half concealed by the grating, without thinking of the thousands it had enchanted, and sighing out a requiem over the lost Caracelli.

C. DE P.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DEPARTURE.*

A BALLAD.

BY L. M. MONTAGU.

THE steed is impatient, his trappings are on,
He paws the green sward, and he neighs to be gone;
But the chieftain still lingers beside the hall door,
To repeat the fond words he has uttered before.

* The above ballad was suggested by that beautifully simple and affecting Scotch song, commencing,

"Saddled and bridled,
And booted rode he,
A plume in his helmet,
A sword at his knee:
But hame came the saddle,
All bloody to see,
And hame came the steed,
But hame never came he!"

The Chieftain's Departure.

His silver-haired mother and blooming wife stand,
 Each breathing a blessing, each clasping a hand ;
 One kiss, one embrace, and he mounts and away,
 Over mountain, through stream, on his charger of grey.

The draw-bridge was up, and the portal-gate locked,
 The fagot was blazing upon the wide hearth,
 At each blast of the tempest, the old castle rocked ;
 O ! why went the chieftain on such a night forth ?

His young bride grew pale as the tempest she heard,
 While the red lightning flashed on the floor of the hall,
 Or quivered and glanced over helmet and sword,
 As they hung in their place on the dark pannelled wall.

The old minstrel swept, with a sorrowful face,
 The chords of his harp, but 'twas discord to all ;
 No love tale, or song of the battle, or chase,
 To the young wife of Ronald could pleasure recal.

" Hush ! hush ! what is that ? at the portal it sounds !
 'Tis the tramp of a horse ! 'tis the chieftain ! " they cried :
 " Tush ! tush ! 'tis the sentinel going his rounds ; "
 " I would 't had been he ! " said his mother, and sighed.

So they went to their rest, both the mother and wife,—
 Each put up a prayer, and each weeping the time ;
 For the hearts of the *twain* had but *one* hope in life,
 As the sweet bells that mingle in one holy chime.

The morn rose in splendor ; the tempest was past ;
 And the sky, like the eye of a beautiful child,
 Whose tears are all wiped, and whose laugh comes at last,
 Was as blue as the ocean, on which the sun smiled.

And the flowers of the heather all dripping were seen,
 (As if studded with gems) in the morn's purple light :
 " O mother ! what's yonder ? look—look at the green ! "
 And the young bride of Ronald grew pale at the sight.

'Tis the chieftain's grey charger returned home again ;
 The saddle is there, but the rider is gone,—
 No foot in the stirrup, no hand on the rein,—
 Why comes the brave steed of Lord Ronald alone ?

Alone he must come : in the dark rolling sea,
 With the weed for his pillow, the rock for his bed,
 Lies the Chief of the Isles : never braver than he
 The heroes of Scotland to victory led !

He went forth, in the flush of his spirit, to meet
 The warriors of Flodden, prepared for the fight ;
 But the tempest arose, and the wild waters beat,
 And he sank in their depths on that sorrowful night.

O ! wild were the wailings of Ronald's young bride,
 But his silver-haired mother was silent, for aye,
 The pulse of her heart it just fluttered, then died,—
 As she saw, without Ronald, his charger of grey !

ARDENT TROUGHTON, THE WRECKED MERCHANT.¹

BY E. HOWARD.

"REALLY, Ardent," said the considerate old gentleman, "you speak exaltedly: from what sin, from what temptation are you to fly? are you not here, in the bosom of a virtuous family, loved, almost idolized—here, at least, nor crime, nor shame, will ever enter. What do you suspect—who is plotting against your peace? Come, come, if you must fly from the follies of a world, to which, after all, we are much obliged, take refuge, Ardent, in our abounding love."

I shuddered. My stately and my kind mother had, during this short conversation, sate with the perplexed look of a diplomatist, who has just been counter-checked by a head a little more wily than his own, when suddenly her eyes glistened, and a light like sunshine broke over her brow, and she exclaimed, with the joy of a successful solver of a problem, "Holy St. Sylvester! how stupid we have all been—the boy is in love!"

"He is in love," said Honoria, starting up, and giving me a most frank and sisterly kiss. "I am so glad! dear, dear Ardent!"

"I deny it utterly," said I, with energy and solemnity—"I deny it. Honoria, you know, or at least, by my conduct, you ought to have known, that I am a very reserved person: I am your brother—your elder brother; and thus I stand in the place of your second father. I do not like these freedoms—they are very distasteful to me. I beg of you not to repeat them."

The poor child burst into tears. She did but shed the bitter waters of an insulted affection, whilst it seemed to me that my heart was weeping blood.

"I must confess," said my father, addressing himself to me, "that I think your conduct harsh—indeed, you have bestowed but little attention on your sister; you who used to write to her so playfully and so lovingly withal—yours, Ardent, and I am sorry to say it, is the only heart upon which her affectionate nature has failed to make an impression, for she is a good, a blessed child;" and genial triumph shone in his eyes. "Come to my arms, Honoria;" and she flung herself into them, and there she sobbed away her little griefs.

Father Gorbellazo, having now satisfied his not easily-appeased appetite, and having cleared his throat with an ample glass of rich old canary, crossed himself and commenced. "Brethren, I have a great duty to perform—a stray sheep is crying outside of the fold—a soul is to be saved—a heretic to be converted. My son Ardent, your intentions are holy, and the saints will bless them. You will make a goodly monk; but let me now examine you parenthetically upon your opinions of our seven sacraments."

"O," said I, carelessly, "I was not thinking about the dogmas of your faith—it is the holy seclusion that it affords that I covet. What signifies a sacrament, more or less, provided the heart be regenerated?"

¹ Continued from p. 80.

"They do very well in England with two. I assure you, that there are very good folks in England."

The monk crossed himself, and muttered low a Latin prayer—my mother crossed herself, and looked frightened—my sister crossed herself, and looked upon me affectionately. Don Mantez crossed himself, and clapping his hand to the hilt of his sword—the only single instance of hostility with which I had been for some time honoured—for he always went about *en militaire*, and looked upon me fiercely, as if I had put on him a personal insult—but, amidst all these crossings, my good father looked only cross.

After all these ceremonies, the religious man rose up to curse England, and all the heretics therein: very unctuous and fervent was that curse. After having done this, to the much contentment of his heart, he became wondrous placid; and when my father, to whom all this scene was particularly annoying, wished me to go forth with him to the counting-house, he commanded, actually commanded me to stay—in order to undergo the process of conversion.

My father retired, but my mother seemed much edified, so she ordered Honoria to bring her work, and hear the exposition of her faith; and, as my sister stayed, the gallant lover remained of course. Well, we had a long polemical argument, and the very tenets that I was just before going to abandon, I found myself defending with asperity; and, at length, when the smooth Mantez, in order to encourage what he considered to be my desire to apostatize, said, in his softest accents, that, by the time that I had performed my noviciate, and had worn the tonsure for a year, it would be the very period when I should bless him, by blessing and officiating at his union with my sister, I became more Protestant than ever, and my faith became as firm as the granite rock that is embedded in the earth's centre. Never more did I entertain the idea of becoming a monk.

But the dire conflict with my own soul was not to take place in Spain. After my controversy with the monk, my mind became better regulated. I do not like to speak of these things, but I sought the quiet of my own chamber, and, calling in the aid of prayer, I communed long and vigorously with my own soul. I was comforted—I felt myself no longer an outcast—I flattered myself my involuntary sin had been forgiven me. I then determined to seek occupation, and I found more than enough.

At this epoch, the French arms were triumphing in Spain, the factions in Barcelona became daily more bold, and the French troops were fast concentrating round the city. Our situation was becoming critical. We had much merchandize to embark, and a vast quantity of household goods. There was no time to be lost—and Don Mantez was equally active with my father and myself. He had to man a large vessel of nearly a thousand tons, at a time and on a spot when there was a great consumption of the human race. They were used up rapidly, to speak in the language of a gallant general. Seamen were carried off, per force, to become soldiers, and soldiers were entrapped to be turned into seamen. Vagrants, malefactors—none came amiss so long as they had tolerable health and bodily strength. Consequently, we at last got a crew of one hundred and fifty-nine persons,

not including the captain, made up of all nations, and professing among themselves all manner of trades.

The ship, the *St. Anna*, the same which brought me to Barcelona, and which was to bear us and our fortunes to the new world, had been a Spanish man-of-war of two decks, and then mounted sixty-four guns. She was a very stout vessel, but rather old; and short for her size. She had a large poop that came well forward on the quarter-deck, which afforded a lofty and a very commodious cabin. There was also a fine cabin on the main-deck, and very good accommodations in the gun-room; that is, on the deck on which she used to carry her lower tier of guns. These guns were now removed, and all the port-holes well caulked in. Her lower masts were stout and taut, but the topmasts, and all the topgear, were disproportionately small. When fully equipped for sea, she had a huge and lubberly look. I must also mention, that her bowsprit was exceedingly large—large even looking upon the vessel as a man-of-war—the gib-boom, and all beyond, insignificantly diminutive. Owing to what I had undergone in my voyage out, I could now look upon her with the eye of a sailor; and I augured that she would work badly, and, if she fell in with an awkward sea, roll heavily. She was painted outside gaudily, but in a slovenly manner. In board she was in a filthy state, with the exception of the cabins appropriated to the passengers. The cleanliness of these I myself looked after. When laden and ready to start, she was brought down beneath her bearings. Woe to her in the gale!

I am thus minute in describing this ship, for many and fearful were the scenes acted upon her deck, and in her cavernous depths. We—for I may now use that consequential plurality, as I was co-partner with my father—had purchased five-eighths of the vessel, an excellent bargain, as my father thought; the other three-eighths were the property of Don Mantez. The number of dollars that we paid for our shares of her certainly did not seem very considerable, when her tonnage was regarded. Indeed, had we not stepped in, the ship would have been broken up, and thus, for a space, Don Mantez would have seen his “occupation gone;” for she was much too large for the then crippled state of Spanish commerce.

We have made our adieus, shaken hands and embraced, and done all that was proper to those we were fated to see no more. The *St. Anna* having been plentifully spargified with holy water, and a little waxen image of the Virgin placed in a small shrine, with a lamp burning before, amid the pumps on the lower deck, she was warped out of the harbour, and early next morning we embarked. There is something solemn and freezing to the soul in the first act of expatriation: my father had adopted Spain as his country. As the boat conveyed us to the ship, I observed him narrowly: there was a sad resolve upon his countenance; his wig was a little awry, a wonderful thing in a man of his punctilious habits; and though he only needed them when he read and wrote, he wore his spectacles. I think it was to conceal his tears. His wife was almost helpless with grief, and Honoria divided between crying and praying, sometimes performing both together.

The only beings who seemed to enjoy this embarking, were Ju-

gurtha and Bounder, both of whom I have too long neglected, but others did not. The dog was the pet, the playfellow, and often the wrestler with Honoria: for hours they would disport together. Never was strength excited more gently on the part of the brute—never did gentleness appear more strong than on the part of the lady. Her least look was a law to the animal. Very great is the power of suavity.

The negro had been well fed and clothed, and served me as my general attendant: he also had become a universal favourite. The fellow's good-humour was not to be shaken; though, it must be confessed, he was professedly ugly, even to those with whom ugliness is a beauty, he was liked by all his fellow servants, and the females were not the most backward in this display of attachment. I do believe that he might have married the handsomest among them. However, both he and the dog snuffed up the marine air with undisguised delight. At length we placed our feet upon the planks of the fatal vessel.

As we ascended to the quarter-deck of the *Santa Anna*, Captain Mantez received us with a courtesy that was strongly tinged by arrogance; and when he perceived Honoria standing with her small hand buried in the clustering hair of the dog Bounder, who, as if conscious of the honour, stood bridling up, and looking majestic, under her caress, as the young lion of the forest, he could not help saying, with some bitterness, "that it was against all maritime custom to take dogs on board."

"Captain Mantez," said my father quietly, "we have chartered this vessel, to say nothing of our ownership."

"Signor Trottoni, I spoke on this subject only as a matter of discipline. That useless live lumber too, the dumb black, is, I suppose, also to be a part of the cargo?"

"They, both man and dog, are under my protection," said my father.

"They are my favourites," said my sister.

"They are my friends," said I, looking indignantly at the commander.

"Come, come," said Mantez, feigning a complacency that belied the tumult in his bosom, "let us not embitter the first moments that you are under my care by altercation. Will you permit me to escort you into the cabin, whilst I proceed to get the anchor up?" And offering his arm to the ladies, and followed by my father, he disappeared with his company under the poop.

The quarter-deck being now left perfectly clear to my dark companion and myself, I thus addressed him: "Jugurtha, you are a good man. Do you understand me? You are my friend; but this captain is not your friend, nor my friend. He is a wicked man. Do you know, good Jugurtha, what I mean by a wicked man?"

As I uttered these last words, a fiendish expression of intelligence mantled over the night of his countenance; he stood erect—he seemed to grow more lofty in stature—he looked around him with a dignity not at all incompatible with the ferocity of his then excited features; and, finally, taking and opening the large clasp knife which

he always, after the manner of seamen, wore suspended by a lanyard round his neck, he made the action of cutting out the tongue by the roots, and at the same time showing me his mutilated organ of speech. I shuddered. I dared not understand him. I was willing to believe that he would impress upon me generally that those who excised the tongues of their fellow-creatures were wicked men. The thought that the future husband of my beautiful sister was one such, I repelled with all my energy. I turned from the negro, and paced the quarter-deck for a space, but I could not away with the thought; my anxiety was intense, and, re-approaching Jugurtha, I said to him solemnly, "The man whom I call my friend must not say the thing that is not—must tell no lie. Say, good Jugurtha—when we were starving, when the hot sun was drying us up in the boat, I took you for my brother—tell me, tell me, did he—did that captain do it?"

The poor fellow clasped his hands, and turned his eyes reverently towards heaven, then looking me fully and wistfully in my face, he rolled about the remnant of his tongue with the most agonized attempts to speak; but his great efforts being only attended with a sharp, short, hissing sound, he burst into tears, and bowed down his head before me. Had the word "yes" come borne on the wings of thunder, I could not have understood it more distinctly. But I yet strove to deceive myself. The next moment Jugurtha, with a proud disdain, had dashed the tears from his eyes, and was again standing in the usual apathy or philosophy of his nature.

"Jugurtha," I continued, "I fear me that I understand you; but yet I tremble to believe it. Give me some plainer sign—if it be true that this man was the wretch, lift up your right hand to heaven."

He did so instantly, and there was a glistening blade in it that he had plucked from his waist, and that now, for an instant, flashed brightly in the sun. Ere he returned the weapon to its concealment, he placed it to his lips, as if he were caressing the instrument that was to avenge his horrible wrongs. "How—when—where? Poor Jugurtha, who is this Mantez? What crimes may he have committed? My Honoria's husband!—I would slay him first. But, softly, here he comes, with all the pride of command upon his brow. Jugurtha, you love me—do as I bid you: our time will come. He is my enemy and yours; but no murder, Jugurtha—remember the Jane. Now go, and attend upon your young mistress."

It was now about noon, and there was blowing a stiff top-gallant breeze from the eastward, and just enough sea where we were riding at single anchor to make the motion of the vessel felt. The piers and the lines of the fortifications of Barcelona were crowded with spectators, who had assembled to see the Santa Anna take her departure. With the heterogeneous crew that we had, and doubting the presence of mind of the commander, on board I was particularly anxious to observe in what manner the operation of getting under weigh would be performed, so I descended to the main-deck. Now, our vessel having been a man-of-war, instead of a windlass she was furnished with a capstan on the quarter-deck; and having, as yet, seen the anchor hove up only by a windlass, I was somewhat curious to witness, and fully understand, the manœuvre that was about to be

performed. The messenger had been already brought to the cable on the main deck, and fastened to it with the nippers, and the half-turn of the cable thrown off the bits, so that, in fact, the ship was riding by the messenger only. All this I comprehended in a moment, and, as I had all on board who were dear to me, I looked upon it as a duty to watch the proceedings. I saw that this hawser, called a messenger, was a revolving conductor that was wound round the base of the capstan, and attached to the cable only so far as the main hatchway, where the lashings of the nippers were thrown off, and the cable descended to the hold, this messenger returning in the meantime past the other side of the vessel, again met, and was fastened to a fresh portion of the cable at the hawsehole. Though the messenger is wound round the capstan on the main, the capstan itself is worked on the quarter-deck, by means of radiating bars, against which the men push with the hands and shoulders, and trot or strive round according to the degree of resistance, like so many horses in a mill. I have been thus particular, that the ladies may a little understand what ensued at the very outset of our voyage.

Don Mantez, after pluming himself a little, and calling his officers about him, took his spy-glass, and surveyed the town. The view was satisfactory. He then ordered the capstan to be rigged, and taking his speaking trumpet, he bellowed out, "All hands up anchor." "So far good," thought I, "the man has at least a very magnificent voice."

I then passed into the cabin, and invited its occupants to the poop to see the manœuvre, and take a last leave of the city that had so long afforded them a home. They consented mournfully. I here found Don Julien and Isidora both labouring under a great depression of spirits. I also observed a priest among them, but he was neither my good mother's confessor, nor the ecclesiastic who had formerly belonged to the ship. We took, with the exception of the reverend gentleman, our stations on the poop, just as the capstan bars were manned, and the command was given to "heave away."

To my mother and sister, the scene that was acting beneath us on the quarter-deck was perfectly new; and it was almost a novelty to my father, for it was then three-and-twenty years since he had trusted himself to the proverbial faithlessness of the sea. The view was not very flattering, for really the gentlemen who were doing the horse work at the capstan bars were as ragged and as ill-favoured a set of sinners as could have been picked out among the workmen of Babel, just before the confusion of tongues. As they went round, the wind got up, and when the topsails were loosened, sheeted home and hoisted up, and the anchor a short stay a-peak, they could scarcely move against the strain on the capstan; and had it not been for the pauls, they would have been forced to have given backwards.

From the very beginning there had been great noise, and now there was great confusion. Everybody who had a mouth to open, had an order to give: now orders certainly are necessary, and very often good things; but as one order obeyed is worth ten thousand that are only given, the duty went on but in a very small ratio as to the number of commands. I saw immediately that our captain

did not want seamanship, but he sadly wanted temper, and that coolness and determination of which, on the seas, Englishmen seem to have made a monopoly. I longed for James Gavel, even with his handspike.

Well, the head-yards were braced so as to cast the ship's head to seaward, and, at length, the anchor was up and down. The wind came snorting like a troop of wild horses along the deck from stem to stern, the draperies of the ladies took a thousand fantastical forms, and streamed in folds behind the wearers as if seeking protection from the blast; my respectable father, spectacle on nose, stretching out his neck, and peering forward his head exactly in the centre of the poop, was endeavouring to gather information from all that he saw, when, of a sudden, with a tremendous jerk, they wrenched the anchor from the ground, and in the course of a couple of minutes the men at the capstan ran it up high enough to be hooked by the cat-block. The vessel then slowly paid round, and turned her huge carcass from the wind.

Amidst a great deal of bustle sail was made, but the anchor still hung to the bows. We turned our eyes to the city, and saw there a few white handkerchiefs waving to us a long adieu.

"Well, Ardent," said the old gentleman to me, taking off his glasses, and wiping away the moisture that the wind or some other cause had brought into his eyes; "Ardent, what *do* you think?"

"Of what, father?"

"Of the ship, and all that is doing in the ship?"

"That it is most fortunate that there is a Providence watching over us."

"Yes, yes, Ardent; good lad, certainly, to think about Providence. I have a great respect for Providence; but it is to our friend Mantez and his crew that I am to pay so many thousand dollars to see me and mine safely to New Orleans."

"I wish they had our dollars, and we our safety."

"Humph, Ardent, you will make the women hear you: don't you think we have got what the sailors call under weigh, very nicely indeed?"

"Lubberly in the extreme."

"Well, well, son, but it is surely no fault of our gallant captain. Did you hear how he shouted? did you see how he laboured? I declare the poor man is now in a state of profuse perspiration."

I shook my head, and thought of poor James Gavel.

"And," continued my father, rubbing his hands with an enforced glee, "only see how pleasantly and how fast we are going now. A fair wind, my boy, and all secure. But why do you appear so moody?"

"I cannot help it. I see more bad omens than threatened the brig Jane. I draw my auspices not from rats, but men."

At this moment Captain Mantez, full of importance, skipped upon the poop, and bowing to the ladies, actually asked them for their congratulations, on the occasion that he had so gallantly and so skilfully put them in the way to their destination.

"There are yet some bars to our felicitations," said I, in English, pointing to the capstan still rigged.

"It blows but coldly here," said my father. "I wish that you would order your people to take those poles out of the capstan, so that we might descend to walk on the quarter-deck."

"Immediately," and he went down and gave the necessary orders.

At this time there was a bustle forward, and I supposed that they were going to what is technically called, fish the anchor, that is, to haul the flukes up to the bows to stow it for a long voyage. At Mantez's orders, seven or eight men were unshipping the capstan bars, when a heavy plunging was heard about the bows of the vessel, the capstan flew round with the rapidity of the barrel of a watch, the preventer spring of which is broken, and the bars were hurled in all directions. One of them struck the commander to the deck, and every one within their focus was laid prostrate. The ladies first shrieked, and then stood in mute and horrified amazement. The whirling of the capstan and bars ceased. The few nippers that had slightly held the cable to the messenger were torn away in succession at the hause-hole, and the anchor soon caught the ground, in about twenty-five fathoms. The cable rushed out over the smoking bits. No one of the crew had presence of mind enough either to attempt to stopper it, or clog up the hawse-hole, by throwing hammocks, or any other lumber, by way of impediment: the consequence was, that the cable thundered out to its length, until brought up sharp by the clinch round the main-mast in the hold. The shock of this sudden interruption to the ship's way was so violent, that it threw us, who were upon the poop, prone upon our faces. The impetus was too powerful for the jerk, and the cable parted as easily as a filament of burnt flax, but not before the ship, with all her sails set, had turned her head to the wind.

The riot and confusion below, and upon the decks, were horrible. Though there was as yet no imminent danger, the fear was general. The sails were now flat aback, and the vessel gathered stern way rapidly. The water began to gurgle and foam round the cabin windows, and already some ambitious waves had forced the frail barriers, and burst into the cabins on the main deck. I have before said that she was deeply laden, and our predicament was becoming every moment more alarming. And where was the captain?—bruised and bleeding on the deck, and most of his officers were in a similar situation. Contradictory orders were given, and two parties of nearly equal strength were at the same time pulling on the larboard and starboard head-braces; the consequence was, that the head-yards remained perfectly square.

Jugurtha stood near me, with his arms folded, at his ease, grinning with delight. My father was struck speechless with consternation, and the rest of the party on the poop, good Catholics all, were making the best of their time, endeavouring to propitiate each his favourite saint. I must confess to so much badness of heart, as to own that I enjoyed all this turbulence, as it tended to show the value of the high vauntings of Don Mantez, and I wished in every way possible to degrade him in the estimation of my sister, and the rest of the family.

"Jugurtha," said I, "oblige me by leaving off grinning. Pick up my father, and place him comfortably on the hen-coop. You need not mind the signora's scapulary; and I declare that the string of Honoria's beads is broken, and the deck is absolutely strewn with mementos of aves and paternosters. Never mind them, Jugurtha—never mind them, I say—this is not exactly the time to look after our religious duties. Merrily, merrily we are going astern! Mark you, my brave Jugurtha, how the masts groan and the yards bend; and I'll warrant you now the stays fore and aft are stretched more tightly than ever were Honoria's harp strings, and the blast is playing blithely upon them, a fitting accompaniment for the barbarian and brutish hubbub below. Is not all this, my Jugurtha, exceeding pleasant? But don't grin, my friend, enjoy it in the dark chambers of your heart, as I do." And thus, for a space, I vented my feelings, for I was carried away by a malicious, yet joyous spirit of mockery.

As I was thus venting my scorn, an English brig swept close by us, with her studding-sail gracefully extended aloft and alow by those winds that seemed hurrying us on to destruction. Beyond comparison smaller than ourselves, she appeared like a swan, proudly sailing past a huge lump of wood. Directly that she was abeam of us, a little fiery-faced, red-headed westcountryman, her master, jumped upon the quarter-deck bulwark, and hailed us through his huge trumpet in the following congratulatory manner.

"Ship, ho, hoiey! Yer Spanish lubbers, 'are yer going to h—ll starn foremost—ha yer never a man a board as is a man? Spaniards go for nothing;" and he and his gallant little craft passed by, rejoicing in the breeze. This taunt stung me to the quick.

"Jugurtha," I exclaimed, "his time is not yet come. Show yon islander, there are men on board."

At this instant the stupid Mantez was dragging himself up the poop ladder. I snatched the trumpet he still held from his hand, and pushing him indignantly aside, sprang to the break of the poop, and putting the instrument to my mouth, roared out in a voice, the loud resonance of which surprised even myself, "Silence, fore and aft! forward, Jugurtha, and see my orders obeyed. Take that handspike, and knock down the first man that hesitates."

The clamour subsided in a moment.

"The carpenter and his crew to the cabin, and ship the dead-lights—helm hard a-port—man the starboard-head braces—round with the head-yards. Vast there, haul over the jib-sheet to windward—a pull on the larboard main-brace—so—so—keep the main and mizen-topsails shivering. Jugurtha, knock that lazy Dane into the waist;—round she goes cheerly—let draw the head-sheets—man the larboard-head braces—let go, and haul—right the helm!"

And thus, in less than two minutes, the ship was again before the wind, and making her right course. It was a curious spectacle, that of the awe-struck crew, mutely obeying a commander who seemed to have sprung up as if by enchantment from the deck, and of the active and strong-armed Jugurtha, bounding here and there among them, pushing this man, striking that, and shoving a rope into the fist of a third: he was everywhere at the same time.

Nor did I pause till I saw every sail well trimmed, and every rope hauled taut, the decks carefully swept, and the ropes coiled down in a seaman-like manner. During all this, Don Mantez stood transfixed with astonishment, applying his handkerchief to his bleeding features. When I had arranged everything to my satisfaction, I walked up to the discomfited commander, and saluting him with my best bow, I returned to him his speaking trumpet, saying, "Captain Mantez, your ship being again under control, I resign to you the command that the necessity of the preservation of us all compelled me to take for so short a time."

The man uttered an oath, in the Spanish language of course, as all our conversation was now in that tongue, too terrible to be either translated or recorded, which ended with a threat, and the word mutiny, and then he slowly moved away to his private cabin.

"My brave boy!" said my father, shaking my hands heartily, "you are our safety."

"My glorious son!" said my mother. "May the blessed virgin convert him to the true faith!"

"My noble brother!" said Honoria, timidly, placing her arm about my waist. "How much I glory in—how much I love you! Why, dearest Ardent, are you so cold, so repulsive towards me? What fault have I committed against you? We are not, you will not even permit us to be friends—and yet my longing heart craves for a brother's love. Ardent, is not my right as strong as my desire?"

"Honoria, believe me that I love you deeply, profoundly; before I had ever seen you I nestled the idea I had of you in the hottest corner of my heart. I doated on your pretty letters—I burned with impatience to see you;—but we will talk of this no more—there has been a great, an awful mistake—my temper is often infirm to the very verge of insanity; but see, our friends Don Julien, and his sweet cousin, are waiting to spoil me, by making me the hero of the minute." And, indeed, with praises that they thought I deserved, they "fooled me up to the top of my bent."

After I had listened attentively to all that they had to say, I replied shortly and emphatically, that "I trusted the scene that they had just witnessed, would make upon them all the right impression."

These words they fully understood, and I was rejoiced to find that they made my father thoughtful, and my sister shudder.

For some weeks nothing of moment occurred. The many-nationed ship's company began to amalgamate into a more easily-governed whole, and the duty went on without many mistakes, and with no accidents. But, in our floating microcosm, our minds were not idle. Every day we grew more and more cool towards Mantez, till, at length, he totally withdrew himself from our table and our society. This estrangement was what I ardently desired, and had laboured with all my energies to effect. A loathing towards him began to be manifested by Honoria; even my quiet and dignified mother, who was formerly so much possessed in his favour, began to regard him with feelings but little short of contempt. This current of affairs at first distressed my father exceedingly. He had pledged his word to the marriage, and had even signed some papers that were referential to

the anticipated contract. When we met the self-styled don on the quarter-deck, he was either punctiliously and ridiculously formal, or ternly and silently arrogant to all our party; and, when we had just got into the warmer latitudes, there was as much hate, suspicion, and all manner of evil feelings in the after part of the ship, without reckoning the weight of the commander's displeasure, that might well bring us down by the stern in more senses than one.

During all these transactions my mind had recovered its moral health. I had schooled my heart to love my sister in all purity. I had disentangled the glorious and unknown being to whom I had vowed profane love in the cathedral, from the identity of my beautiful Honoria. Indeed, the remembrance of this scene was daily growing more faint. I grew domestic with my family, entered into all their little cares and pleasures, consulted with my father upon our prospective establishment at New Orleans, instructed my sister in the English language, and confirmed her in her detestation of Mantex; and, in order to make my dear and venerated mother happy, I permitted her and the priest to work at converting me one hour regularly before supper. To say that I grew with all a favourite would be employing language much too feeble. I was idolized; and my black man and my noble dog had their full share of these feelings that were gradually making me so happy.

It would seem that I have neglected the accomplished pair, who, like us, had cast their bread upon the waters. They drew into the felicitous bonds of our family circle; but they were far from happy. The mutual confidence between them seemed, if possible, on the increase, but in their bearing towards each other they were no longer impassioned—scarcely tender. Theirs was a heavy lot: the wealth that they could both command, and which was all embarked with them, was totally inadequate to procure them the accessories to the rank to which they were born, and the chance of Don Julien recovering his South American possessions seemed remote. But this was not the whole of the sources of their state of discomfort. They had lived together too familiarly as relations, and, at least, on the part of Isidora, her propinquity to her lover began to excite in her religious scruples,—a proof conclusive that she had ceased to love. I had observed their mutual deportment, but dreamt not of its cause until the light of the truth was let in upon me suddenly by the following discourse. It was on one of those delicious nights that are common to the latitudes of the trades, and which succeeds a day of hot sunshine. The ship was running full before the wind, whilst the moderate breeze distended every stitch of canvass. The impetus was so uniform that the bellying sails were all motionless—there was no fluttering among them. Everything was so still, that the ship seemed walking in her sleep, whilst the stars above us, from their apparent size and brilliancy, appeared as if they had approached nearer the ocean to gaze in joy upon the tranquil scene. It was a religious night,—a night that lifts up the soul from earthly things, and makes it exercise its immortal prerogative of attempting to scan the ways of the Eternal, to worship, and to adore.

As on this night I was leaning over the hammock rails of the waist-

netting, in that deep abstraction that turns melancholy into enjoyment, now watching the phosphorescent-lighted waves as they eddied past, now marking the glistening reflection of some monarch-star, as it was shivered into a thousand flashings in the water, and now speculating in the awful depths upon which we were so lightly borne, I felt some one near me, but the slight contact was not sufficient to rouse me from my selfish and solitary enjoyment; and it was not until a deep sigh made me turn and look up; and by the melancholy starlight I saw that my friend, Don Julien, was affected almost to tears. It was evident that he wished to converse with me, and quite as evident that he was embarrassed as to the manner in which he should commence the subject that was overburdening his heart. In order to relieve him, I commenced in the gentlest voice that I could assume—and who in such a scene could have spoken harshly?—by asking him, as it was now nearly midnight, why he had deserted, or not yet visited, his cot.

"My dear Ardent," was the mournful reply, "I might, in lieu of an answer, repeat your own question."

"I will answer it at once, and thus set you an example, that I did not think needful, of confidence. To say nothing about our cabins being something confined, and our hourly approach to that zone that is so emphatically termed torrid, making such confinement a little too overpowering, I found that my thoughts were assuming those terrific shapes that too generally herald in real misfortunes—and so—and so—I came to consult with the stars."

"Did you, indeed?" said my friend, a little excited; "and what did they say to you?"

"They have spoken peace to me."

"Ah well!" said he decidedly a little disappointed; "I thought you might have gathered some conclusion from these aspects; but I know it is all *fanfarade*."

"There is one conclusion that all but a fool or a philosopher can jump at—the stupendous, the unutterable—unutterable, did I say?—the utterly incomprehensible magnificence of their Creator:—but this, my dear Julien, is common-place."

"Granted; but a common-place that is made but too little common;—but why magnificence?"

"It is the only appropriate word. It not only conveys all that the human mind can conceive of power, but of splendour, of glory, also; and these attributes always involve those of beneficence and goodness."

"How does that follow, Ardent?"

"Such an awful Power, so far removed from the sentient beings that he has called into existence, might have been born to contemplate his power under the most hideous impressions of soul-harrowing terror. But see how his Almighty hand has clothed his creation in beauty,—kindly and paternally,—in beauty that increases as the mind grows capable of appreciating it. Look up, and behold. When you gaze upon these, in the trembling thrill that reaches your heart, though it partakes of a holy fear, there is not pain, but joy."

"Yes, it is a glorious dark sapphire arch, studded with living gems,

under which we are sailing ;—or do we move at all ? The ship is stationary, and it is the blue ripple that is stealing past us."

"A type, my dear friend, of time: we too seem stationary—we mark not our progress towards eternity, whilst hours, days, years, events, and catastrophes seem to fly by us; whilst, on the contrary, it is they that have been embedded, as it were, in our marble-paved path, and it is we who hurry past them to our graves."

"What mean you—are you a fatalist?"

"In some slight degree."

"How?"

"Do you not think that the sun will rise on the anniversary of to-morrow twenty years hence?—or, if on that day it should be the pleasure of the Supreme to extinguish it, my argument would be still the same; but whichever way the fact will be, the fact *would* be, whether I were living to witness it or not."

"Undoubtedly."

"Then you may understand in how far I am a fatalist. In the government of the world the Almighty has ordained the courses of all events. In the government of ourselves, as we use them profitably or unprofitably, so do we deserve, and were it not for his unbounded mercy, so shall we find reward or punishment at his hands."

"I think I comprehend you: but is it an event of God's ordaining, or of my own producing, that I shall marry, or that I shall not marry Isidora, my *very near relation*?"

"Ah! is that thought festering? The opportunity, the event seems in your power; use it to God's honour and the tranquillity of your own conscience. The question, O my friend, has opened up an almost healed wound in my bosom."

"I would not comprehend you if I could: and yet Isidora, *my* Isidora, has sighed forth some terrible yet dark hints,—yet," and he grasped my arm suddenly and compressed it even unto pain—"she *shall* marry me."

"Who doubts it?"

"I do—she does—the priest——"

"Ah! these priests! Do not tell me what the priest says, What says your own heart?"

"My heart will not be appealed to;—the matter has been fearfully brought before the tribunal of my own judgment. Do you believe in the doctrine of future rewards and punishments?"

"Most fixedly:—none but those who dread the punishment affect to deny the doctrine."

"And yet, do not despise me; for, really, till I examined my own deceitful heart, I considered that I was more religious than yourself. I was scrupulous as to observances, prayed often, and confessed regularly; but a fact, a little fact that came to my knowledge only during our short stay at Barcelona, has shaken my reliance on the Divine justice."

"I am profoundly sorry to hear it:—what is the fact?"

"You may never have heard of the good father Xavier? That man was a saint on earth; sinless, reproachless, humble before God, and meek before man; he was proud only before the oppressor, stern

only to the unrepenting sinner. This man, Ardent, preached the gospel; but he preached more in deeds than in words: of him it might be truly said, that if you demanded his coat, he gave you his cloak likewise. There was no guile in him: and his outward man seemed modelled upon the angelic beauty of his soul. Mind you, Ardent, he was no monk: he was the parish priest—no, the cowled fraternity avoided, and, I believe, hated him. He was in the prime of life,—now don't laugh, Troughton, at the homeliness of the horror,—but the alarm was given in his village that an animal in a rabid state—I might, to make my anecdote the more imposing, call it a wolf—but it was nothing more than a mongrel but powerful mastiff, had scoured the place, and was at that moment in the middle of the schoolroom of the district, dealing round inevitable death on the little innocents. He met men, strong men, men who had been soldiers, flying from the spot for *arms*. Frantic mothers, on the contrary, were clustering and shrieking round the door-way. Xavier waited not, hesitated not, his arms were always with him—magnanimity and righteousness,—he burst through the door-way. The little children clapped their hands, and shouted out with joy, 'We are safe!—here is our father!' and they were saved—all, all; for at the moment that the animal was springing at the throat of one of his infant flock, the good shepherd, the apostle, thrust his arm down the poisoned and blistered throat of the destroyer and strangled him. His arm was terribly lacerated;—the wounds were excised;—to please his beloved parishioners, they were even touched with the most sacred relics, but in spite of all—I cannot proceed, for he was my friend—" And Julien paused, and he concealed his forehead in his hand, and stooped over the hammock-netting.

"I know it," said I, using purposely the strongest terms that occurred to me, "he died miserably, horribly mad;—but death is common to us all, and the agonies of his dying hour sanctified to sublime righteousness his heroic act. Every throb of pain, as it ran like fire along his quivering nerves, was a merit—he was purifying himself for glory. It was an opportunity vouchsafed to him in paternal kindness, which I know was so valued by the suffering Xavier, that, in the worst moments of his torments, he would not have exchanged his feelings for the highest degree of mere *sublunary* bliss. In all this I see nothing like divine injustice."

"No, no," said he, a little discontentedly, "it was not that: there is not much difficulty in understanding that even no lesson of magnanimity can be learned without great sacrifices and great sufferings; but this is what puzzles me, my dear Ardent—had the good Xavier died by some easy death before he was bitten by this dog, would he not as assuredly have inherited eternal bliss as after undergoing all that is worst in apprehension and most dire in agony? You pause: then surely those sufferings were a work of supererogation, and, pardon me the impiety of the thought, but, in this instance, has not the balance of Eternal Justice trembled?"

"No; but we will, for the present, pass this by, and assuming that your hypothesis is true, what thence do you infer?"

"That man, to secure his temporal happiness, may sometimes commit a little wrong."

"Indeed: but if the moment that the wrong be committed the man should die, what then does he secure?"

"If he died in sin, damnation. It is an awful experiment:—I always contemplated repentance."

"Who does not?—at least, who that believes in the doctrine of future retribution? But to what point would you lead me?"

Don Julien was silent for some time, and at last, rousing himself as if by an effort, he exclaimed, "Do you not believe that the laws of morality, like those of the certain sciences, are fixed and unalterable?"

"As a rule of human conduct, no. We have no other rule of governance but the law of God, and the law of man founded in accordance with the divine law; and these, you well know, vary with circumstances. There was no guilt, no immorality in the anticipated murder by Abraham of his beloved son under the Jewish dispensation; then it was an act of the most pious devotion. I could accumulate upon you instances of this sort."

"Ardent, you have knocked from under me the only hope on which I rested. The immediate descendants of our first parents must have intermarried."

"Why this to me?" said I, suspiciously, and, I fear me, angrily.

For some time Don Julien made no reply. At last, trembling with emotion, and placing his hand heavily on my shoulders, he seemed to scan my face as if he were about to draw it: there was a strange medley in his countenance of fear, and sorrow, and anxiety, and yet even all this did not prepare me for the strange and sudden question that he put to me—"Could you love Isidora?"

"Could I stab my friend whilst he slept?"

Unconsciously we both turned from the spot where we had so long stood, and began pacing the deck side by side in silence. For myself, I seemed to stagger under the oppression of many thoughts; but the most miserable idea, the one that lay the heaviest upon my soul was, that my former folly was suspected, perhaps discovered, commented upon.

Whilst I was thus chewing the cud, not of sweet, but of "bitter fancies," we were joined by a very intelligent, grave, but silent companion. The cabin in which I slept was the foremost larboard one, directly under the break of the poop and opposite the wheel. I had left the door ajar, and my faithful Bounder, who generally took his nightly repose under my cot, thought proper to leave his lair, and pace the deck with Don Julien and myself. This he did with the true quarter-deck step, but instead of turning upon his heel, as we did, he made at the end of each course of the quarter-deck, a half circle round us, so that, walking aft, he was beside me, walking forward, beside my friend.

At length, after several of these perambulations, the sensible gravity of the dog aroused my friend from his reverie, and even called up a smile upon his features.

"Did Bounder ever before keep the first watch with you in this officer-like manner?"

"Never; and I am rather surprised at it."

"What omen is it? Tell me, you who served an apprenticeship so severe in a sign-persecuted ship."

Before I had time for my reply, the officer of the watch, who was the third mate, came over to our side of the deck, and respectfully, and very hesitatingly, endeavoured to make me understand, in bad Spanish, that it was the captain's positive orders that the dog should be excluded from the quarter-deck. Instead of replying to this monition, I turned to the Don, and said to him, "I have observed more bad omens attached to this vessel than ever terrified my poor friend Gavel, whose history you have so often made me repeat. Our friend here, with the tarpaulin hat, has just given us a very significant one." Then addressing him in English, I continued:—"You speak the Spanish very badly, and I perceive, by your accent, that you are an Englishman. What is your name?"

Upon hearing himself addressed in his native language, his features glowed up, in spite of their swarthy hue, into an expression of smiling and intense pleasure. "David Drinkwater, at your honour's service," said he, taking off his hat, and twirling it round over his knees with both his hands.

"And what situation, berth I should say, have you got in this hooker?"

"Third mate, for want of a better, sir."

"I want no better, David. Do you know, David, that I am the son of an Englishman, and English to the back bone—that this ship is my father's and mine, all but three-eighths, and that for this voyage she is ours entirely?"

"I have circumstanced as much, sir; and now that your honour says so, I am sure of it."

"Then, David, is it not hard that I may not have room enough on my own quarter-deck for my dog to walk beside me?"

"Deuced hard it seems, indeed, sir; but orders must be obeyed; and I take it, according to the custom of the sea sarvice, the captain has a right to make what regulations he likes, although, if so be he ben't the owner; though, for sartain, I have served on board as taut a man-of-war as ever rigged a grating, and I have seen dogs upon her quarter-deck, though they were always the skipper's own."

"Then you really think that, in virtue of his office, the captain is warranted in forbidding this fine animal from walking by my side."

"I know nothing about the vartue of the captain; but I do think he has a right to bar the dog from the quarter-deck, though all things considered, it is a d——d spiteful and shabby act, that I will say, as long as my name's David."

Having briefly explained the purport of this dictum to Don Julien, whose English was yet only in its bud, without making another remark, I led Bounder to my cabin, ordered him to lie down, and closed the door. When I returned to join my companion, I said to

him, "This Mantez will be soon in open hostility against us. You know, as well as myself, how completely he has estranged himself from the society of his passengers; so much so, that even Honoria has no longer the power to draw him into our cabin. Yet he will not resign his pretensions to her hand. That he should hate me, is but natural; for too much of insult and injury has passed between us to permit us to keep up even the semblance of cordiality. But why he should include my father, and you, and Isidora, in his almost ostentatious enmity, I am at a loss to know. Can you surmise his ulterior intentions, or do you know who he is?"

"He is the betrothed of your sister, for which I could joyfully cut his throat."

"Ah! say you so—give me your hand upon that. We will not cut his throat—but—but I will suffer mine to be severed to the backbone, before he shall marry Honoria; and yet—" I continued, sternly fixing my eye upon my friend, "I would not have *you* for her lover."

"So said Isidora; you would have, nor Mantez—nor myself—nor any other person living."

I turned suddenly upon my companion, my brow flushed with shame and anger, but, before the words of wrath had passed my lips, his quiet and unconscious countenance at once recalled me to a right sense of the dignity of my own innocence; but he had jarred upon the too recently knit-up string,—so, taking his hand affectionately, I commended him to the protection of his saints, wished him good-night, and retired to my cabin.

I slept that night as the remorseful sleep; and I arose the next day with the determination of devoting more of my time to Isidora, and less to my sister. I resolved to make it a day of observation, to scan to the uttermost the actions and the deportment of those around me, and thus endeavour to enter into the motives of their conduct, and penetrate their ultimate designs. I began, like a dutiful son, with my father. He, good, easy, candid man, was soon read. He passed most of his mornings in settling his books, arranging his future plans of operation, and in visiting the stronghold in the spirit-room, where his heavy and iron-bound boxes of doubloons and dollars were secured by a double door. He looked upon his voyage as an every-day occurrence, that would be speedily achieved; and, as to breaking the engagement with Mantez, he was perfectly ready to pay the penalty when demanded, rather than cause the least shadow of uneasiness to a daughter he loved so much. This also, he looked upon merely as a mercantile contract, the penalty for the infraction of which he was well able, and equally willing, to pay. He saw nothing to give him uneasiness but the slow progress of the vessel; and in the altered demeanour of Mantez, than that, disappointed lovers have a right to give themselves a few airs.

My good and stately mother was only anxious about three things, the getting through the weary and listless day, the not being thrown into any attitude or accident, especially when on deck, by the evolutions of the ship, unbecoming the dignity of a Spanish matron, and my conversion from the paths of heresy. Honoria, the playful and the

beautiful, was never one moment unoccupied, or one moment unhappy. Her music, her singing, her English lessons, teaching Jugurtha to talk with his fingers, teasing me, and quizzing her former lover, who pretended to love her still, employed her the live long day. She repeatedly assured me, that now she had my affection, she was completely happy. She saw no cloud on the horizon of her fate; and truly she deserved to be overshadowed by none. When she walked the deck, she seemed to bring blessings to the crew—though none dared approach her, yet all came to gaze upon her. It was as if she were the pledge of their safety; they prophesied that neither storm nor accident would assail them whilst she remained on board; and if one of them, by any pretence, could pass so near her as to be distinguished by one of her heavenly smiles, and she had a smile for all, the man would feel his bosom lighter, and his brow would be carried more loftily for the rest of the day. Some of the more enthusiastic seamen of the south, had burnt in her name with gunpowder on their arms, and were in the habit of strengthening their asseverations, swearing by the beauty of Honoria. Had she known her power, she might have been omnipotent, and have carried the vessel into any part of the world—that had water enough.

And Jugurtha—the dark amiability had all of happiness of which his nature was capable. He was our personal attendant, and Honoria's especial favourite. His mouth had been always extensive; but his continual grin of pleasure had still more expanded that remarkable orifice, so that there was nothing left between its corners and his ears but room for one curved wrinkle, that expressed mirth in the plainest short-hand imaginable. At the same time, his teeth grew white, and seemed larger—his eyes became smaller and more twinkling, and the jet of his complexion more glossy. He was a man so much altered, that even Mantez could sometimes pass him without exciting his demoniac scowl. His constant attendance in the cabin left him but little time to cultivate acquaintance among the crew; but, as far as he was known to them, he was generally liked.

(To be continued.)

LETTERS TO BROTHER JOHN.¹—No. VIII.

Whitechapel Churchyard,
September 15th, 1836.

Γράφει σπασμωδ.

MY DEAR JOHN,

THERE is a condition of the body in which no actual disease—at least, no denominated disease, can be said to exist, and yet in which the whole of the living actions are deteriorated—in which no one individual organ can be pointed out as the seat of disorder; but in which all the organs perform their offices in an irregular and unhealthy manner, and that without any evident assignable cause. No part of the machine goes right. In the morning, instead of waking refreshed with new vigour, and ready at once to enter with alacrity on the business of the day, the patient is oppressed with a painful drowsiness which he finds it almost impossible to shake off. When he has at length dragged himself out of bed, he moves about with a feeling of weariness greater than he felt when he went to rest. Tired, languid, and lazy, he feels as though he could almost give half he is worth for one hour more of sleep. His tongue and mouth are either parched like the surface of dry toast, or foul, clammy, and exceedingly disagreeable to himself. He is unable to eat any breakfast, but is glad of a cup of tea or coffee to cleanse his mouth and throat; but this he has no sooner swallowed than he begins to be annoyed with acid eructations, and perhaps sickness. In an hour or two he feels better, and gradually improves till dinner time. At dinner his appetite is capricious—sometimes he can eat heartily, at others scarcely at all. First, he finds one article of food disagrees with him, then another, until, at last, there is scarcely any one article of diet which he dare take. After dinner lassitude and drowsiness again attack him, and he falls asleep, or sits gaping in his chair till tea-time, unless imperative necessity compel him to action. After tea he again feels better—and indeed from tea to eleven or twelve o'clock is the only time in which he can be said to be himself. His nights are past either in a deep and dreamless sleep, or more properly stupor; or else he is restless and watchful, and has his short snatches of sleep perturbed by frightful dreams and the hideous nightmare. After slight exertion he feels disproportionate fatigue, and after a slight meal he feels as though he had eaten too much. There is a constant sense of *want and sinking*, or faintness, about the region of the stomach, which frequently induces him to take a glass of wine or spirit, and the sudden but delusive and temporary relief which he experiences from this is, I believe, one of the most frequent incentives to habitual dram-drinking. This is another of the fatal effects often resulting from too implicit a reliance on *experience*. He is almost ashamed to consult a medical man, for he scarcely knows of what to complain—he accuses himself of laziness—he drenches himself with physic—he is some-

¹ Continued from p. 41.

times inclined to believe that it is all fancy, and he determines to fight against it, and to eat and drink like other people, and think no more about it. It is generally in the evening, when he feels a great deal better, that he takes this doughty resolution. But it will not do. The morning comes, and, with it, the feverish tongue, the lethargic drowsiness, the weary limb, the languid spirit, and lassitude and listlessness which make his life literally burthensome. He is, indeed, in a miserable condition. Food does not strengthen him—sleep does not refresh him—mirth does not cheer him—society has no charms for him—pleasure no allurements—for him everything seems to have lost its interest. He can think of nothing but himself—his own wretched feelings are perpetually soliciting his attention, and forcibly abstracting his mind from every other contemplation. Like the owl, he mopes all day, and is only aroused into active existence at night—and even then, should he dare to suffer himself to be tempted to indulge in a glass of wine or slight supper with his friends, he is haunted the whole time, and his comfort poisoned, by the dread of additional suffering to be endured in the morning.

He becomes hipped, nervous, melancholy, desponding. If his friends are not perpetually sympathising with him, he fancies they have no regard for him. If they are merry, he fancies they are exulting over him. He feels every smile as a personal cruelty, and the voice of mirth rings in his ear like the voice of the death-bell. His friends appear to have forsaken him—the whole world seems leagued against him to oppress him—Heaven itself seems to neglect him. Thus forsaken and neglected on all hands, his fancy represents him as an outcast from society—he imagines himself alone in the world, unpitied, friendless, and hopeless. He feels that the weight of his fancied wretchedness is more than he can bear, and he finally welcomes suicide as the only possible relief from an intolerable load of imaginary oppression. There are two other states of the mind produced by this unhappy condition of body, which are very singular. The one is a sense of dread and terror, as though the patient had committed some great crime. The other is an unaccountable and almost irresistible desire to do something horrible and wicked. I have seen numerous instances of these states of the mind manifestly depending solely upon the condition of the body I have just attempted to describe. Of the latter—an irresistible longing to do something wicked—two cases occurred to me lately. A tailor awoke his wife at midnight in great terror, and earnestly besought her to get up and put out the night-light, otherwise, he said, he felt that he must set fire to the house. He had been lying awake, he said, looking at it for the last two hours, and had restrained himself with the utmost difficulty from using it to fire the house. The feeling had gradually been growing stronger and stronger, until he felt it had become irresistible.

In the other case, a girl about seventeen years of age was drinking her tea before the fire. There was a large looking-glass over the mantel-shelf. Suddenly she exclaimed, in a frightened tone of voice, "O mother! mother! for God's sake take the cup and saucer out of my hand." She did so, and asked what was the matter. The girl drew a deep breath, and said, "She did not know; but all at once

she felt that if the cup and saucer were not taken from her, she *must* have thrown them at the looking-glass over the mantel-shelf." She dared not, for weeks afterward, look at that glass, while she had anything in her hand. Both patients were in a very ill state of health.

I have no doubt that many of the extraordinary cases of shop-lifting, of which we hear, result from the same physical causes—a desire to do something wicked, without object or motive of any kind, depending solely on a morbid condition of the health, and entirely unconnected with moral depravity.

These are the characteristics of that bane of artificial life, commonly called indigestion. The whole of these symptoms may not always be present at one time, nor do they always exist with the same degree of intensity. But they are, more or fewer of them, and in a greater or less degree, its unfailing characteristics. And there are few persons, excepting those who earn their livelihood by bodily labour, who do not occasionally fall into this condition to a greater or less extent—and not a few have their whole lives embittered by it.

Now this, my dear John, is that condition of body to avoid or to remedy which is the object of all dietetic rules. For if you become affected with any distinct disease, as fever, cough, pain, &c. &c. the best and only advice I have to give you is this:—"Go at once and put yourself under the care of that medical man—not he who wears the smartest coat, drives the smartest equipage, and trims his whiskers after the smartest fashion; nor of him who smiles with the sweetest grace, speaks in the kindest tone, has the whitest hand, and the softest voice;—but of him whose general conversation bespeaks him a man of talent, a scholar, and not a coxcomb, but a gentleman." In *choosing* a medical man, and in endeavouring to satisfy yourself as to his talent, you should not question him on matters connected with his own profession, because here you are no judge—you have no means of knowing whether he answers you wisely or foolishly—but talk to him on matters of general learning and philosophy—on subjects with which you are *yourself* acquainted. You will thus easily fathom the depth of his understanding, and you may be quite sure, if he shows that he possesses a mind capable of reasoning on the principles of science in general, that he cannot be ignorant of that particular science which he has made his especial study. For the practice of medicine is *not an art*, but a *science*. It cannot be learned by rule or by rote, as bricklayers learn to lay bricks, or a tallow-chandler to make candles. In the treatment of almost every disease there is much to which no rule will apply, and the correct or incorrect management of which must entirely depend upon the philosophical powers, and general reasoning capabilities, of the mind of the practitioner who has the treatment of the case under his care.

But in that state of the body—that generally enfeebled condition of health of which I have been speaking—every man must be his own physician; for its cure or prevention must depend upon the will of the sufferer—upon the manner and habits of his life, which, in most instances, he may regulate—at all events modify—as he pleases.

Now let us inquire as to what is the actual state of parts—the actual condition of the solids and fluids of the body—in these distress-

ing circumstances of the health. I believe it to consist in sanguineous congestion in the ultimate tissue of all the organs concerned in the nutrition of the body.

Everything tends to prove that man was destined to lead a life of bodily action;—his formation—his physical structure *generally*, and that of his joints *particularly*—his great capacity of speed and laborious exertion—the divine injunction that he “shall live by the sweat” (not, mark you, of his brain,) but “of his brow”—the circumstances under which he first appears upon the earth—the bodily imbecility and enfeebled health invariably consequent upon a sedentary life,—all go to prove that he was destined to lead a life of physical activity. But the circulation of the blood, by which all the actions concerned in nutrition are effected, is carried on with an increased rapidity under bodily exertion. If, therefore, a state of physical activity be natural and proper to man, so must that rapid condition of the blood’s circulation be natural and proper also; because the one is a natural consequence of the other. From this it follows, that the degree of velocity and vigour with which the blood flows through the body during inaction, is præternaturally diminished. One of the essential means destined to propel it has been withdrawn, and a too languid circulation is a necessary result. But, as during that increased rapidity of circulation consequent on exertion, there is also an increased secretion and excretion of perspiration and pulmonary halitus, so, when the circulation is languid, these are deficient. And as these are separated from the blood, so, when they fail to be separated, the greater must be the volume of blood remaining. Thus, one of the principal natural means for reducing the blood’s volume being removed, there must be accumulation somewhere; and as the larger arteries are not permanently dilatable, while the veins and capillary arteries are so, this accumulation or congestion must take place in the veins and capillary or hair-like arteries.

The blood is propelled through the ultimate tissue chiefly by the power of the heart and large arteries, acting upon the blood, as it were, from behind. When the power of these, therefore, is but feebly exerted, it is manifest that the blood will not be driven through the ultimate tissue with the requisite degree of velocity. Under these circumstances, the blood creeps sluggishly, and, as it were, lazily along the minute vessels composing the elementary tissue; they become gorged, and this engorgement operates as a still further impediment to the free flow of the blood.

But there is another most important evil resulting from this semi-stagnation of blood in the ultimate tissue. Arterial blood, when not moving with the due degree of velocity, becomes deteriorated in its properties. For if you enclose a living artery between two ligatures, the blood so insulated, assumes the black colour, and other properties of venous blood.

The blood, therefore, when not circulated with sufficient energy through the ultimate tissue, becomes deteriorated in quality—and this, too, precisely where it is of the utmost importance that it should be of the very highest degree of purity. For, as you now know, it is in the ultimate tissue of our organs that all those operations are effected on the blood on which the nutrition of the body depends. The blood.

when the circulation is driven on with a due degree of healthy vigour, maintains its vermilion hue and arterial character, not only as far as the extremities of the hair-like arteries, but even for some way along the beginnings of the veins. But when the propelling power from behind—that is, the power of the heart and larger arteries—is not sufficiently energetic, the circulation through the elementary tissue is so slow, that the blood loses its vermilion hue and arterial characteristics before it has reached the extremities of the hair-like arteries, and thus that part of the tissue which ought to be filled with *arterial* blood, is gorged only with *venous* blood, from which the proper secretions necessary to the nutrition of the body cannot be separated either in due abundance or of healthy quality. All that blood which, under exertion, is driven to the surface of the body, to the skin, to the muscles, and along the superficial veins, is, during inaction, sleeping and creeping, in muddy and sluggish currents, along the tortuous and delicate vessels composing the ultimate tissue of the internal organs—impeding their action, distending their coats, and oppressing their sensibility.

The whole circulating system may be divided into three portions—the heart and large arteries, whose office is merely to convey the blood to the elementary tissue—the elementary tissue itself—and the large veins whose office is merely to convey the blood back to the heart. Now, the principal force by which the blood is propelled from the heart through the whole of these three portions of the system back to the heart again, is the contractile power of the heart and large arteries. When, therefore, this power of the heart and large arteries is feebly exerted, as during inaction, although it is sufficiently strong to carry the blood to the ultimate tissue, it is nevertheless not strong enough to carry it *through* it—at least, not to carry it *through* with the same rapidity with which it is brought *to* it. The result is evident—the ultimate tissue being thus filled faster than it is emptied, there must accrue accumulation, that is, congestion in the delicate and most important vessels which compose this tissue—and also in the larger veins, whose office it is to convey the blood from this tissue to the heart. For if the propelling power of the heart and larger arteries be but feebly exerted *within* the tissue itself, it must be still more feebly exerted on vessels which are situated *beyond* it, and therefore farther removed from the propelling force.

One of the chief conditions of the body, therefore, in that general ill state of health usually denominated indigestion or dyspepsia, is congestion of blood in the ultimate tissue of our organs—the brain, the lungs, the spinal marrow, the stomach, the ganglionic system, the liver, bowels, &c. &c.—all the organs concerned in the nutrition of the body. There is congestion of the brain. The veins of this organ do not carry away the black deteriorated blood with sufficient expedition—they (the veins) become distended, and thus, occupying more room than they ought to do, exert a very considerable degree of pressure upon the surrounding parts—the origin of nerves, &c. But besides the great evil resulting from this general pressure on and within the brain, there is another evil produced, by the accumulation of venous blood in the brain, equally important. For it is a well-ascer-

tained fact, that this black venous blood has a direct influence in diminishing contractility and sensibility—it is even capable of utterly destroying them. It is at open war with life—it exercises a destructive and paralyzing influence on the living powers, and wherever it accumulates, poisons the life of the part. Comparing the human machine to a watch, and contractility and sensibility to the elasticity of the main-spring, upon which the motions of the watch depend, then I say venous blood has a positive and direct influence in weakening this elasticity. And the several actions constituting life, are injured by congestion of venous blood, as the movements of a watch would be injured by any cause which weakened the elasticity of its main-spring. The watch would lose time—its movements would be too feeble—it would go *too slow*. So with the human machine—its actions are enfeebled—its nutrition is feebly and imperfectly performed—it goes *too slow*. The indication of time is the final cause of the movement of the watch, and the nutrition of the body is the final cause of the nutritive actions. Both these final causes depend upon the healthy existence of the first cause—the elasticity of the main-spring in the watch, and contractility and sensibility in the body. It is manifest, therefore, that whatever weakens the energy of the first cause must have a direct tendency to interfere with and prevent the fulfilment of the final cause—that is, in the human machine, the nutrition of the body. It is this destructive influence of venous blood on the life of our organs, which has caused me purposely to speak of it with so much bitterness, whenever I have had occasion to mention it. I did so in order that your mind might be thoroughly impressed with a sense of the great and necessary distinction to be drawn between venous and arterial blood. It is difficult to make this impression on the mind of a person not conversant with physiology. Both fluids go by the general name of *blood*, and this increases the difficulty, weakens the distinction, and produces confusion in the mind. It seems difficult to be understood how *blood* can, at once, be the support of life, and yet destructive to it. Blood is blood, and people generally are not aware that there are two sorts of blood in the body. Blood is blood: true—but *arterial* blood is not *venous* blood; and there is not more difference between champagne and ditch-water, than between these two kinds of blood:—one nourishes the body, the other poisons it.

One of the most common symptoms of the disordered condition of the body now under consideration is the appearance of small, black, irregularly-shaped specks, resembling little pieces of broken cobweb, floating before the eyes. This arises from congestion of venous blood in and about the nerve of vision—the optic nerve. This nerve is compressed by the gorged veins entering into its own structure, and also of the veins immediately surrounding it. The energies of this nerve are partially paralysed by the debilitating and devitalizing influence of the venous blood which has accumulated within and around it. This nerve, too, like every other part of the body, is in a state of perpetual disorganization and reparation. The disorganization goes on as usual, but the reparation, that is, its nutrition, does NOT go on as usual: its nutrition is imperfectly performed. The capillary arteries entering into the structure of its elementary tissue, are filled with a

blood from which the nutritious particles necessary to repair the waste which it perpetually undergoes, cannot be separated in sufficient abundance. Its structure, therefore, becomes flaccid, and its energies consequently enfeebled. If this state of the nerve go on increasing, if these little black specks go on multiplying and increasing in size until they form but one black speck, that is, complete darkness, you then have, at once, the disease called amaurosis; that is, blindness, resulting from palsy of the optic nerve.

Imperfect hearing and ringing in the ears are also very common symptoms in indigestion. These arise from a condition of the nerves of hearing—the auditory nerves—similar to that which I have just described as incidental to the nerve of vision. All the nerves of the body, with the questionable exception of one, arise from the brain and spinal marrow, and all are liable to be thus injuriously affected by venous congestion in the elementary tissue of these two organs. It is to this condition of the nervous system that are to be attributed all those oppressive feelings of lassitude, ennui, mental imbecility, &c., so prominently characteristic of the hypochondriacal dyspeptic.

Then we have, too, congestion in the lungs, interfering with those important changes which should be effected on the blood in *those viscera*.

Then we have congestion in the stomach. In this viscus the food is destined to undergo the first important change towards final assimilation—that is, nutrition. This change is effected by admixture with the gastric juice. The gastric juice is secreted; that is, separated from the blood, that is formed or manufactured, as it were, by the arteries entering into the composition of the elementary structure of that organ. But in order that this juice may be secreted in sufficient quantity, it is necessary that the elementary tissue of its blood-vessels should be plentifully supplied with *pure arterial blood*, whereas, in congestion, this tissue, as I have before shown, is gorged with venous blood. The necessary quantity of gastric juice, therefore, cannot be formed; and that portion which is secreted is not of healthy quality. The direct result of all this is, that the very first necessary change which should be wrought upon the food, in order that it may nourish our bodies, is very imperfectly effected; the chyme is of unsound quality. The next result is this:—the chyme, by admixture with certain other juices which it meets with in the bowels, is destined to become *chyle*. But the chyme, being of vicious quality, the chyle which is formed from it must be also vicious; at all events, it must be deficient in quantity. Certainly, it is impossible to suppose that as much perfect chyle can be elaborated out of bad chyme as out of good. You might as well hope to make as much good butter out of bad cream, or out of cream and water, as out of pure cream. The chyle, therefore, is deficient in quantity. But it is this chyle which is destined to become blood. The chyle, therefore, being deficient, the blood resulting from it must also be deficient. But the blood is, in fact, as I have shown you before, the *real food* on which the body feeds, by which it is nourished and its strength supported, and this food being scantily supplied, the strength, of course, is but ill-supported.

I have said that the chyme is converted into chyle by admixture with certain juices with which it meets in the bowels. But the same causes which we have seen producing a deficiency of gastric juice produce also a deficiency in those juices by commixture with which the chyme is converted into chyle. Here, then, is another cause which tends to diminish the quantity of chyle; and, therefore, blood, and, therefore, nourishment, which we ought to derive from our food.

But there is yet another mischievous result accruing from a congested condition of the stomach and bowels, besides that of *deficient* and unhealthy gastric juice. In that condition of the health which I am endeavouring to describe, the stomach and bowels actually secrete AIR. It is a thoroughly-established fact, that *air, wind, flatus*, is actually formed from the blood, and poured into the stomach and bowels by those arteries which ought to form only gastric juice. Now this wind not only does *no good* in the stomach and bowels, but it does a vast deal of harm. For besides the evil effects which it produces by its *pernicious qualities*, it violently distends these organs, stretching, and separating, and thus greatly weakening and destroying the firmness and compactness of their ultimate tissue.

To give you a still further and clearer idea of the manner in which the secretions of the body may be *altered in their quality* as well as diminished in quantity, I have only to direct your attention to a *foul tongue*. Look at the tongue of a sick man: instead of being bathed in the natural, pellucid, and fluid secretion of the mouth, saliva, it is covered with a thick, and filthy, and pasty fur, which is actually *solid*. Is it possible to conceive that the offices intended to be fulfilled by the saliva can be properly effected, or effected at all, by the nasty, pasty filth which you behold in this mouth *instead of saliva*? This filth is secreted from the blood and poured into the mouth by those arteries which ought to secrete only that thin, clear, pellucid fluid, called saliva. Now this is an example of vitiated secretion which you can *actually see*, and which cannot, therefore, be doubted or questioned. Can you have any difficulty in believing that the other secretions of the body, which are all formed from the blood, may, in like manner, be equally altered and vitiated? Can you, moreover, have any difficulty in believing that the body must, of *necessity*, be badly nourished in this state of the secretions, seeing that it is by the agency of these very secretions that our food is converted into blood, *which blood* is the *sole source* from which our bodies derive nutrition and support?

I have now described to you what I believe to be the actual condition of the body in that sickly state of the health usually denominated indigestion; a condition from which few persons in the upper and middling ranks of life are wholly and perfectly free. In my next letter, I shall endeavour to point out the causes of this malady, and the best manner of avoiding and remedying it.

I am,

My dear John,

Yours very faithfully,

E. JOHNSON.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED TRAGEDY, CALLED "SPARTACUS,
THE ROMAN GLADIATOR."

BY JACOB JONES, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "THE ANGLO-POLISH HARP," "LONGINUS, A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS," &c. &c.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

(*Training Arena of Batiatus at Capua. B. and friends overlooking the exercises of several pairs of Gladiators; shortly they come up to Spartacus and his Antagonist.*)

Bat. What ails this Thracian dog he parries thus?
Taking no pains to shield him from the blows;
Too lazy, on my soul, to make defence!
Purposely inexpert; to spite my school,
And, sirs! disgrace his tutor, by his end. (*To Friends.*)
How, sirrah! did I buy you, think you, slave! (*To Spar.*)
To sell you at a loss? or risk my fame
For turning out the keenest at the sword,
By letting loose a runagate like you,
To yield, and die, amidst the scoffs of Rome?

Spar. No!

Bat. No? 'tis gruffly answer'd, saucy clown!
Not this the first time he has shown his teeth;
The cur knows how to growl—and nothing more.

Friend. Beat him with clubs.

2nd Friend. His eye is scowling still.

Bat. Call us the keepers, bid them bring the thongs.

Enter a Numidian Attendant.

Att. The feast is spread, the guests besiege the board,
And chide us you are absent.

Bat. Boy, I come. [*Exit Att.*]
Your tablets, sirs! to-morrow he be scourg'd.

Friend. Our fault it shall not be we lose the sport.

[*Exeunt; Friend writing on tablets.*]

Spar. Scourg'd! scourg'd to-morrow! when the morrow dawns
This once free manhood brook the accursed scourge,
My gods desert me! every sinew crack!
And present degradation grow ninefold
To make a reptile of me!

(*The Gladiators gather round Spartacus.*)

Crixus. By the fiends!
To-morrow—ay, I prophecy, to-night,
When they are brave with wine.

Spar. No, Crixus! no—
Scourg'd! no, not scourg'd!—a Thracian feel the scourge!
Who keep the gates? What hinders us? To-night! (*Rapidly.*)
The hope is not a new one, but the chance,
For it is Batiatus' birth-day, slaves!
And so, according to the custom here,
Our keepers must carouse as deep as he.

Cris. Inimitably thought !

(*More Gladiators come up from within.*)

Spar. How say ye, slaves? (*Tauntingly.*)
 Shall freeborn men—shall we—unsoil'd with guilt,
 No felons, but unfortunate in war,
 Captives, not criminals, be treated thus?
 Pamper'd for slaughter like the very beasts ;
 And scourg'd by every vagabond of Rome
 Whose valour's in his gold, to bargain hard,
 And traffic in our flesh—in human flesh !—
 The flesh of trueborn men, which they are not ;
 Of men, if we could meet them in the field,
 The dastards, they would grovel at our feet,
 Be trod upon, and bellow for their lives—
 No, brothers ! no.

Glads. We're ready, lead us on !

Spar. Tarry the hour—the juice will play its part,
 And roar and riot give the signal,

Glads. Soon !

Cris. Your Egypt-bondage could degrade no more
 Than this, your Roman, subject to the scourge !

Spar. Degrade no more? Exact? not half so much !
 It heap'd not on the bondsman murderous risks ;
 Against his fellow man it match'd him not,
 His friend that might be, or his kinsman dear ;
 It pair'd him not for pastime to a moh,
 That brutal gazers, and the scum of Rome
 Might diet on his pangs——

Glads. And bets go round
 The grinning amphitheatre.

Cris. Good sooth ! (*Sneeringly.*)
 Here a half Roman squabbling with a Moor ;
 Some thick-lipp'd freedman staking talent there ;
 While puff'd patricians give and take the odds,
 And turn their thumbs* vindictive for their loss.

Spar. Already are we doom'd to risk our lives ;
 For that sole venture train'd, strengthen'd, and fed,
 Allow'd to live that we may sport in death,
 Dealing or having as the risk ordains ;
 An even risk ; no odds to bribe success.
 Why, men ! it were the lesser risk, by half,
 These rascal-money scrapers o'er their lees,
 To level our mock weapons at their heads,
 And cudgel us an exit from our den.

Glads. Agreed, agreed !

Enter Camilla.

Spar. My bonny girl of Thrace !
 How fares my wife ?

Cam. I heard the cry " agreed !"
 What is agreed ? and wherefore in your eyes
 Dances an exultation, since our thrall,
 Never I noted yet ?

Spar. Your dagger, girl !

* " Pollicem Vertere," to bend back the thumb, was the signal to the victor not to spare his prostrate antagonist.

Cam. Ha?

Spar. I have need on't.

Cam. Need! what is your need?

Can your need equal mine to hoard it here, (*Touching her bosom.*)

Secret and sure, in this audacious clime,
Ever to guard your Thracian love from harm,
The chaste wife of her soldier to the death?

Spar. The soldier's back to-morrow tastes the scourge!

Cam. The scourge! the scourge!—Take, take it, clutch it fast!
You have the direr need, 'tis yours. O knife!

Keep thou my hero undisgraced—a man!
And master of himself! The scourge! No, no,
My Spartacus shall never brook the scourge.

Spar. By Styx, I swear! (*Kissing the blade.*)

Crix. How goes the feast within?

Cam. They revel in your groans, and coin your blood
To buy them banquets of the East; for shame!
I blush for ye, unarmed as ye are,
Ye gripe them not by th' throat, and go your ways,
Free and unharness'd, ne'er to dread the scourge!

Spar. 'Twas so agreed, we gripe them by the throat.

Cam. Worthy my husband! worthy of ye all!
When is it?

Spar. Now!

Cam. Now, is a blessed sound:
I fear'd procrastination was the theme.

(*Sounds of rioting and revelry from within.*)

Now is the fortunate conjuncture; now,
The prophet-spirit seizes me, and, lo!
The God, the God descends upon my breast!
Rise, all! rise, now! the hour is ripe—arm, arm!

(*Sounds renewed More. Glads. come up.*)

Spar. Muster the wards. (*Some go off.*)

Crix. Throughout!

Cam. One sultry noon,

When Spartacus, for sale, was dragged to Rome, (*With bitter emphasis.*)
I watch'd him as he slept, and, strange to view,
A serpent, harmless, wreathed around his face,
Then slid away, and nowhere could be found.
Straight, with my gift of divination mov'd,
My lips unclos'd, and thus the omen hail'd,—
“A future greatness, Spartacus! is thine;
A formidable rise,—a bright career,—
A hero's end, and fame for evermore.”

That greatness is fulfilling, see, they crowd,
Promiscuous arm'd :—lead on, and force the gates!
Glads. On! on!

Spar. Yon swillers, at our cost, have sworn,
To-morrow they will scourge us; ere they drank,
In sober earnest they have written it down.

Cam. Come on for liberty! revenge!

Spar. And fame!

An open space, near the Encampment.

(*Enter Spartacus, Castus and Cannicius dogging him at a distance.*)

Spar. There is a vein of nature in my breast,
An instinct foreign from inflicting that

Which once myself was doom'd to undergo :
 For that was I encag'd, and train'd, and fed,
 Mark'd, gaz'd at, sold, you Romans ! all but scourg'd !
 Away, false traitors to my just revenge !
 Weak scruples ! lend an ear, I'll ring your knell,
 In doleful sounds of ignominies past,
 Of tortures exquisite, and racks in store,
 If unrepentant Rome can have her will,
 And strike her harpy talons in our flesh. (*Muses.*)

Cam. What is his scope ? (*Aside.*)

Cas. I trust, the seven hills ! (*Pointing.*)

Spar. The manes of our dead in battle slain,
 Demand,—we grant it : and the tombless ghosts,
 Who, reckless, haunt that charnel-house of Rome,
 The fatal circus, drench'd with human gore,
 Lifting eternal wail upon its walls,
 Shriek out, " A hecatomb ! " The hour is ripe !
 Ye shall not shriek in vain, untimely shades !
 Come round, come all, 'tis Spartacus invites,
 And bids ye to a banqueting of blood.

(*A dead march. Spartacus listens.*)

Cam. The dirge begins.

(*Aside.*)

Cas. And he is rapt to hear.

(*Enter Crius. Castus and Cannicius conceal themselves*)

Crius. The funeral pyre is strewn ; the brands are lit ;
 Our fellow-soldier, rest his shade in peace,
 Laid, like a warrior vanquishing in death ; (*Pointing.*)
 The general voice requires you at the tomb.

Spar. I had been there already, but a strife
 Was waging in me, or to grant or not,
 This proposition of the soldiery ;
 And, in remembrance of our ancient wrongs ;
 The wrongs of human kind, beyond our own ;
 For dread retaliation on their heads
 Who dare to treat the captive as they dare,
 Choosing his life a plaything for their sport ;
 To pair our Roman prisoners, and compel,
 In honour of the dead, a show, 'tis call'd,
 A gladiator's show of slaughterous deeds.

Crius. They clamour at the pyre—" The show ! the show ! "

Spar. Pick them a hundred couple, and the pile,
 When it is fir'd, be signal to commence.

Crius. You will along ?

Cas. (*From his concealment.*) A hundred couple ? all !

My ghost shall dog you if a soul survive ;
 Victor on victor, 'till not one's alive !

Spar. Heard'st thou ?

Crius. 'Tis strange !

Spar. And fearful : let us hence :

The mystic verse has warn'd me to appear :
 Ye manes, be appeas'd ! your cry is heard,
 And Spartacus will execute your will !

CLEVELAND.

To the great amazement and perplexity of the good denizens of * * * * Street, the banking-house of the well-known and much trusted firm of York and Lovell remained unopened one summer's morning after every clock in the neighbourhood had duly announced the completion of the tenth hour.

Obeying the popular law in such cases made and provided, all the gossips, male and female, forthwith became busy in assigning causes for this most strange and unprecedented occurrence; and their ingenuity in imagining—as is also usual in such cases—was so much greater than their correctness in judging, that, among them, they contrived to assign almost every possible cause but the right one.

The death of one of the partners—the elopement of one of the partner's wives with a juvenile ensign of the Guards—and that of the confidential clerk with the contents of the strong-box—were among the most favoured of these veridical rumours: some of the more sentimental persons spicing up the whole with a sanguinary combat between the husband and the paramour in one case, and with the death of the felon clerk by the hand of his injured and indignant employer in the other.

When eleven o'clock at length arrived, and the doors of the banking-house still remained fast closed, the persons who by that time had arrived to present divers cheques for sundry sums of money, began to wax wroth and impatient; and the mere rumours of uninterested gossips were sternly silenced by the more matter-of-fact clamour of alarmed and anxious men of business. One of these latter, to whom, in all probability, the sum for which he held a cheque upon the house was of all but vital importance, at length made his way to the private door, and knocked thereat with the irate dignity proper to a man who knows that he has a just demand, but is considerably more than half convinced that he shall only make it in vain.

The answer this person received but too completely confirmed the worst anticipations of his fellow-sufferers and himself. The door was opened by a stranger—a rough, squalid, “unkempt, unshorn,” and peculiarly bailiff-looking worthy—who, having barely given time for a very brief inquiry, coolly replied that the bank had “stopped,” and then, quite as coolly, shut the door in the inquirer's face.

If this answer was somewhat of the least satisfactory in substance, and gentle in manner, it was, however, abundantly intelligible. The assemblage, which by this time had rendered the *pavé* absolutely impassable, dispersed with blank looks, and much grumbling; and the gathering together of any new crowd of claimants was judiciously prevented by an announcement which was forthwith pasted on the doors, to the effect that Messrs. York and Lovell deeply regretted to state that they were under the painful necessity of suspending their payments.

Perhaps I am particular in my notions on this subject. But, at all events, it is sufficiently clear to even my rather obtuse comprehension that, whether they do so correctly or otherwise, bankers *do* break now and then; and that in so efficient a style, as to leave their customers as poor as Job, though anything but Job-like in patience.

But though the frangible nature of banks and bankers must have been as well known to the unfortunate customers of York and Lovell, at the period of the very summary and complete break-down of that firm, as it has since, from purchased experience, become to myself, wonder seemed to struggle for the ascendancy with vexation. "How could they break?" was the exclamation of some; and persons with unpaid cheques in their bill-cases might be heard responding, that the house of York and Lovell could *not* break—it was just perfectly impossible!

Closed doors, unpaid cheques, and a written declaration of insolvency, are things well calculated to carry conviction to the bosoms of the most credulously-incredulous of creditors; and the failure of York and Lovell was at length, on all hands, admitted to be fully as certain as it was inopportune and annoying. But even when the failure of the firm was unwillingly and tardily admitted, a new delusion suggested itself to the minds of not a few of the creditors; some of whom affirmed that the house would speedily resume its payments, while others, even the most experienced and least sanguine, counted on receiving, as the worst that could befall them, a speedy and very considerable dividend.

These flattering expectations were, no doubt, very pleasant and consolatory while they lasted; but they did not, unfortunately, last long. Never was there a failure more complete and permanent; never one which left a more meagre wreck of property to be divided among the unfortunate creditors.

Nor will this appear at all wonderful, when we shall have said a few words upon the cause of the failure.

The senior partner of the firm of York and Lovell, was a gentleman of exquisite taste; so, at least, said all the picture dealers of whom he made purchases, and all the small gentry to whom he gave dinners, and who, in grateful return, gave loud and hearty commendations to his admirable *cuisine*. His horses were numerous, and they were all thorough-bred; his liveries were as costly and as tawdry as my Lord Mayor's; he kept a man cook; presided at the annual dinners of half the charitable institutions about town; and the wardrobe and jewellery of his lady, to say nothing about those of certain other ladies not herein to be particularized, were so extravagantly expensive as to draw down the indignant reprobation of the persons who were appointed to value them and dispose of them for the benefit of her husband's luckless creditors. But, all his *outré* splendour and seeming wealth notwithstanding, Charles York had been for years a mere swindler, living entirely upon public credulity and the misplaced confidence of one of the wealthiest of our wealthy commoners, whose rents he had received with very praiseworthy exactitude; though he seemed to have quite forgotten that to the duty of receiving them

was superadded the farther duty of handing them over to their rightful owner.

The rightful owner in question was Septimus Orby, Esq., M.P., &c. Though, as his name imports, he was the seventh born, this gentleman was the only son his parents were fortunate enough to see arrive at manhood; each of their other children having early fallen victims to our island's insidious bane, consumption.

Mr. Septimus Orby succeeded to the vast property of his father at the precise time when Mr. Charles York, on the death of his father, succeeded to the excellent banking business which threescore years of integrity and old-fashioned industry on the part of the elder York had rendered all but proverbial for safety and punctuality.

As York the elder had received the rents of the Orby estate in the time of its adventurous and prosperous founder, nothing could be more natural than that young Orby should continue to the son the trust which had been held with such satisfactory integrity by the father, and for many years nothing had occurred to cause him to repent having done so.

By degrees, Mr. York got a habit of retaining larger and larger balances in his hands: and, as he always produced them when called upon to do so, Orby, whose wealth was almost incalculable, at length considered it to be quite a matter of course, that the stewards and other business people should pay all sums due to him into the hands of Mr. York, and that that convivial and polite person should account for them at very distant intervals.

How far this arrangement was prudent on the part of the wealthy principal it needs not for us to say; undoubtedly, however, it was very agreeable to the at once needy and extravagant banker; and June and December returned not more regularly than the punctual Mr. York made his way, in a handsome travelling carriage, to Raby Abbey, the principal seat of his wealthy friend and employer.

And when he arrived there, he was so very affable! What handsome treats he gave to the tenants, and how charmingly he acted the amiable to the tenants' wives and daughters! Certainly, he was a most popular receiver of a rich man's rents; and if the poor curate of Raby, whose consumptive frame was fast sinking beneath study, hard clerical duty, and the sharp stings of all but absolute want, had his studies interrupted and his aching temples tortured by the stunning peal with which the village bell-ringers welcomed the popular Mr. York, the moment his carriage appeared in sight, I do not see how it could conveniently be avoided. For though the curate was a very learned and good man, and a most painstaking and conscientious clerk, he was, after all, only a poor curate; and it would have been preposterous to the very last degree, to allow the mental annoyances or the bodily agony of a mere curate, and a curate destitute of private fortune too, to prevent a "rich and popular banker" from taking his fill of rustic sycophancy and uproariousness!

How long Mr. York might have remained popular at Raby, and still more popular among certain sets in London, there is no saying; had not an accident occurred to bring his affairs to a stand-still more complete than agreeable, and one upon which he had, by no means,

calculated, though he certainly had had the best possible reason for expecting such an accident on every week-day in the previous ten years.

For many years Mr. York had gone on right swimmingly, as described in the foregoing pages.

At length it occurred that Mr. Orby took a step which many, both before and since, have taken with the same result; namely, he married a lady of title, and found, that if she had not brought him any fortune, she had both the ability and the inclination to aid him in the expenditure of his own. Nothing could be more splendid and tasteful than the Lady Harriet Orby's parties; and every fashionable flatterer about town pronounced Orby to be an exceedingly fortunate and enviable fellow, in having secured so thorough-bred and tasteful a lady.

During the first season after his marriage, Orby thought with his friends, that he was indeed a very fortunate and enviable gentleman; but when a brief career of furious fashionableness had fairly brought him to the end of his huge sum of ready money, he began to more than half suspect that even the high Norman blood, and the matchless, as well as numberless accomplishments of his lady, were but an insufficient set-off against her reckless extravagance of expenditure, and her perpetual applications for new supplies.

An examination of his accounts at length made it painfully evident to him that even his vast property could but for a short time supply the tremendous expense at which his lady excited the envy, and spoiled the appetites of half the duchesses in the kingdom; and he forthwith resolved to "reform it altogether," and allow of no greater expenses than those sufficiently large ones to which his fortune was properly adequate.

To resolve, however, is, in most cases, a far more facile matter than to execute, and the inherent difficulty of retrenching is by no means diminished by the strong determination of a young, beautiful, and accomplished wife, to get all the money that her husband can be coaxed or scolded into giving, and to spend it as quickly as possible when obtained.

Under any circumstances, the Lady Harriet would have been more than sufficiently annoyed by a proposal for the limitation of her darling and senseless expenditure; but the particular time at which this unpalatable proposal was made to her, rendered it but little short of absolutely horrifying. A foreign fiddler, and a native singer, notorious for her numerous amours, and, *of course*, quite the rage—*par parenthèse*, this was long ago, and I am well aware that public taste and public morals are *now* all that they ought to be—had been most unfairly and surreptitiously induced to lend their attractions to the Lady Harriet's rival, the upstart widow of a *millionaire*, on the last occasion of their running a neck-and-neck race of extravagance and puerility. By dint of much intriguing, and the outlay of a small fortune, Lady Harriet Orby had now secured these valuable personages "for one night only;" and she was at the very height of her anxiety of preparation for the night which was to strike down for ever the rivalry of the wealthy vulgarian who had presumed to vie with

her, when Orby announced his intention of forthwith breaking up his town establishment, and letting his spacious and beautiful mansion for such term of years as it behoved him to spend in comparative frugality and retirement.

To so high-born and high-spirited a lady, such a *contretemps* was necessarily a severe affliction; and a matrimonial scene was performed upon the occasion, of which it will, probably, be by no means the worse for the reader that we shall trouble him with none of the details. Its result, however, it is necessary to say was, that Mr. Orby consented to postpone his proposed measures of economy until his lady's grand night of nights should have *éclaté*; the lady on her part stipulating for a certain round sum of sterling cash, which, in consideration of its being for the last act of the wasteful comedy, Orby very cheerfully promised to procure forthwith, from his agent, York, the banker.

It very perversely happened, that York had calculated so securely upon the usual tardiness of demand on the part of his wealthy friend, that he was unable to avoid an exposure by a resort to the ingeniously dishonest arts by which on all former occasions he had contrived to produce the required sums.

Knowing perfectly well how to "rob Peter to pay Paul," the inventive and unscrupulous Mr. York could easily have produced the amount of Mr. Orby's rents, if that gentleman had given sufficiently long notice to allow of so innocent and facile an operation as that of obtaining, by forged powers of attorney, the funded thousands of a bilious Quaker, or of an absentee patriot, who drew his rents from Ireland to save part of them in England, and spend the remainder in Italy. But, unfortunately for our ingenious trickster, Mr. Orby's demand was instant, peremptory, and vast; and the day on which it was made was, as that authentic document, the *Vox Stellarum* of Francis Moore, Physician, very plainly intimated, "holiday at the Bank."

One of the results of this most untoward combination of untoward circumstances, we have already seen in the bankruptcy of "the eminent house of York and Lovell." Another result was, that the knockers of Lady Orby's mansion were muffled that evening in much wash leather; while advertisements in the "Post," and notes by the post, announced that lady's dangerous illness to the world—and there was one scene the fewer of folly to disgust the wise, and of profusion to sting the wretched.

Strange that Orby's want of money, by immediately causing the bankruptcy of the knavish Mr. York, should be a chief cause in producing untimely death to one human being, a long lifetime of misery to another; and to a third such a confirmation of the dark doctrine of fatalism as had all the evil effect upon him that the truth of that doctrine itself could have had.

To me there are very few things in this sad world of ours, of more melancholy and touching aspect than the house of a bankrupt. How the "ancient, most domestic ornaments," are tossed hither and thither by the "coarse hands" of filthy and heartless brokers' satellites; how heart-stricken looks the mother, as she sees the very playthings of her children seized upon by the inexorable law; and the poor children

themselves ! how they gaze, half alarmed, half in wonder, as strangers desecrate the once peaceful home, peeping here, and grasping there, stunning the ear with noise, and blinding the eye with dust ! I had almost as lief see the veritable eight o'clock performance of the new drop at the Old Bailey !

To the families of both the partners of York and Lovell, the failure was, of course, productive of the usual *désagremens* ; but as one, at least, of the partners, fully deserved all the evil the law could inflict upon him, it is to one of those whom he had plundered that I shall now beg the attention of the reader.

The name of this gentleman was, by no means, romantic ; but that, as all unprejudiced persons will doubtless admit, was no fault of his, and whatever the reviewers may aver to the contrary, is no fault of mine either. His name, in fact, was Smith ; a name so abounding with bearers, that in my own very limited circle of acquaintance, I can reckon no fewer than five-and-thirty Smiths, to say nothing of a countless brood of Smithsons.

If the name of Charles Smith was plebeian exceedingly, not so was his birth. His ancestors had, for centuries, been the possessors of a good estate ; many of them had enjoyed civil, military, and ecclesiastical dignities ; and his father, at the time of his death, was high sheriff of his native county, and, from divers improvements in the family property, far wealthier than any of his wealthy predecessors.

But, though respectable enough as to descent, Charles Smith, from his very cradle, laboured under a very serious and striking disadvantage,—he was a younger brother, a regular detrimental, who was never asked to sing second, play the flute, or scrawl in albums ; and for whom mothers laid no snares, and daughters displayed no accomplishments.

In some sort, the situation of Charles Smith was even less enviable than that of younger brothers in general. His father, notwithstanding his singularly plebeian name, would have borne comparison, for “family pride,” with any ignorant or newly-created noble in the three kingdoms. The name of his ancestors, like his own, was Smith ; but as far as the far-seeing eye of genealogy could pierce, not one of them was aught but “a gentleman,”—by which word some understand one thing and some another ; but by which Mr. Smith, emphatically as he pronounced it, simply meant that each of whom he spoke it, was one of the “*fruges CONSUMERE nati*,” *sed non PRODUCERE*.

Infinitely too proud of his “ancient line” to devote even the youngest of his sons to a profession, what was honourable in an earlier day being to his judgment far less so at a time such as that in which he lived, when public morality was certainly anything but pure, he contrived to provide for each of his sons a small independent property, without in anywise trenching upon the “vested interests” of the heir to the honours and the wealth of what he was very partial to calling his “house.”

(To be continued.)

SOME REMARKS ON PHRENOLOGY.

*To the Editor of the Metropolitan.**Sept. 14th, 1836.*

MR. EDITOR,

It is to be regretted that the philosophy of the mind should be so much confused and retarded by phrenology—a science which pretends to be an exposition of the mind, indicated by certain organs developed on the cranium; when, in many cases, a half a dozen of these organs, said to be indicative of different faculties, are yet easily resolvable into the same faculty, though differently named, or differently blended with other faculties: while many of the most comprehensive faculties of the mind are yet left entirely unindicated by any organ whatever.

Even if there was a possibility of attaining such a science, which, in arranging the configuration of the cranium, precisely expressed the nature of the mind, which such a development might indicate, it would yet be objectionable, as having a tendency to attract too much attention to the materiality which might express the mind, and too little to the nature of the mind itself which is thus expressed; which, though more remote from our observation, is yet, not only the only means by which we can form our notions of its own nature; but, also, the only means by which any system of phrenology can itself be founded.

If ever a correct system of phrenology is objectionable, how much more objectionable must the present system be!—piled up from such a mass of careless and incorrect observations; and so utterly loose and indefinite in its hypothesis!

Yet such is a system, which, it would seem hardly credible, should have sustained for so considerable a period, so great a popularity, were we not aware, that man is a mixture of indolence and incapacity; and that the crowd are always inclined to receive that which is evident and superficial; rather than that which, though more subtle, is less incorrect.

The theory, however, met with an able opposer in Mr. Jeffries; who, however, did not so much insist on the fundamental objections which might be urged against it, as state the minor difficulties and contradictions, in which the supporters of the science entangled themselves.

Even though I were only to insist on the arguments stated by that gentleman, my exertions might not be entirely useless, in exciting attention to the particular claims which such a theory has to our credence. But I do not intend any such reiteration; but, from my own careful investigation of the subject, shall endeavour to prove, not simply the incorrectness of the existing system of phrenology, but, that from the very nature of our mind, and from our acquaintance with the minds of others, it is impossible that any system of phrenology can be correctly constituted.

My views on this subject may be sketched in about three articles, in which I shall illustrate the following positions. “That though individuals are conscious of the separate feelings which result from their

peculiar capacities, that they are yet unable, from such feelings, to estimate their peculiar amount of faculties; since it is widely different to be conscious of a feeling, and to be able to estimate the exact intensity of that feeling: as it is also, a very different thing to hear a series of sounds, and to be able to estimate the exact intensity, and relative proportion of such sounds: to be able to separate one species of harmony from another, and to place them in all their relative amount of intensity, in the various classes which characterize their peculiar differences. Yet that this must be exactly the process which must be performed by every one, before they are able to give a precise estimate of the nature of their own minds: and that even after this process has been performed, they have to perform an exactly similar process, in estimating the minds of others; since a comparison of the relative intensity of faculties in two minds, can only take place when we are able to estimate the degree of faculties in both of the objects of such a comparison. So that the very nature of the theory implies an impossibility; since, though it were possible for us to estimate our own faculties, it is utterly impossible that we should estimate the faculties of another, and consequently can have no possible mode by which we might institute any comparison.

"That even supposing we were both able precisely to estimate our own faculties and those of others, and that thus, though some system of phrenology might be possible, yet that this system is incorrect, since many of its organs indicate but the same faculty; and that as the phrenologist, in examining these several organs, may in one instance affirm, and in the other deny the existence of the same faculty, he needs no contra-proofs, since he denies himself in denying that an individual has a faculty which he before stated that he had."

"That not only do many organs repeat the same faculty, but that many faculties are altogether unindicated by any organ."

"That phrenologists have themselves anticipated the falseness of their science, by allowing that the amount of organ does not indicate the amount of faculty, but that the amount of faculty is sometimes occasioned by the activity of the organ; though they are ignorant both of the nature and existence of such an activity, and only invent such a supposition that they may save their hypothesis; since they leave their original position, 'That the amount of faculty depends upon the size of the organ,' and only in addition suppose, that when it does not depend upon the size, it does depend upon the activity," &c. &c.

These, sir, are a cursory outline of the principal arguments I intend illustrating in the proposed articles. If you should feel inclined to insert them in your Magazine, I will shortly forward the first article for your perusal. But whether you do, or do not feel disposed to insert them, you will perhaps state in a succeeding number of your periodical.

Yours, Sir,

H—Y F. T.

We do not greatly wish to lend our pages to a controversy upon this much-debated subject. Without pledging ourselves to insert the illustrations of our correspondent's arguments, we shall be most happy to peruse them.

SNARLEYWOW; OR, THE DOG FIEND.¹

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL.

BY CAPT. MARRYAT.

CHAPTER XXIII.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken has nothing but trouble from the beginning to the end.

As soon as the cutter had sailed, Moggy hastened to the pretended widow to report the answer of her husband. Nancy considered that there was much sound judgment in what Jemmy had said, and immediately repaired to the house of the Jew, Lazarus, to whom she communicated her wishes. At that time, there were many people high in office who secretly favoured King James, and the links of communication between such humble individuals as we are treating of, with those in power, although distant, were perfect.

In a few days, an order came down for the discharge of James Salisbury from the cutter Yungfrau, and the letter the same day was put into the hands of the delighted Moggy.

Mr. Vanslyperken made his short passage to the Zuyder Zee, and anchored as usual; and when he had anchored, he proceeded to go on shore. Previously, however, to his stepping into the boat, the ship's company came aft, with Jemmy at their head, to know whether they might have leave on shore, as they were not very well pleased at their liberty having been stopped at Portsmouth.

Mr. Vanslyperken very politely told them that he would see them all at the devil first, and then stepped into his boat; he at once proceeded to the house of the Jesuit, and this time, much to his satisfaction, without having been perceived, as he thought, by the widow Vandersloosh and Babette, who did not appear at the door. Having delivered his despatches, and received his customary fee, Mr. Vanslyperken mentioned the difficulty of his coming to the house, as he was watched by some people opposite, and inquired if he could have the letters sent under cover to himself by some trusty hand, mentioning the ill-will of the parties in question. To this the Jesuit consented, and Vanslyperken took his leave; but on leaving the house he was again annoyed by the broad form of the widow, with Babette, as usual, at her shoulder, with their eyes fixed upon him. Without attempting a recognition, for Vanslyperken cared little for the opinion of the Frau Vandersloosh, now that he was accepted by the fair widow of Portsmouth, Mr. Vanslyperken walked quietly away.

"Ah, very well, Mr. Vanslyperken—very well," exclaimed the Frau Vandersloosh, as he pursued his way at a rapid rate; "very well, Mr. Vanslyperken—we shall see—three times have you entered those doors, and with a fifty guineas in your pocket, I'll be bound, every

¹ Continued from page 118.

time that you walked out of them. Treason is paid high, but the traitor sometimes hangs higher still. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see—we are evidence, Mr. Vanslyperken—and I'll not be married before I see you well hanged, Mr. Vanslyperken. Deary me, Babette," exclaimed the widow, altering her tone, "I wonder how the corporal is: poor dear man, to be ruled by such a traitorous atomy as he!"

"Perhaps he will come ashore, madam," replied Babette.

"No, no, he will never let him; but, as you say, perhaps he may. Put half a dozen bottles of the best beer to the stove—not too near, Babette—he is fond of my beer, and it does one's heart good to see him drink it, Babette. And, Babette, I'll just go up and put on something a little tidier. I think he will come—I know he will if he can."

We must leave the widow to decorate her person, and follow Vanslyperken down to the boat, and on board. On his arrival, he went down into the cabin to lock up his money. When Corporal Van Spitter went to the cabin door, the corporal heard the clanking of the pieces as Vanslyperken counted them, and his bile was raised at the idea of Vanslyperken possessing that which should have been his own. The corporal waited a little, and then knocked. Vanslyperken put away the rest of his money, shut the drawer, and told him to come in.

The corporal saluted, and made a request to be allowed to go on shore for an hour or two.

"Go on shore! *you* go on shore, corporal? why you never asked to go on shore before," replied the suspicious Vanslyperken.

"If you please, sir," replied the corporal, "I wish to pay de people who gave me de board and de lodging ven I vas left on shore."

"Ah, very true, I forgot that, corporal. Well, then, you may go on shore, but do not stop long, for the people are much inclined to mutiny, and I cannot do without you."

The corporal quitted the cabin, and was put on shore by two of the men in the small boat. He hastened up to the widow's house, and was received with open arms. Seated on the squab sofa, with a bottle of beer on the table, and five others all ready at the stove, the widow's smiles beaming on him, who could be more happy than the Corporal Van Spitter? The blinds were up at the windows, the front door fast to prevent intrusion, and then the widow and he entered into a long colloquy, interrupted occasionally by little amorous dallies, which reminded you of the wooings of a male and female elephant.

We shall give the substance of the conversation. The widow expressed her indignation against Vanslyperken, and her resolution not to be married until he was hanged. The corporal immediately became an interested party, and vowed that he would assist all in his power. He narrated all that had passed since he had left the widow's, and the supernatural appearance of the dog after he had thrown it overboard. He then pointed out that it was necessary that Vanslyperken should not only be blinded as to the state of matters between them, but that, to entrap him still more, the widow should if possible make friends with him. To this the widow unwillingly consented, but as the corporal pointed out that that was the only chance

of her occasionally seeing him, and that by his pretending to be in love with Babette, Vanslyperken might be deceived completely, she did consent; the more so, that the greater would be his disappointment at the end, the more complete would be her vengeance. Their plans being arranged, it was then debated whether it would not be better to send some message on board to Vanslyperken, and it was agreed that it should be taken by the corporal. At last all was arranged, the six bottles of beer were finished, and the corporal having been permitted to imprint as many hearty smacks upon the widow's thick and juicy lips, he returned on board.

"Come on board, Mynheer Vanslyperken," said the corporal, entering the cabin.

"Very well, corporal; did you do all you wanted? for we sail again at daylight."

"Yes, mynheer, and I see somebody I never see before."

"Who was that, corporal?" replied Vanslyperken, for he had been feasting upon the recollections of the fair Portsmouth widow, and was in a very good humour.

"One fine Frau, Mynheer Vanslyperken—very fine Frau. Babette came up to me in the street."

"Oh, Babette—well, what did she say?"

"Hereupon the corporal, as agreed with the widow, entered into a long explanation, stating his Babette had told him that her mistress was very much surprised that Mr. Vanslyperken had passed close to the door, and had never come in to call upon her; that her mistress had been quite satisfied with Mr. Vanslyperken's letter, and would wish to see him again; and that he, the corporal, had told Babette the dog had been destroyed by him, Mr. Vanslyperken, and he hoped he had done right in saying so."

"No," replied Vanslyperken, "you have done wrong; and if you go on shore again, you may just give this answer, that Mr. Vanslyperken don't care a d—n for the fat old woman; that she may carry her carcase to some other market, for Mr. Vanslyperken would not touch her with a pair of tongs. Will you recollect that, corporal?"

"Yes," replied the corporal, grinding his teeth at this insult to his betrothed, "yes, mynheer, I will recollect that. Mein Gott! I shall not forget it."

"Kill my dog, heh!" continued Vanslyperken, talking to himself aloud. "Yes, yes, Frau Vandersloosh, you shall fret to some purpose. I'll worry down your fat for you. Yes, yes, Madam Vandersloosh, you shall bite your nails to the quick yet. Nothing would please you but Snarleyyow dead at your porch. My dog, indeed!—you may go now, corporal."

"Mein Gott! but ve vill see as well as you, Mynheer Vanslyperken," muttered the corporal, as he walked forward.

After dark, a man came alongside in a small boat, and desired to see Mr. Vanslyperken. As soon as he was in the cabin and the door shut, he laid some letters on the table, and without saying a word went on deck and on shore again. At daybreak the cutter weighed, and ran with a fair wind to Portsmouth.

With what a bounding heart did Mr. Vanslyperken step into the

boat attired in his best! He hardly could prevail upon himself to report his arrival to the admiral, so impatient was he to throw himself at the fair widow's feet, and claim her promise upon his return. He did so, however, and then proceeded to the house in Castle Street.

His heart beat rapidly as he knocked at the door, and he awaited the opening with impatience. At last it was opened, but not by the widow's servant. "Is Mrs. Malcolm at home?" inquired Vanslyperken.

"Malcolm, sir!" replied the woman; "do you mean the lady who was living here, and left yesterday?"

"Left yesterday!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, hardly able to stand on his feet.

"Yes, only yesterday afternoon. Went away with a gentleman."

"A gentleman!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, all amazement.

"Yes, sir; pray, sir, be you the officer of the king's cutter?"

"I am!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, leaning against the door-jamb for support.

"Then, sir, here be a letter for you." So saying, the woman pulled up her dirty apron, then her gown, and at last arrived at a queer fustian pocket, out of which she produced the missive, which had been jumbled in company with a bit of wax, a ball of blue worsted, some halfpence, a copper thimble, and a lump of Turkey rhubarb, from all which companions it had received a variety of hues and colours. Vanslyperken seized the letter as soon as it was produced, and passing by the woman, went into the dining-parlour, where, with feelings of anxiety, he sat down, brushed the perspiration from his forehead, and read as follows:—

"MY DEAR, DEAR, EVER DEAR MR. VANSLYPERKEN,

"Pity me, pity me, O pity me! Alas! how soon is the cup of bliss dashed from the lips of us poor mortals. I can hardly write, hardly hold my pen, or hold my head up. I cannot bear that, from my hand, you should be informed of the utter blight of all our hopes which blossomed so fully. Alas! alas! but it must be. O my head, my poor, poor head—how it swims! I was sitting at the fire-side, thinking when you would return, and trying to find out if the wind was fair, when I heard a knock at the door. It was so like yours, that my heart beat, and I ran to the window, but I could not see who it was, so I sat down again. Imagine my surprise, my horror, my vexation, my distress, my agony, when who should come in but my supposed dead husband. I thought I should have died when I saw him. I dropped, as it was, down into a swoon, and when I came to my senses, there he was hanging over me; thinking, poor fool, that I had swooned for joy, and kissing me—pah! yes, kissing me. O dear! O dear! My dear Mr. Vanslyperken, I thought of you, and what your feelings would be, when you know all this; but there he was alive, and in good health, and now I have nothing more to do but to lie down and die.

"It appears that in my ravings I called upon you over and over again, and discovered the real state of my poor bleeding heart, and

he was very angry: he packed up everything, and he insisted upon my leaving Portsmouth. Alas! I shall be buried in the north, and never see you again. But why should I, my dear Mr. Vanslyperken? what good will come of it? I am a virtuous woman, and will be so; but, O dear! I can write no more.

"Farewell, then, farewell! Farewell for ever! Dear Mr. Vanslyperken, think no more of your disconsolate, unhappy, heart-broken, miserable

"ANN MALCOLM.

"P.S. For my sake you will adhere to the good cause; I know you will, my dearest."

Mr. Vanslyperken perused this heart-rending epistle, and fell back on his chair almost suffocated. The woman, who had stood in the passage while he read the letter, came to his assistance, and pouring some water into his mouth, and throwing a portion of it over his face, partially revived him. Vanslyperken's head fell on the table upon his hands, and for some minutes remained in that position. He then rose, folded the letter, put it in his pocket, and staggered out of the house without saying a word.

O Nancy Corbett! Nancy Corbett! this was all your doing.

You had gained your point in winning over the poor man to commit treason—you had waited until he was so entangled that he could not escape, or in future refuse to obey the orders of the Jacobite party—you had seduced him, Nancy Corbett—you had intoxicated him—in short, Nancy, you had ruined him, and then you threw him over by this insidious and perfidious letter.

Vanslyperken walked away, he hardly knew whither—his mind was a chaos. It did so happen, that he took the direction of his mother's house, and as he gradually recovered himself, he hastened there to give vent to his feelings. The old woman seldom or never went out; if she did, it was in the dusk, to purchase in one half hour enough to support existence for a fortnight.

She was at home with her door locked, as usual, when he demanded admittance.

"Come in, child, come in," said the old beldame, as with palsied hands she undid the fastenings. "I dreamt of you last night, Cornelius, and when I dream of others it bodes them no good."

Vanslyperken sat down on a chest, without giving any answer. He put his hand up to his forehead, and groaned in the bitterness of his spirit.

"Ah! ah!" said his mother. "I have put my hand up in that way in my time. Yes, yes—when my brain burned—when I had done the deed. What have you done, my child? Pour out your feelings into your mother's bosom. Tell me all—tell me why—and tell me, did you get any money?"

"I have lost everything," replied Vanslyperken, in a melancholy tone.

"Lost everything! then you must begin over again, and take from others till you have recovered all. That's the way—I'll have more yet, before I die. I shall not die yet—no, no."

Vanslyperken remained silent for some time. He then, as usual, imparted to his mother all that had occurred.

"Well, well, my child; but there is the other one. Gold is gold, one wife is as good—to neglect—as another. My child, never marry a woman for love—she will make a fool of you. You have had a lucky escape—I see you have, Cornelius. But where is the gold you said you took for turning traitor—where is it?"

"I shall bring it on shore to-morrow, mother."

"Do, child, do. They may find you out—they may hang you—but they shall never wrest the gold from me. It will be safe—quite safe, with me, as long as I live. I shall not die yet—no, no."

Vanslyperken rose to depart; he was anxious to be aboard.

"Go, child, go. I have hopes of you—you have murdered, have you not?"

"No, no," replied Vanslyperken, "he lives yet."

"Then try again. At all events, you have wished to murder, and you have sold your country for gold. Cornelius Vanslyperken, by the hatred I bear the whole world, I feel that I almost love you now;—I see you are my own child. Now go, and mind to-morrow you bring the gold."

Vanslyperken quitted the house, and walked down to go on board again; the loss of the fair widow, all his hopes dashed at once to the ground, his having neglected the widow Vandersloosh and sent her an insulting message, had only the effect of raising his bile. He vowed vengeance against everybody and everything, especially against Smallbones, whom he was determined he would sacrifice: murder now was no longer horrible to his ideas; on the contrary, there was a pleasure in meditating upon it, and the loss of the expected fortune of the fair Mrs. Malcolm only made him more eager to obtain gold, and he contemplated treason as the means of so doing without any feelings of compunction.

On his arrival on board, he found an order from the Admiralty to discharge James Salisbury. This added to his choler and his meditations of revenge. Jemmy Ducks had not been forgotten; and he determined not to make known the order until he had punished him for his mutinous expressions; but Moggy had come on board during his absence, and had delivered to her husband the letter from the Admiralty notifying his discharge. Vanslyperken sent for Corporal Van Spitter to consult, but the corporal informed him that Jemmy Ducks knew of his discharge. Vanslyperken's anger was now without bounds. He hastened on deck, and ordered the hands to be turned up for punishment, but Corporal Van Spitter hastened to give warning to Jemmy, who did not pipe the hands when ordered.

"Where is that scoundrel, James Salisbury?" cried Vanslyperken.

"Here is James Salisbury," replied Jemmy, coming aft.

"Turn the hands up for punishment, sir."

"I don't belong to the vessel," replied Jemmy, going forward.

"Corporal Van Spitter—where is Corporal Van Spitter?"

"Here, sir," said the corporal, coming up the hatchway in a pretended bustle.

"Bring that man, Salisbury, aft."

"Yes, sir," replied the corporal, going forward with assumed eagerness.

But all the ship's company had resolved that this act of injustice should not be done. Salisbury was no longer in the service, and although they knew the corporal to be on their side, they surrounded Jemmy on the forecastle, and the corporal came aft, declaring that he could not get near the prisoner. As he made this report a loud female voice was heard alongside.

"So, you'd flog my Jemmy, would you, you varmint? But you won't though; he's not in the service, and you sha'n't touch him; but I'll tell you what, keep yourself on board, Mr. Leeftenant, for if I catches you on shore, I'll make you sing in a way you don't think on. Yes, flog my Jemmy, my dear darling duck of a Jemmy—stop a minute—I'm coming aboard."

Suiting the action to the word, for the sailors had beckoned to Moggy to come on board, she boldly pulled alongside, and skipping over, she went up direct to Mr. Vanslyperken. "I'll just trouble you for my husband, and no mistake," cried Moggy.

"Corporal Van Spitter, turn that woman out of the ship."

"Turn me, a lawful married woman, who comes arter my own husband with the orders of your masters, Mr. Leeftenant!—I'd like to see the man. I axes you for my Jemmy, and I'll trouble you just to hand him here—if not, look out for squalls, that's all. I demand my husband, in the king's name, so just hand him over," continued Moggy, putting her nose so close to that of Mr. Vanslyperken that they nearly touched, and then after a few seconds pause, for Vanslyperken could not speak for rage, she added, "Well, you're a nice leeftenant, I don't think."

"Send for your marines, Corporal Van Spitter."

"I have, Mynheer Vanslyperken," replied the Corporal, standing erect and saluting; "and if you please, sir, they have joined the ship's company. You and I, mynheer, are left to ourselves."

"I'll just trouble you for my little duck of a husband," repeated Moggy. Vanslyperken was at a nonplus. The crew were in a state of mutiny, the marines had joined them—what could he do? To appeal to the higher authorities would be committing himself, for he knew that he could not flog a man who no longer belonged to the vessel.

"I wants my husband," repeated Moggy, putting her arms a-kimbo.

Mr. Vanslyperken made no reply. The corporal waited for orders, and Moggy waited for her husband.

Just at this moment, Snarleyyow, who had followed his master on deck, had climbed up the small ladder, and was looking over the gunnel on the side where the boat lay in which Moggy came on board. Perceiving this, with the quickness of thought she ran at the dog and pushed him over the side into the boat, in which he fell with a heavy bound; she then descended the side, ordered the man to shove off, and kept at a short distance from the cutter with the dog in her possession.

"Now, now," cried Moggy, slapping her elbow, "hav'n't I got the dog, and won't I cut him up into sassingers and eat him in the bargain, if you won't give me my dear darling Jemmy and all his papers in the bargain?"

"Man the boat," cried Vanslyperken. But no one would obey the order.

"Look here," cried Moggy, flourishing a knife which she had borrowed from the man in the boat. "This is for the cur; and unless you let my Jemmy go, ay and directly too——"

"Mercy, woman!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, "Do not harm the poor dog, and your husband shall go on shore."

"With his papers all ready to receive his pay?" inquired Moggy.

"Yes, with his papers and everything, if you'll not harm the poor beast."

"Be quick about them, for my fingers are itching, I can tell you," replied Moggy. "Recollect, I will have my Jemmy, and cut the dog's throat in the bargain if you don't look sharp."

"Directly, good woman, directly," cried Vanslyperken, "be patient."

"Good woman! no more a good woman than yourself," replied Moggy.

Vanslyperken desired the corporal to see Jemmy Ducks in the boat, and went down into the cabin to sign his pay order. He then returned, for he was dreadfully alarmed lest Moggy should put her threats in execution.

Jemmy's chest and hammocks were in the boat. He shook hands with his shipmates, and receiving the papers and his discharge from Corporal Van Spitter, and exchanging an intelligent glance with him, he went down the side. The boat pulled round the stern to take in Moggy, who then ordered the waterman to put the dog on board again.

"My word's as good as my bond," observed Moggy, as she stepped into the other boat, "and so there's your cur again, Mr. Leeftenant; but mark my words: I owe you one, and I'll pay you with interest before I have done with you."

Jemmy then raised his pipe to his lips, and sounded its loudest note: the men gave him three cheers, and Mr. Vanslyperken, in a paroxysm of fury, ran down into his cabin.

(To be continued.)

THE TREASURE SEEKER.

BY MRS. ARDY.

He has gone from his calm and quiet home,
He has gone to the distant hill,
The moon is wrapt in a cloud of gloom
And the winds blow loud and chill.

The smiles of his bride detain him not,
Nor his mother's anxious eyes,
He goes to the lone and mystic spot,
Where the hidden treasure lies.

Slowly he turns the heavy soil,
Through the dreary hours of night,
But his eyes behold not the glittering spoil,
At the dawn of the morn's clear light.

Yet he murmurs not, for his faith is strong
In the wondrous tales of yore,
And he trusts that by patient toil, ere long,
He shall grasp the precious store.

For his wilful dreams, for his labours vain,
An impatient scorn we feel,
May we not rather a lesson gain
From the Treasure Seeker's zeal?

Do we not each for a treasure seek,
Of immortal, changeless worth?
It does not rest on a legend weak,
And it is not hid on earth.

The treasure of gospel grace we crave,
'Tis in God's own book enshrined,
He has told us that those who ask shall have,
And that all who seek shall find.

In that book we read of his paths and laws,
But we shrink from the rugged way,
Our kindred press us awhile to pause,
And we willingly delay.

Shall the Treasure Seeker from day to day,
Still strive for the drossy ore,
And shall we supinely, idly stay,
Nor press for a richer store?

That treasure no rival can steal away,
And 'tis brought to mortal sight,
Not by Superstition's fitful ray,
But by Revelation's light.

By no false diviner's wand 'tis shown,
Held over the grassy sod,
But 'tis placed in the bright blue skies alone,
And kept in the trust of God.

MEMOIRS OF LUCIEN BONAPARTE.

Memoirs of Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino. Written by Himself. Translated from the Original Manuscript, under the immediate Superintendence of the Author. SAUNDERS and OTLEY, Conduit Street.

WE think that we may safely assert that a more important document than these memoirs has not, during the present century, been given to the public;—a document, important, not only as it affords the best biographical notices of many characters who have, if not wielded, at least directed, the destinies of the world; but also of the very first consequence, as it contains a true and important history of one of the most terrible epochs that the world ever witnessed, by a person who not only played a distinguished part in the momentous acts that were then exhibited, but was also constantly, we might almost say unreservedly, admitted behind the scenes.

The pages before us carry with them the internal evidence of the truth and honesty by which they were dictated. It is not to be supposed that we, as Englishmen, can or ought to subscribe to all the political dogmas to the which the prince still holds with an honourable firmness of purpose so tenaciously. We admire him for his consistency as much as for his candour;—that he possesses great virtues, no one who reviews the actions of his varied life, can, for a moment, doubt; and that all his acts, instead of originating in a selfish wish for individual or family aggrandizement, sprang, from the purest patriotism and motives of the most heroic philanthropy, every page of those interesting memoirs will fully testify—and testify, not by a strain of self-adulation, but by those convictions that the simplicity of truth always instils so deeply.

These memoirs must be neither read nor judged with the preoccupied yet honourable feelings of an Englishman; but, if the reader can be sufficiently self-denying in the perusal, to divest himself of that *amour propre* which he derives, and rightly, from the greatness and the glory of his country—for that country is sometimes accused and sometimes reproached by the author—he will find in this work nothing but what may fairly challenge his admiration, though not everything that may win his consent.

Were Lucien Bonaparte not the gifted individual that he is, the brother of Napoleon, the emperor of the French, the founder and destroyer of dynasties, the conqueror of nations, and the conquered by ourselves, cannot lift up his voice in vain. When he speaks of that wonderful scion of his family, of the momentous acts that he performed, and of himself, he takes Europe, nay, the civilized world, into his confidence. France must listen to his disclosures with breathless anxiety; and England must be deeply interested in every new fact that he advances, and in every old one that he presents to her in a new light. If ever the lessons of history were of value to the world,

if ever it were necessary that those lessons should be read truly and understood thoroughly, the present is the time ; and in these volumes the prince has offered us a memorable and a practical commentary that cannot be too diligently studied.

As—when it was much easier to calumniate than to subdue—the most atrocious falsehoods were promulgated respecting the Bonaparte family, and as Lucien is, we believe, the only member of it who has condescended to refute them, by being their and his own historian, we cannot do better than to give, in a few words, an abstract of his mention of it. When he had, in 1789, attained his fifteenth year, his mother was a widow in the prime of life. Joseph, afterwards King of Spain, was the eldest, and then twenty-two, Napoleon twenty ; at that period the eldest sister, Marianne Eliza, who had just returned from school, and the others, Louis, Jerome, Pauline, and Caroline, were all children. Lucien, the brother of the author's deceased father, was therefore become the head of the family ; and this gentleman, with the Abbé Fesch, the brother of Madame Bonaparte, completed it.

Though this family held the first rank in Corsica, they were rather straitened in circumstances ; for their father had much impoverished it by his many voyages to Paris, being deputy of the noblesse to Louis Seize, to which impoverishment the education of a family so numerous mainly contributed. The author claims for himself and two elder brothers the privilege of being entirely French, since it was in France that they were educated, and of France Corsica had become an integral part in 1789.

Well, at this period, when the French revolution commenced, it found Lucien and the rest of the family prepared for it ; and, it seems that they welcomed it with the appearance of the French fleet in the bay of Ajaccio. The movement in Corsica was complete, and the officers and agents of the *ancien régime* took themselves very quietly off the island. Shortly after this event, the renowned and unfortunate Paoli returned ; every one knows that he soon became disgusted with the horrors and excesses of the revolutionists, and that he contemplated, what he afterwards effected, but to so little purpose, giving up the island to the English. He wished to win over the Bonaparte family, and he set about it with considerable skill ; but failing, tried to seize them, which compelled them to fly for safety to the continent, and thus precipitated upon that then troubled arena the man who was destined to first deluge it with blood, and finally, to trample upon it as a conqueror. It is thus that Lucien speaks of that venerable chief Paoli, who was so shortly afterwards to expatriate his family :—

“ Thus prepared, I ran with a crowd of my countrymen to meet Paoli. He had already received my two elder brothers as the sons of a man who was dear to him, who had possessed his entire confidence, and who had served with him in the war of independence ; he welcomed me as such : his caresses intoxicated me ; and I counted the moments that delayed our sitting. It opened at length ; Paoli was seated in front of the tribune in an arm-chair, ornamented with laurels and crowns of oak. I conquered my momentary agitation, and poured forth my fragments of Needham

and Bodin with confidence and warmth. I remember only that they dwelt chiefly upon the preference that the people should give to a republican government. Well chosen for the chief of our ancient republic, and adroitly joined together, those fragments of two grave civilians might well cause wonder and astonishment in the mouth of an orator of seventeen; their effect, therefore, surpassed my hopes. Paoli, in embracing me, called me his little Tacitus. The members of our club who took their part in my triumph, announced then that I had got another harangue ready upon the subject of the death of the curate of Guagno, and Paoli promised us a second audience.

"This time my success was without alloy. Our hero was affected with the cries of hatred against the Genoese which sprang forth from my subject, and resounded in my passionate recital. The hatred of the Genoese, that patriotic passion of his whole life, moved every fibre of his soul; and when, in my peroration, the martyred curate pronounced with an expiring and prophetic voice the name of Paoli, the avenger of liberty, the tears were seen to flow down the cheeks of the venerable father of his country. I enjoyed with delight those tears. Paoli declared that he would take me with him, and that I should never leave him. Heroic old man! how happy was I to follow thee to the simple residence of Rostino! how little did I then think that my stay with thee would have been of so short a duration, and that the political tempest was soon to separate us for ever!

"The village of Rostino is situated on the mountains, and composed only of cottages and some small houses. Paoli inhabited a convent, where he lived with a noble simplicity. He had every day at his frugal but well-served table several guests. Every day a numerous crowd of mountaineers waited for the moment of his going out to see and speak to him: they surrounded him with filial respect. He spoke to all like a good father; but what at first surprised me extremely, was his recollecting and calling by their names the chiefs of families whom he had not seen for above a quarter of a century. Those names, that remembrance, produced upon our islanders a magical effect. The fine head of the noble old man, ornamented with his long white hair, his majestic figure, his mild but penetrating look, his clear and sonorous voice, all contributed to throw an inexpressible charm upon what he said. To imagine a patriarch legislator in the midst of his numerous race, I do not think that either painting or poetry could borrow more noble features than those which I contemplated for several months at Rostino."

This is a beautiful picture, when we consider it is that of one who proved an enemy and a persecutor.

The banished family repaired to Marseilles in the midst of the Reign of Terror. They, of course, were received with acclamations; and Lucien was soon appointed to the surveillance of a small town, in which he had much to do to protect the suspected, and acted so nobly in their behalf as to become suspected himself. He saved many lives, and narrowly escaped with his own. This part of his narrative will be read with intense curiosity, not unmingled with disgust, as it exhibits, in glowing colours, the atrocities of the Jacobins, by an eyewitness, who was almost a victim. It also shows us plainly of what amiable materials the prince was formed, notwithstanding that he was then imbued with the affectation of classical associations and republican manners, to that degree, that he took to himself the name of Brutus.

France, much as she was able to endure, at length got fairly terri-

fied out of the reign of terror, and something like a government was established under the Directory of Five, of which Barras was the chief; and, as at this period Napoleon had already become victorious in many battles, Lucien found favour and employment at headquarters, and subsequently became elected to the Legislative Assembly, nearly about the time of Napoleon's expedition to Egypt. This part of the volume is replete with dissertations upon the various forms of experimental government that the powers then in existence ought, and ought not, to have tried. The situation of every one in office was then dangerous in the extreme, and every one admitted that the Directory was a failure; yet it must be plain that, bad as it was, there were much worse men, ready and eager to govern still more badly, and to revive all the atrocities of republican terrorism, or to call into action the pitiful and devastating vengeance of imbecile absolutism. About this period Lucien began to take a leading part in the public affairs, and pronounced some very creditable orations, (the French always harangue, and never speak,) which he has been kind enough to preserve and repeat to us for the instruction of posterity—if ever posterity should be placed in such a predicament as to call for that instruction. This is a little pardonable egotism that we may smile at, yet we cannot blame.

Though so much space is devoted to political argument, and the science of government, history is well attended to in it, and the march of events is brought forward in due order, and after a system that it would be well if some of our historians would condescend to imitate. However, this Directory, amidst much internal trouble, and shaken by great external reverses, still struggled on till May 1799, when the famous Sièyes was named, to the exclusion of one of the five, who went out according to the constitutional law, and Lucien became still more active than ever, and we have still more of his speeches recorded. The prince appears to have been imbued with a great veneration for the honesty and the high talents of Sièyes; and we have a long panegyrical defence of the constitution which that director had prepared for the nation, and which we are bound to say, seems extremely perfect—upon paper. With all this, we Englishmen have, or at least we hope that we have, but very little to do. We have experimented, perhaps, too much already. And yet the prince is anything but what we would call a radical. He seems to have a peculiarly strong aversion to a demagogue, and seems most to admire the monarchical form with the republican spirit of government, the democratic influence to be exerted through a nicely refined and distantly acting universal suffrage.

But to leave, for the present, a subject that is by no means inviting, we shall proceed to make an extract which will give the reader an indication of the tone of mind of the author upon a very exciting subject.

"The empire! . . . But in what century, under what *régime*, was France greater, more glorious, more prosperous? Where is the Frenchman, Liberal, Carlist, Blue, or Vendean, who would efface from our history the glorious records of the empire?—Is there one amidst the thirty millions of French hearts, that does not beat with patriotic pride in think-

ing of the days of the empire? He must be seized with a vertigo, who would attempt to appropriate to himself the least in the world so many wonders to which he had not the happiness of contributing; but it would be rather too philosophical to suffer the errors or the wrongs to be imputed to which he had not contributed.

"Besides, though a stranger to the good or ill of the empire, may I not be permitted to reply to him who finds *the ashes of Napoleon* *undiscovered* placed at *St. Helena*, and to those who, like him, like to see only spots in the sun? *Napoléon*, without doubt, was not infallible. Spain and Russia attacked at the same time, Holland and Italy awaiting in vain their deliverance, the chief of religion persecuted after having crowned the elect of the people,—these have not occasioned reproaches without some appearance of truth. And yet, what a series of adverse combinations there needed to change into disaster the victorious campaign of Russia! If the inconceivable peace of Bucharest—that fault, so capital and so improbable, from which the Porte will never again perhaps arise—had not sent behind us a new Russian army, or that the allied corps of Austria had held it in respect—if a northern prince, born a Frenchman, after having at first defended, with justice, the interests of his adoptive country, had stopped at the cries of distress of three hundred thousand Frenchmen, struck with the most dreadful scourge—if the freezing cold had not commenced a month sooner than ordinary—if the flames kindled by hands patriotically, heroically, barbarous, had not devoured Moscow conquered—and *Napoléon* had found general peace, maritime peace, in those deserts of disastrous memory . . . then France, Europe, posterity, would not have found sufficient language to celebrate the Russian war; and the powers of the continent, and England herself, would not at this moment look at Greece, Egypt, and the Bosphorus, with so much anxiety."

True, too true—and shall we have, at last, to exhaust our energies against the aggrandizement of that Russia, whom we so lavishly bribed to aid us to restrict the aggrandizement of *Napoleon*? Thus *Lucien* continues—

"Italy! the Pope!—*Napoléon* himself expressed his tardy regrets. He was very far from believing himself to be perfect. Have we not heard him, at Paris, talk of his limited faculties? The wisest of the ancients said, '*I know that I know nothing!*' The greatest of moderns said, '*Do you believe me to be more than a man?*' It is the same cry, precious emanation of the same soul, although uttered by two men, at two thousand years of distance. Before this avowal, so ingenuously sublime, of human imperfection, how wretched is the pride of those state sophists, whose superb theory, without ceasing to think itself infallible, terminates with the most sad results!—No; the emperor was not, and did not believe himself to be, above the common errors of humanity; and yet none ever abused less an absolute power; none had a more prodigious genius than his; none ever accomplished such vast deeds in so short a space of time; none, above all, ever better loved his country.

"As for the reproaches of despotism and usurpation, France and its government have made the most glorious of answers, an answer without reply *They have inaugurated the statue of the emperor!* His detractors do not see how far their accusations are contradicted by public opinion. Let them endeavour to explain to us, to explain to themselves, how a great nation (without it were senseless) could have raised a triumphant monument to a despot to an usurper fifteen years after his death!!! It is that France does not confound, like them,

a popular dictatorship with despotism. It is because France knows too well her rights, to be ignorant that the temporary consul, the consul for life, the emperor, named three times by the universal voting, was the most legitimate chief of all times and all countries.

"Can they think that since the inauguration of the imperial status, the opinion of France has changed? But the representative chamber has just confirmed that opinion by her last vote. Would it reclaim from the other end of the world the ashes of a despot—of an usurper—*fifteen years after his death*? It is true that it still persists in proscribing the family of the hero whose remains they claim! May the vote, at least, not be disdained in what it possesses that is favourable! May its prompt accomplishment console us in our exile, where the winds of France sometimes bring us some accents of sympathy!"

All this in a Frenchman is excellent—in a brother glorious. Has he not greater reason to be proud of that brother, and of himself, than of the country which, after so many years, still continues to persecute one who loves it so well.

Though the prince has seen the rise and fall of so many states and governments, and is really what (without presuming to involve him with a party now in power) may be called a *doctrinaire*, he can fully appreciate the advantages of living under a constitution such as that which we now do, and we hope for ever may enjoy, in England. It is thus that he eloquently speaks of it:—

"In England, I have been convinced that a monarchy, *really* constitutional, is requisite for a great people, as much, and more, perhaps, than any other form of government. We see here (if not the best) at least a good and happy republic; not in a programme, but in facts and manners:—The legislative power, wisely divided amongst three authorities, who exercise, without obstacle, their own prerogatives;—the executive power, having all the authority to do good, and not having, and not seeking, to do evil;—the judiciary power is so completely independent, that the most obscure individual, as well as the richest lord, the most illustrious or the most humble exile of the continent, repose equally in security beneath the guarantee of the jury that no sacrilegious attack can tarnish, and beneath the inviolability of the domicile that no wretch can violate;—the elective chamber, named by eight hundred thousand electors, over a population of twenty-five millions, which, without being the universal suffrage, approaches five times nearer to it than we do; since we ought to have in that proportion more than a million of electors! The chamber of peers, in fine, is accessible to every citizen, and too powerful and too enlightened to yield to the seductions of courts, or the clamours of the multitude. These hereditary magistrates have been for above a century and a-half the defenders of the charter, the immortal work of their ancestors. Their tutelary supremacy will long continue to be the palladium of the British liberties;—provided they never cease to oppose an immovable resistance to the overflowing torrent of demagogical opinions, that a social overthrow can alone satisfy;—provided they do not abandon their ground, to defend themselves feebly against that of their adversaries;—provided they follow always the high state reason, which judges in the first place of the effect of a new law upon the whole of the constitution, instead of considering solely that absolute perfection of theory, illusory enough sometimes to insinuate into the political body a mortal germ of dissolution, the seductive appearance of a salutary amelioration;—provided, above all, that the patrician toga be not dragged through the mud, or at least that it inspire no longer the same veneration that is felt for the royal mantle, or the elective house;

for, (whether through error, thoughtlessness, or a false popularity,) to provoke, to contribute, or even to yield, to the profanation, or to the subjection of one of the three fundamental authorities, would no longer be advancing in the path of a sage reform. Would it not be abjuring Old England and demolishing at its base that charter as yet without a rival in the ancient world, and whose vital strength resides in the *equal* independence, the *equal* respectability, the *equal* inviolability of the king, the lords, and commons?"

Indeed, indeed it would. And in what a suicidal course are we now urging. Thus he concludes his panegyric:—

"Nothing is perfect upon earth, either in men, or in the laws. . . . But where, when shall we approach nearer to perfection?"

This is a high and invaluable tribute from a foreigner who has seen so much, and studied so well. Ought not this to be a lesson to those who are endeavouring to stimulate a mischievously-educated populace, and a totally ignorant mob, "to drag the patrician toga through the mud?"—this is from a supporter of the once republican directory of France—will the destructives learn wisdom neither from friends nor foes? But it is in vain to talk of wisdom to those who, though they have enough to satiety, because they cannot sit at the head of the feast, would overthrow the table, and thus choose to commute their comfortable meal for a scramble for the scattered fragments that are trodden under foot.

We have now gone through the first volume, and spoken of it exactly as we think it deserves—but of the notes that are appended to it, we have no space to remark. They must, however, by no means be overlooked by the reader, as many of them are official documents, and are always either corroborative or explanatory of the text.

As yet the second volume had not made its appearance when we were going to press. We understand that this delay is solely occasioned by the prince's extreme anxiety that every line of it should be correct, and no material put forth that was not of the utmost accuracy, so that it might be a corrective to many errors, and a safe guide to future historians.

We cannot take our leave of this volume without expressing our admiration of the spirit of candour and philanthropy that pervades it throughout. Notwithstanding the disadvantages of translation, it appears in English with an equable flow of well selected language, and sometimes catches the exalted eloquence of the original. We must confess, that a few of the idioms are rather Gallic, but this could hardly have been avoided in the translation, merely from the force of habit, and the involuntary associations of ideas. Every one will understand us who has uninterruptedly read through a long work in French. After such an exercise, the person will, for a day or two, in his ordinary conversation, be guilty of many involuntary Gallicisms, and instead of speaking pure English, talk translated French. The world will look anxiously for the succeeding volumes. If they but emulate the present one, future generations will have no cause to complain that they have no longer great and certain landmarks to direct them in studying the records of the most momentous times that ever witnessed the evolutions and overturning of thrones, kingdoms, and dominions.

To the Editor of the Metropolitan.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM an elderly gentleman, afflicted with a number of unmarried daughters. In the chamber of my eldest girl (a most engaging lady of forty-five) I discovered the enclosed Jeremiad, which I am induced to send to you, in the hope that your known zeal in the cause of humanity will lead you to overlook its many errors, and to give it that publicity which, I would fain hope, may move the pity of some single gentleman who wishes to be doubled, and thereby remove the cause of complaint from the fair authoress.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

SENEX.

THE OLD MAID'S PETITION.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old maid,
Who years, alas! has numbered forty-four!
But owns to twenty-five; and feels afraid
That all her chance is gone—for ever Moore.

This youthful garb my eagerness bespeaks,
This morning cap proclaims my lengthened years,
And many a wrinkle in my grief-worn cheeks,
Hath oft been wet with disappointment's tears.

You, ball, for which a sovereign I paid,
So tempting, balked my wishes at the last,
Though Weippert there the music had purveyed,
And Gunter a magnificent repast.

Hard is the fate of maids no longer young!
Deaf to my hints were all the dancing men;
And envying in my heart the blooming throng,
I waltzed with partners of threescore-and-ten!

Oh! let me but avoid the wretched doom,
Which menaces old maids, as gossips tell,
When they have passed the precincts of the tomb,
To lead the apes they loved on earth, in hell!

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
If soft humanity e'er touched their breast,
Sure bachelors could not withhold relief!
And pitying offers would not be repress!

Heaven sends us offers! why should we refuse?
'Tis that has brought me to the state you see;
And should they hesitate too long to choose,
Young ladies soon will grow old maids like me!

A little beauty once I had to boast,
Then sprightly as a sylph I hailed the ball;
But, ah! too soon I ceased to reign a toast,
And rival belles delighted in my fall!

My sister, once the comfort of my youth,
Lured by an offer from her native halls,
Now lives confiding in a husband's truth,
While in her nurs'ry many an infant squalls!

My lover once ! sweet soother of my cares !
 Struck by consumption, at death's stern decree,
 A victim fell to brandy and cigars,
 And left the world to wretchedness and me !

Pity the sorrows of a poor old maid,
 Who years, alas ! has numbered forty-four,
 But owns to twenty-five ; and feels afraid
 That all her chance is gone ; for *ever Moore !*
 (Signed) MARY MOORE.

GOETHE.

THOU art the master spirit of thy time,
 The universal genius, grasping mind,
 Who from confusion order hast combined,
 And flung thy eagle glance o'er every clime.
 From earliest youth to manhood's rarest prime,
 By thee the labyrinthine web untwined
 Of secret springs, that agitate mankind,
 That promise bliss or urge them on to crime.
 In vain Germania claims thee for her own,
 O'er the wide world broods thy creative spirit,
 Compeer with Shakspeare, thou the glorious throne,
 Of lofty thought, for ever shalt inherit,
 For wisdom thou hast gathered from a stone,
 And in the meanest plant discovered wondrous merit.

SCHILLER.

Place the green oak-leaf chaplet on thy brow,
 Schiller, thou noblest of the sons of song !
 To thee, in sooth, more fitly doth belong,
 Than to yon eloquent maniac, Rousseau,
 The name of "Nature's priest,"—for smiling thou
 In never-changing love of man,—the throng
 Of all thy sympathies, divinely strong,
 Didst to his mental weal in kindness vow.
 In the bright social circle thou didst move,
 Presiding soul of friendship and of love,
 The chastened beauty of thy spirit shed
 Its influence o'er a thousand hearts, and twined
 A never-fading wreath round woman's mind,
 To whom thy memory should be ever wed.

PALEOTTI.¹

A TALE OF TRUTH.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

MAGDALINE wept for some moments after her brother's departure. Her heart was full of trouble. She feared she had done wrong in giving the jewels to Paleotti. The duke would blame her weakness: yet what could she do when a brother's life was at stake? "Ah!" said she, "I was like poor Eve: my best guide was not with me, to help my weaker judgment: and so, overcome by my fears and affection, I gave away the gifts of my dear husband's love into hands—how unworthy!"

Thus lamenting and blaming herself did Magdaline pass the time till the duke's return, to whom she was resolved to tell the whole of the unfortunate business: her noble and ingenuous nature disdaining all subterfuge and concealment from a husband, to whom duty and affection alike prompted her, on all occasions, to disclose both her actions and the motives of them. The duke was indignant at the disclosure of Paleotti's successful attempt to obtain the jewels, and despised the unmanly threats by which he had worked upon the feelings of a sister. However, out of consideration for his Magdaline, he forbore to notice the marquis's conduct in the way it merited, contenting himself with giving her money to redeem the jewels; which she promised to do, solemnly assuring the duke that her brother should never have them from her again. "Were your brother merely extravagant in the pursuit of his pleasures," said the duke, "I should less object to affording him such repeated supplies, hoping that time would open his eyes to the folly of his conduct; but Paleotti is not only a man of pleasure but a gamester,—a character which, of all others, I deprecate, as being obnoxious alike to all principles of justice and feelings of humanity. You might as well expect to move the impenetrable rock as to soften the hard heart of a gamester,—a man who lives by the immolation of his fellow men, and who, upon the altar of a most cold-blooded selfishness, would sacrifice all the world without a pang."

Magdaline felt the truth of the duke's remarks; but still the thought of her brother's situation was a great affliction to her tender nature; for, with all his faults, she loved him with a sister's love. How often do we see in families some one individual who is, as it were, the mainspring to the movements of all the rest, who never coming but, like a storm, to agitate and darken the atmosphere of home, is yet so inwoven by the ties of nature or family pride in the hearts of friends, that crimes are softened down into errors, and errors excused as the effects of causes not originating in the naturally evil

¹ Continued from p. 154.

dispositions of the man; and to this fatal blindness of friends may many a soul date its ultimate shipwreck.

Magdaline's thoughts, however, were soon called off from her brother to a dearer and more deserving object,—one who indeed merited all her tears. An incurable disease attacked her soul's idol, her beloved Shrewsbury, and excited in her mind an intense agony of fear. She tended him with all the unceasing care and assiduity that a fervent and devoted love alone can prompt, but, alas! in vain:—Shrewsbury was gathered to his fathers, and the dark, dark curtain of eternal separation in this world dropped between two that had never willingly separated, even for a brief day, of their wedded lives.

Sorrow, in bold and energetic spirits, takes the course of the sea, foaming and dashing itself against the rocks, which it can neither soften nor remove; but in gentle natures, like Magdaline's, it flows like some southern river, whose murmuring is rather the mild but melancholy music, than the devastating storm of the soul.

But though time mellowed the grief of the widowed duchess, her heart, like the sear leaf in autumn, never regained the greenness of its former feelings. Love, such as she had felt, could never be experienced but once; and, to her, a second marriage would have seemed a sacrilege, a profanation of all that was dear and holy. To ordinary minds, that cannot enter into such feelings, a second attachment is often as strong as the first; but in finer spirits there is a halo of romance (the romance of the heart, not merely of the head) shed over past endearments, that throws all of after life into shade, everything being so identified with what has been, that the very seasons, the flowers, the pastimes, and the habitations of men speak of the past,—the past only—nothing but the past. Thus Magdaline's was a perpetual widowhood of the mind, even when she had discarded those external weeds that too often excite a sympathy, of which the wearer is unworthy, few being, in the words of holy writ, "widows indeed."

After the death of the duke, Magdaline felt that she must shut her heart against the frequent applications of her brother for money, to defray his gambling debts. Soon after Shrewsbury's demise, however, Paleotti was thrown into prison,* and wrote to the duchess for the means to procure his release. His faithful Italian, who brought the marquis's letter to Magdaline, implored her, with tears standing in his honest eyes, to discharge the debt, which so moved pretty Mistress Agnes that she fell a weeping also, because Claude was crying; for she had no pity for his master. Magdaline spoke to Claude of her brother's unprincipled conduct to his tradespeople, in keeping from them their just demands, while he squandered away thousands on his pleasures or at the gaming-table. Claude did not attempt to vindicate his master, but still warmly pleaded for him; expressing his fears of the consequences should the duchess refuse to comply with his request. "Remember, Claude," said Magdaline, as she delivered the money into his hands, "you must not, at any time, inform my brother that this comes from me, for I will not appear to sanction a

* His sister privately procured his liberty, and he was discharged, without knowing who had obliged him.

line of conduct so ruinous to himself and others. Put it on the table unseen by him, as if some friend that comes to visit him had left it there."

"Ah, my lady!" said Claude, "no friend has been to see him since he was in prison. I used to be 'most tired of answering the door to his friends, but now I've no trouble of that kind."

"Selfish, selfish world!" sighed Magdaline.—"Well, Claude, you must contrive some way to conceal my name in the business; so hasten to your wretched master, lest he begin to despair of help."

With a joyful heart Claude departed for the prison, and Magdaline retired to her solitary hearth, grieving for her unworthy and miserable brother.

And now did this seasonable supply from an unknown hand raise any corresponding emotion in the gamester's breast? Did this providential relief from the effects of past sin and folly (of sin and folly renewed and repeated for a thousand times) cause him to pause and to reflect? Did it save him from further misery and from future guilt? Did it, by working upon his better feelings, gently purify them? Did it, by softening his heart, amend it? or, alas! was Paleotti—or, rather, was he not—like every other gamester? Had he not left the peaceful shore of life, to plunge his pilotless bark within the eddies of the whirlpool? Had he not embarked both soul and body (as every gamester does and must) in that abandoned, and reckless, and merciless vocation? Reckless and merciless indeed is that vocation which he knows must end in ruin!—the ruin of another, or ruin to himself!—where to win or lose is equally soul-harrowing,—where even success is demoniacal, and defeat is blasphemy and despair.

The amiable duchess, harassed by the repeated trials to which the misconduct of a brother subjected her sisterly feelings, and weary of a country which no longer held out the attraction it once did, sometimes indulged thoughts of returning to her native Italy. Yet there also death had laid waste the fields of hope. All her early friends were gone; and she often wept to think she

"Had bid e'en the ashes of friendship farewell,
And had nothing of love but the tears."

To leave London, however, she determined; and, parting with her town mansion, to seek among nature's quiet shades for that peace the world cannot give.

Oh! what a different scene does London present to the happy and the afflicted child of mortality!—to those just entering within its Circean circle, with all the hopes and inexperience of novices, and those who have drank deeply of its gilded cup, into which, like the prodigal Cleopatra, pleasure throws the pearl of great price,—the pearl of the soul! Can the Christian philosopher, as he wanders amid the splendours of this second Babylon, or twin-sister of the Tyrian queen of old,—“That crowning city, whose merchants were princes, and whose traffickers were the honourable of the earth,”—can

he be deluded by all this vain show of happiness and prosperity? Or will he not rather behold it as flowers strewed about the dead, covering, but not hiding, the honoured ashes of religion and morality?

One morning, as the duchess was returning from the city, where she had been shopping, and just as her carriage entered Leicester Square, a vast mob of persons, of all descriptions, came rushing along and blocking up every avenue, so that the coachman was obliged to rein in his horses and draw up to a shop-door, till the dense multitude had swept past. Followed by the shouts and hisses of the mob, a man was now seen led, or, rather, dragged, between two constables. His hat was off, and from the glimpse Magdaline had of his figure, she could perceive it was no vulgar person. Presently they came near to the carriage,—so near that the criminal's face was fully seen by the duchess. It was Paleotti! Uttering a piercing scream, Magdaline fell back fainting at the side of Agnes, who called loudly for help. The footman coming to the window, and seeing the state of his mistress, ran into the shop at which the carriage stood.

"Poor lady!" said the young shopwoman, who brought out a glass of water; "she was frightened, I suppose, at the mob."

"Yes," answered the footman; "do you know what the man has done that they are dragging to prison?"

"No," said the girl, "they could not tell me."

"'Tis one Lord Pallihoty, or some such outlandish name," said a countryman standing by. "He's one from the popish country. He out with his sword and stabbed his poor devil of a servant in cold-blooded malice, because he had brought him no money, from somebody he sent him to. The poor fellow said so, just as he was a-dying, to the constable."

Another scene of distress and exposure now took place. Agnes fell to weeping and wringing her hands, saying, "her dear, dear Claude was murdered, and she should never be happy again." And forgetting, as vulgar minds do, all discretion in her sorrow, made all present acquainted with the relationship in which the criminal stood to her mistress.

"Oh! he'll get off presently, if a duchess is his sister," said a bystander, to whom the shopwoman mentioned Agnes's information.

"I don't know that," said the countryman, thrusting his brawny hands into his breeches pockets; "there's been lords hanged afore now, as good as this fellow. I'd walk some distance to see the halter put round his neck—that I would: a cowardly rascal, to attack a man without giving he a fair chance for his life! Depend upon't, he'll swing at Tyburn."

"Poor man!" said the young shopwoman, "what a pity!"

"Pity, mistress!" echoed the countryman contemptuously: "what's a lord more than another man? For my part, I think poor Jack Sheppard,* that's to be hanged, a king to such a fellow!"

It may easily be imagined in what state of mind the duchess re-

* The unfortunate youth, James Sheppard, who had conspired to assassinate the King of England, in order to place the Pretender on the throne, was executed on the same day that Paleotti suffered.

turned to her own house, where Mr. Talbot shortly afterwards waited upon her to break, in as delicate a way as possible, the distressing event, and of which he had gained a more particular account. Finding, however, that the widowed sister of Paleotti was fully prepared for the tale of horror, he confirmed the truth of the vulgar report. The marquis, being again entangled by one of his gaming debts, had directed poor Claude to go and borrow some money. After meeting with repeated denials, Claude returned to his master, who was walking in the street, to report his ill success. Paleotti then told him to go again to one person, who had before refused. Claude entreated to be excused; and the marquis still commanding him, he at last positively declined to go: when drawing his sword, Paleotti, in the rage of his demoniac pride, killed his defenceless and faithful servant on the spot.

As the foul deed was done in the open day, and crowded street of the metropolis, Paleotti was soon secured, and committed to prison to take his trial at the ensuing sessions.

What the feelings of that proud man were, when left alone in the gloomy and solitary cell, to which his crime had consigned him, none but the all-seeing God can tell. Doubtless, like other criminals, he thought more of the means of escape from death, than of his unworthiness to live. Oh! what a situation for such a proud spirit as Paleotti's! Of what avail to him now was the noble blood that flowed in his veins, or the long line of ancestral worthies, from whom he derived the name, that would henceforward only herald a deed of blood? He, who had foolishly imagined himself of so much consequence in the world, was become a world's wonder, reviled in the public streets of the "great Babel," by all its multitudinous tongues, as a murderer, and followed by the execrations of thousands to his gloomy prison-house.

Painful as was the task, Magdaline determined to visit her guilty brother. Mr. Talbot attended her to the prison; speaking, as they went, such words of consolation, kindly meant, though ineffectual, as friends usually have recourse to, in the season of affliction. She had no hope of her brother's life.* In a strange country, without interest or powerful friends, to arrest the uplifted arm of the law, there was no ground for hope. Since the Duke of Shrewsbury's death, his widowed duchess had become a cipher in the great world. The sympathies of those who had formerly flocked to partake of the hospitality and gaiety of her entertainments, were diverted into other channels, and expended upon *newer* objects. Without pride, and truly pious, Magdaline felt less the death that awaited Paleotti, than the unprepared state of his soul to meet that awful hour. "Merciful, but just God!" said she, looking upward, "into thy hands do I commit the cause of my wretched brother. Thou alone canst tell the measure of his guilt—alone sift the motive of every deed; for none but thou canst look into the secret heart, and decide the degree of its innocence or criminality. Yet, O! I fear me, in thy sight my brother is condemned, beyond the condemnation of

* It does not appear that any endeavours were used to save the marquis.

men—beyond all hope, but in the Redeemer's blood, to wash out and efface his offence from the book of thy judgments."

When the duchess reached the prison, where Paleotti, like the chained lion of the woods, was maddening with rage and bitterness against his bonds, she became so faint, that Mr. Talbot tried to persuade her to relinquish a trial so painful to her. "No, no," said she, recovering herself, and following the turnkey, "I *must* see him." Paleotti was sitting on the side of his rude bed, his dress soiled and neglected, and his hair hanging wildly over his pale and disordered visage. He took but little notice of Magdaline, on her first entrance; for, like all men whose conscience has been darkened by a long course of vice, he laid the greater portion of his guilty actions upon her and other friends, who, by withholding from him the means for his prodigality, had (as he endeavoured to persuade himself) led to the distress, which ended in the murder of his faithful servant.

Paleotti was bitter in his invectives against the laws of this country, and complained of the injustice that had been done him. "What!" said he to Mr. Talbot, "is a nobleman to be imprisoned; tried, and condemned, like a common, low-born malefactor? Are these your boasted laws, of which the English prate so proudly to other nations? Am I, the descendant and representative of one of the noblest families of Italy, to be amenable to your English laws, and judged by your plebeian jury, for killing my own servant? Is a mere slave—is the life of one who wears the badge of servitude, to be put on a level with that of a man of my rank?"

"Our laws," answered Mr. Talbot, "act solely against the offence, never once considering the relative situation of the offender. Whatever militates against the life and property of the individual, is a national concern; so that the first peer in the realm can no more violate the laws with impunity than the meanest peasant."

"Had I been in my own country," continued Paleotti, "I should have escaped this disgraceful incarceration. Our churches in Italy afford a sanctuary, from which no law can drag the man that flies to them for protection; but your temples are shut against the unhappy man who, under the influence of strong excitement, acts as I have done."

"Your religion," said Mr. Talbot, "differs upon many points from our's. We should deem it almost sacrilege for any man to enter the temple of the living God, whose hand had but the moment before been lifted against another's life, whether in malice, or even in sudden passion."

From such conversation as this, Magdaline saw the real state of her brother's mind to be anything but one of sorrow or repentance for the crime he had committed; and that pride, always his besetting sin, seemed to gather up all its dark and hostile array to banish his thoughts from that heaven to which she had hoped his imprisonment might have drawn him nearer.

Still her affection and christian pity led her daily to his cell, where her sisterly care provided all things conducive to his bodily comfort. At last, the day of trial arrived, and Paleotti appeared at the bar, to submit his fate to the impartial decision of twelve honest men—a

mode of investigation very different from anything he had ever witnessed or heard of in his own country. He had had the advice of the most eminent counsel, and their assistance in drawing up his defence: but all was unavailing. The jury pronounced the awful verdict of GUILTY, which at once and irrevocably drew the curtain of an almost immediate separation between the criminal and that world whose first and most general and solemn law he had daringly violated. The judge, after an affecting allusion to his abuse of God's gifts of fortune, rank, and intellect, passed the retributive sentence of death upon Ferdinand Marquis de Paleotti, who was ordered for execution on the 17th day of March, it being then the 14th of that month.

Overwhelmed with grief, Magdaline hastened, immediately after the trial was over, to condole with her unhappy brother. She found him sullen and silent. A Roman Catholic priest was sitting beside him; and the contrast between the silver-headed minister of God and the criminal, was striking in the extreme. In the countenance of the one were depicted peace, resignation, and hope; in that of the other, the war of wild passions, impatient suffering, and fearful doubt.

Magdaline tried to open her brother's heart to softer feelings. She spoke of God's mercy to all that called upon him in the sincerity of a repentant spirit. "Daughter," said the old priest, looking sorrowfully upon her, "thou canst not minister to the sick soul of thy brother, having of thyself renounced thy God."

"No, holy father," said Magdaline mildly, "I have not renounced my God, but only his mistaken ministers, that sought to bring me to his side through the intervention of others rather than his own free invitation—telling me he was afar off, when my heart told me he was ever near—so near, that I could feel the breathings of his benignity upon me."

"Miserable apostate!" answered the holy man. "Hope not for pardon, induced as you were by love to mortal man to forsake the faith you held, in your days of early innocence. Hope not for pardon, till a sincere repentance for your crime brings you to the feet of our holy father, the Pope."

"O no!" said Magdaline, shaking her head: "to those hallowed feet, which Mary Magdalen washed with her tears, and wiped with the honoured hairs of her head, could I alone be brought. I once thought, as you do, my good father, that my soul's salvation depended much upon the prayers and intercession of saints and martyrs. But now, I would not affront my Redeemer, by sharing his divine prerogative with any other."

"Jesu defend thee, unhappy daughter, from thy own evil conceptions!" said the priest, as he devoutly crossed himself; and then proceeded to offer to the miserable prisoner the peculiar consolations of his peculiar faith.

When Magdaline rose to go away, a slight convulsive movement appeared on the lip of Paleotti, and the tone of his voice was softened, as he asked her if she would come to see him on the morrow. The duchess bowed her head, tears obstructing her speech. Drawing her veil over her face, she then followed the turnkey out of the prison;

and getting into her carriage, threw herself back, and indulged freely the grief that oppressed her. The next morning on entering the cell, what was the astonishment of Magdaline to behold seated, at the side of Paleotti, Ellen Conway. On seeing the duchess, Ellen burst into tears, and hid her blushing and still lovely face with both her hands.

"Ellen, is it indeed you that I see? You, my once innocent Ellen?"

"How, madam!" said Paleotti, sternly to his sister; "do you come here only to upbraid the poor girl, whose love for me made her renounce those silly forms your women of boasted virtue value, from no better motive than appearance?"

"O Ferdinand!" answered the duchess, "attempt not to vindicate her conduct, or your own—and especially your own, in the seduction of an orphan, a friendless girl, whom you found innocent and happy, with every principle of virtue, every prospect of good. I sent her to a safe and honourable asylum, from which you have decoyed her to her ruin—the ruin of her character in this world—and of her immortal soul in the next."

"Oh, spare, spare me!" cried the weeping girl, throwing herself at Magdaline's feet. "I have been—I am still—very guilty; for, with all my wrongs, I love the marquis."

"Ellen, my poor Ellen!" said the duchess, softly, and with great emotion, as she raised the kneeling girl, "my heart weeps tears of blood for you. But now, I thought I could endure no deeper sorrow; but this meeting has filled my cup to overflowing."

A long pause followed. Paleotti sat sullen and silent: Ellen spoke not but by her tears. At last the duchess said, "You will go home with me, Ellen! my doors, my heart, are still open to you."

Paleotti looked moved to something like feeling. He rose, and paced the cell with quick and agitated step. Ellen spoke not, moved not; but rested her head on the back of her chair, the big tears stealing through her closed eyes. Magdaline rose to go away. "Come, Ellen!"

At these words the poor girl started, and clasping her hands forcibly together, exclaimed, "O no! not now; ask me not to go now. A little—a very little while, and I will follow you anywhere. Only let me stay with him till—till—" tears obstructed her speech.

"Yes, yes," said Paleotti, hurriedly, "let her stay, sister, till I leave this cell for——"

Here a convulsive movement of the marquis's features betrayed the inward agitation of his soul. The duchess drew her veil over her face, and moved towards the door. Ellen flew after her, and seizing her hand, pressed it to her burning lips.

"Bless—bless you!" said she, "for the kind offer to take home the poor lost Ellen."

"You will go with me, then?" said the duchess, benevolently looking upon her through her tears.

"Yes, indeed," sobbed out Ellen; "to-morrow I will go home with you—and die!" she mentally ejaculated.

Magdaline never went to bed all that long night, which preceded the dawn of that awful day, that was to close the life and crimes

of a brother: and at the hour appointed for her last visit to the cell of the noble criminal, the duchess, arrayed in deep mourning, and leaning upon the arm of Mr. Talbot, proceeded to the carriage, which drove off at a rapid pace towards the prison.

The marquis, attended by his confessor, was standing with folded arms, and eyes fixed upon the floor, when Magdaline entered the cell. With a pride so characteristic of him, he had taken unwonted pains with his person that morning. His hair was arranged with much care, and his laced cravat and linen were of the finest sort. He wore his full colonel's uniform, of the imperial army: and those who did not know the man, nay, even those who did, could not but melt at the sight of so graceful and noble looking a person, chained hand to hand, and foot to foot, like a common malefactor. A little behind Paleotti, and seated on a low stool, her head muffled up in the hood that helped to disguise her pallid looks, wan with grief and night-watchings, sat the most mournful figure in that mournful group—the poor heart-broken Ellen.

The unhappy Paleotti spoke not; and the duchess, after regarding him for some time with wistful looks, said, "Oh, my brother! have you any commands—any wishes which I can fulfil? Speak, dear Ferdinand! all you wish done, I will do:—anything—everything you can require."

The marquis then mentioned Ellen, recommending her, in a very touching manner, to her care. "Promise me," said he, "never to desert her, for she has never deserted me."

Here the sobbings of Ellen were audible.

"I do promise you," answered the duchess, "that Ellen shall ever find in me a friend and a sister."

"Let me," continued Paleotti, "have honourable burial, worthy of the illustrious race I sprung from."

As he spoke, his dark eye flashed with all its wonted brilliancy, and his pale cheek crimsoned with the hue of health. Alas! how often do we see family pride darting, like the grave-fed meteor, through the loopholes of a mind, destitute of all proper pride and proper feeling.

The great clock of the prison now struck, and its deep sonorous warning was equally felt by all. The priest crossed himself devoutly; the marquis became pale and thoughtful; and Magdaline and Ellen covered their faces, and wept. Another hour, and that unhappy man would be led forth to the gaze of the rude rabble, even then gathering from all parts of the metropolis, to witness that sight, of all others the most appalling to a thinking mind—the launching of a guilty soul, by a violent and yet a judicial death, upon the dark and fathomless waters of eternity. The priest now broke silence. "My son, there is but little time left you: the last sands of life are running to waste in this conflict of feelings, painful to all, and yielding to none those sweet and holy fruits that should sanctify the approaching trial. Take leave, then, of your friends, and let us give the last hour to Him who has given you so many, that you might have time and opportunity to know all the wonders of his mercy to merciless man."

The parting between the brother and sister was brief, but solemn and touching. Magdaline wept upon his bosom, prayed, and blessed

him; and implored him, in the name of the Saviour, to lift up his heart to him, who was above all earthly judges, and all mortal kings. Next came Ellen, the last of loving ones to look upon his features—the last to forget them. Wild was her look, and wilder still her action. She clasped his neck, as if by her clinging there she could have saved it from the ignominious cord. She kissed his fettered hands; she knelt down, and embraced his manacled knees; and with a voice heart-rending to hear, called upon him, as if he had only been going on an earthly journey, to love her, and remember how she had given up all for him. The priest then approached, (impatient of delay,) and gently drew her away, waving for the duchess to follow. But Ellen, strong in affliction, burst from the holy man, and exclaiming, “Oh, let me look upon his face again—once again!” rushed towards the spot where Paleotti stood, and fell senseless at his feet. In this lifeless state she was borne to the carriage, and the duchess following, Paleotti was left alone with his confessor.

In a short time they came to knock off the irons of the noble criminal, still wet with the tears of Ellen, and then, preceded by the priest bearing the crucifix, Paleotti got into the coach, which in courtesy was allowed to him, and was driven to Tyburn.

When arrived at the fatal spot, Paleotti's demeanour under other circumstances must have won the applause of all generous minds. Ascending the scaffold with a firm step, he stood erect and dignified, looking calmly around at the countless beings that were gazing upon him; then turning to the sheriffs he requested his body might not be defiled by touching the bodies of the unhappy Englishmen doomed to suffer with him, but that he might die before them, and alone. This petition, so characteristic of the foolish pride of aristocracy, the sheriffs granted, in courtesy to a stranger.

After some little time spent at his devotions, at which the venerable priest, bare-headed, with looks of gentle pity and holy zeal, assisted, with lifted eyes, and hands elevating the symbol of redemption, the cross, occasionally swept by his silver hairs, as he lowered it to receive the homage of his reverend lips, the executioner approached Paleotti; and while binding with a black sash those free arms, that had once been active in the field of glory, a flush of crimson passed over the pale cheek of the criminal; and the wild flash of his dark eye, and bending backward of his proud head, showed, like the reined courser, his disdain of the curb. The priest spoke to him, and he became calm, and drooped his head upon his breast. The ignominious cord was next put round his graceful neck, the unsightly cap drawn over his classic features, and then the handsome, the noble, and the accomplished Marquis de Paleotti, the ornament of the court, the pride of the camp, and the idol of one breaking heart, died amid the assembled thousands—an example to all of the justice of those glorious laws of Englishmen, that show no distinction between the peer and the peasant, seeing that crime makes both equal.

To conclude, the duchess, faithful to the promise given to her unhappy brother, treated Ellen with all a sister's sympathy and affection: but it was soon visible to every one that looked upon the suffering girl, that earth would not long be her abiding place. Silently

she wasted away to the mere shadow of her former beauty. Shame, deep shame, and deeper sorrow, preyed upon her heart, as the worm feeds upon the flower and destroys the delicate bloom of its summer vest; and in a few weeks after the death of Paleotti, Ellen breathed her last farewell sigh to that world that held nothing so dear to her as the unhonoured grave of him whom she had loved to the last, with all a woman's enduring tenderness and fidelity.

“ For man, every danger fond woman will brave,
And, unchanged by adversity's blast,
She will share his dark prison, and cling to his grave,
Loving on—loving on to the last.”

WORLD-WEARINESS.

Come, death, and leave the couch of beauty,
Spread horror through no region blest :
Here do thy seasonable duty :—
A grave for this old man were best.

Compelled unwillingly to linger,
Unloved, a tree with branches sere,
Come, and with sweet oblivious finger,
Death ! do thine office here.

For gone are all with whom he mated,
Nor wife nor child now o'er him bend,
Though unto many long related,
Thou art his only friend.

Thick grows the film upon his vision ;
Cold flows the blood his veins within :
Pale porter of the gates Elysian !
Thou art his next of kin.

Around him grows the scene more dreary,
Darker the clouds come o'er his west :
Hard is thy bed, but he is weary,
And sound will be his rest.

RICHARD HOWITT.

ARDENT TROUGHTON, THE WRECKED MERCHANT.¹

BY E. HOWARD.

THOUGH the contemplation of the state of my own family was so satisfactory, the deportment of Mantez, and his increased familiarity with his first and second mate, gave me much uneasiness. These two unworthies were, one Gomez Alfaruche, an hirsute and bandit-looking Spaniard, who acted as the chief officer, and a gaunt, Quixotic, hungry-looking Norman, who strutted under the appellations, at once euphonious and *empruntées*, of Auguste Epaminondas Montmorenci, both of whom had a peculiar manner of construing the laws that regulate private property, and which assert the right of putting offenders to death. Of course, with these men, neither I nor my family held the slightest communication; though I must do them the justice to confess, that it was not for want of many overtures to a better understanding on the part of these illustrious personages. The third mate, or officer, I have already said, was a rough, and I hoped, an honest Englishman, who chose to be called David Drinkwater, a name that, I shrewdly suspect, was about as genuine as it was appropriate. However, I was much pleased to find, that he was not admitted into the confidence or the familiarity of the captain and the two superior mates: I therefore immediately began to study how to conciliate him. I soon found that the task was not difficult. I had only to prove how much his name libelled him.

Now, whenever he had the night-watch on deck, I always made it a point to converse with him, and to show him those blunt and frank attentions that so much win the sailor's heart. I encouraged him to speak of himself and of his prospects, which he did unreservedly enough; but there was evidently a foul turn in the coil of his history with which he did not wish me to be acquainted, and I was too generous to endeavour to extract the truth by cross-examination. As I wanted his confidence, I showed him plainly that I gave him mine, and I succeeded in obtaining all but this little mysterious affair.

A few nights after the startling conversation that I had had with Julien, David, having watched the commander to his cabin for the night, passed over to the side of the deck on which I was walking, and after some awkward preliminaries at conversation, abruptly said, "Do you know, Master Troughton, what course we are steering?"

"To New Orleans."

"Perhaps; but how is the ship's head now?"

"How! why, I'll go and see."

"Do."

So I went and looked at the binnacle, and found we were steering south and by west half west, and told my comrade the result of my observation.

¹ Continued from p. 204.

"Very well. And do you know we are making a mighty deal too much southing? and also, for the last week, that Captain Mantez has told me plainly, that I need not trouble myself by taking any more solar observations."

"Indeed! and have you?"

"Yes, every day on the forecastle; and we are already ten degrees and-a-half nearer the line than there is any occasion to be."

"This, David, must be looked to. Who navigates the ship?"

"Captain, principally; but that long ghost of a Frenchman has as much to do with it as the other."

"But the captain may be ignorant, and the Frenchman also."

"No doubt, no doubt; but they know well enough where they are taking the barky to."

"Do you know?"

"Upon my soul, I don't," said he, clenching the asseveration by slapping the right hand forcibly into the left.

"Not to New Orleans?"

"I should guess not."

"David, you alarm me. You know that every being whom I value is on board this unlucky craft. Tell me if you have seen any more signs of foul play."

"I've seen some curious goings on, surely; there was a meeting two nights ago in the boatswain's cabin of almost all the officers—yes, all but myself—captain among the squad."

"Was there, indeed? And the magnificent Don there, too. Now, David, for the English blood that flows in our veins, you must stand by us. You will not see us run away with, in our own ship, like a litter of young whelps, and drowned the first opportunity."

"Not if I can help it; but there may be no wrong meant, after all. Only a little yawing about to lengthen the passage, and give officers and men some odd twenty or thirty days more wages. But come what come may, for the kindness you have shown me, and for the sake of that blessed being, your sister, one life is at your service—and that is Do-no-good David Drinkwater's—there's my hand upon it."

"I take the pledge as a friend. Honoria also shall thank you. Why, man, she will sleep the more peacefully and sweetly when she knows that she sleeps under the protection, not of Do-no-good, but of Doughty David. Ay, we'll slay this hectoring Goliath yet, David."

"With a sling—at the yard-arm—the dog deserves it."

At this moment the captain's bell rang, and in went David to receive his commands; and out shortly came David, looking, to use his own expression, as black as thunder. Putting on an official look, and pulling off his hat, he thus addressed me:—"Don Mantez de Flusterbellow, or some such outlandish name, presents his humilities to Signor Trottoni, and would take it as an especial favour if he would pass his evenings otherwise than in distracting the attention of the officer of the watch, and tampering with his loyalty."

This message, which the honest fellow had endeavoured to render word for word, was delivered in very vile, but emphatic Spanish.

"Well done, David," was my reply; "you improve in your language rapidly. But this is only adding one other item to the score."

"Ay," said David, with a most orthodox oath. "To suppose I could be tampered with, or bribed, to lift my hand against my officer. I'll cut his throat in his hammock!" and he then stalked indignantly over on the starboard side of the quarter-deck, and walked out the rest of his watch in silence.

My bosom now became a prey to a thousand of the most direful apprehensions; and, though I retired to my cot during the rest of the night, I did not find the least disposition for sleep. I rallied all my powers to meet the dangers that I thought threatened us, and, at the same time, I had determined not, till the last moment, to alarm any of the ladies, or my good father.

No sooner was it broad daylight than I roused Julien, and confided to him all my suspicions. He immediately saw the state of affairs in the same light that I did myself: we immediately agreed to collect privately all the arms we could, pistols, with the necessary ammunition, more especially, in our cabins and the state-room on the main-deck, which was, with its little apartments on each side, solely occupied by the ladies and their female attendants. My father's cot was slung immediately outside of the bulwark on the one side of the deck, the priest's on the other, both of which were screened off by canvass. I have already said that I slept in a small cabin immediately under the break of the poop on the starboard side, whilst Julien occupied the one exactly opposite. The poop-cabin was entirely devoted to the convenience of Mantez: here he always slept and sate, and, since our implied rupture with him, took his meals. Indeed, it was now nearly three weeks since he had shown himself at all in the state-room. The mates of the ship had their hammocks slung somewhere aft on the main deck, the other petty officers were located as is usual in large vessels. A prudent general will always, if he can, take a survey of the battle-field before the strife.

I had resolved, however, to take things as quietly as possible, and, by affecting to think everything was going on rightly, to shame the conspirators into acting so. As it was very necessary to lull suspicion, Don Mantez commenced governing himself that very day upon the same principles. In the forenoon, about seven bells, he came up to me on the poop, and made me a very conciliatory bow. I returned it with a faint effort at a smile. Upon this encouragement he spoke.

"Signor Trottoni," said he, benevolently, "I trust that the third mate did not convey my message of last night discourteously to you."

"Why, Captain Mantez," said I, affecting to banter him, "is it possible to carry a burning coal in our hands coolly, or a charge of tampering with one of your subordinates like a new year's compliment?"

"O, pardon me, signor, the man mistook me;—he is a fool in his own language, and something more foolish in a foreign one. You were talking very loud, you may remember, and really I wanted rest—a mistake altogether. It certainly was rude of me to request

you to moderate your tone—I ask your pardon for it—am I forgiven?”

“Don’t say another word, Don. I entertain precisely those feelings towards you as you do towards me—rest assured of it. But it is nearly noon. Is it not time to take the observation?”

“Yes, we will send for the officers.”

So Mantez with his sextant, and the two mates with their quadrants, began to ascertain the sun’s altitude.

“But where,” said I, “is the Englishman? Men of his nation are generally good seamen.”

“An exception, signor; an exception—a mere bungler.”

“I am sorry to hear that: take my compliments,” said I to a man standing by, “and request the favour of Mr. Drinkwater to lend me his quadrant. I wish to see, captain, if I have forgotten how to shoot the sun. I had a good schooling at this work on board the brig in which I was wrecked.”

The quadrant was soon handed to me. I brought the sun’s lower limb to the horizon, and shortly after the sun dipped.

“Twelve o’clock!” said Mantez, “Strike the bell!”

In the mean time I took out my pencil and calculated the latitude; then affecting an extremity of astonishment that I by no means felt, I exclaimed with a suitable ejaculation, “Ten degrees, thirteen minutes north latitude! How is this? By what strange miracle have we got here?”

The three for one moment looked confounded: it was but for a moment; at least, on the part of the captain.

“Oh,” said he, “signor, no doubt but that Drinkwater’s quadrant is as much out of order as himself.”

“No, no,” said I, “that cannot be,” taking up Mantez’s sextant, which he had carelessly placed upon the skylight over the cabin, “for I read the same number of degrees and minutes, within a mere trifle, marked by your index. And your quadrant, I see, monsieur, also corroborates mine. How, in the name of all that is fair, open, and honourable, have we got to the south of all the Caribbean islands?”

“I am as surprised as you are,” said Mantez, after a considerable pause. “Signor Montmorenci, I hope that you have not deceived me; however, let us all adjourn to my cabin, consult the charts, and rectify our course. Indeed, I am perfectly willing to resign the navigation wholly to Signor Trottoni, if he supposes himself a better navigator than we are.”

“No; I am sorry to say that I know but too little about it; only I think the chances are mightily against our making a place, in the southern hemisphere, that happens to have more than thirty degrees of north latitude.”

To the cabin we went: the charts were displayed, and I soon had the end of my forefinger upon the line of latitude which we were then crossing. “Now, gentlemen,” said I, “what westing have we made?” But the gentlemen knew, or affected to know, nothing about the matter. The chronometers were out of order; the dead reckoning was worse than useless; and a lunar observation had not been taken since we had lost sight of land. Then, for the first time, it struck me

that, being on a most unfrequented part of that highroad of nations, the ocean, we had not spoken with a single vessel. Were we then, and purposely, out of the usual track of vessels. The conviction that we were, came like a shock of galvanism over my frame. I no longer doubted but that we were betrayed. However, I still mastered the expression of my countenance, and said, with all the suavity that I could assume, "You see, gentlemen, that, like the innocent babes in the wood, we have lost ourselves. These islanders, the English, take to the water as naturally as seals; and I verily believe, that many of them know where they are, place them in what part of the ocean you will, merely by instinct. Let us send for Drinkwater; we may either reject or receive his advice, as it may seem good to us; but it is a chance that we ought not to throw away, as we have done ourselves."

"Tell the English dog, Drinkwater, to come aft," said the commander haughtily, to the servant who was in waiting. He came aft, looking humbly enough; yet there was a sullenness lurking beneath this humility, that seemed to me an earnest of the man's singleness of heart.

"We have sent for you, Mr. Drinkwater," said I, with much respect in my manner, "in order that you may give us your opinion whereabouts we may be."

"Blessed if I know;—somewhere, I take it, on the Atlantic."

"A wide guess, and a safe one. I suppose you know our latitude."

"Not far off the line, I calculate, by the up and down of the sun at noon, the pitch sweltering out of the seams, and the infernal impudence of the cock-roaches."

"That is our exact latitude," said I, pointing to the chart; "now, upon a broad guess, what think you is our longitude?"

"Why," said he, "if I must speak, I should say about there—not far off the island of St. Paul's. We have not made more than thirty degrees westing, call me lubber if we have. We are just in the out-of-the-way track that all the slaveys on the sly used to take when the English made it piracy."

"But how know you all this?"

"Bless your two good-looking eyes, Master Troughton, though I say it who should not say it, and more shame for me, I served in a slaver myself. Know the sea-drift that we are among now as well as the butter-cups and daisies that grow in the meadow behind father's house; (with a deep sigh;) wish I was there now—but this is neither here nor there—I have said my say—now do your do."

"Do our do, David—not our do shall be done—what do you recommend us to do?—speak out the word boldly, and I swear by St. George of England it shall be your do that is done."

"You certainly do not mean to alter the ship's course without my sanction!" said Mantez, but with no exasperation of manner.

"I most certainly shall."

"You shall not, for, in this instance, I shall sanction whatever you propose."

"David, you hear—now, what would you have me do?"

"Why, if I had the ship in hand, I'd down with the larboard-studding-sails before a monkey could crack a cocoa-nut, round in the larboard-braces, bring the wind right a-beam, and lay the ship's head due north-west. We'll make some of the Virgin islands, please the piper, and I know every one of them by sight, as well as I do my own brothers and sisters."

"Now, Captain Mantez," said I, bowing to him very low, "will you do me the singular favour to follow these suggestions?"

"Oh, Signor Trottoni," said the commander, bowing still more profoundly, "you are only too good. Perhaps you would lay me under the everlasting obligation to see them put in practice yourself. The thing is so reasonable, that I should resign the command of this vessel at the first beck of a very young man, my passenger, and a buyer and seller of cottons and molasses, that I entreat of you to take my trumpet, and see everything done that seems good to you."

"With the most unfeigned pleasure in the world," said I, taking the proffered trumpet from the astonished man; and, going out upon the quarter-deck, I bellowed immediately through the instrument, "Turn the hands up—trim sails." And, in a very short time, we had the vessel careening with increased speed, the weather-topmast studding sails drawing admirably, in the course recommended.

The sound of my voice giving the necessary orders, brought my family, and Isidora and Julien, on deck immediately. It was a great delight to Honoria, to see her brother playing captain again, and she told me so with all the buoyancy of a youthful glee. Indeed, the act carried with it its own drollery; for no sooner did I commence acting commander, than Jugurtha considered himself called upon, *ex officio*, to act as my lieutenant; and his eagerness to have my orders punctually and expeditiously performed, and his amazing activity, gave you no bad idea, as he leaped here and there, of a large black bean bouncing about in a frying-pan amongst a parcel of parching peas. On the occasion of any one else giving the orders, I do not think that he would have put his hand to a rope to save the ship from sinking—always supposing that our safety was not endangered.

After the operation was completed, as I returned the trumpet to Mantez, he received it with an ironical smile, but he showed no other symptoms of displeasure at the liberty I had taken. That day, it was his pleasure to be gracious. He made several overtures to our party, that looked like a wish to be placed on a better understanding with them. Indeed, his whole deportment was that of a man who has just won a very desperate stake. There was also a merry malignity very perceptible in the countenances of the two chief officers. My heart sickened at all these symptoms of successful treachery. Nevertheless, it was necessary to eat my dinner, and I was determined to make it a memorable one, by inviting David Drinkwater to our table.

Hitherto, we had drawn the line of demarcation strongly between ourselves and the crew. It is certain that, for the first fortnight, Don Mantez had been our constant guest; but after we had betrayed our evident disinclination to his intimacy, he had never entered our state-room.

The happiness and the honour was nearly too much for the good

fellow. The heartiness of my father, the bland courtesy of my mother, and the girlish and tantalizing coquetries of Honoria, nearly drove him wild with pleasure. He sang us his best sea songs and told us his best sea stories, many of the latter being well deserving of preservation. How much good sense, sterling humour, and nobleness of soul, is continually to be found under the roughest exterior. He paid the azure of Honoria's eyes a compliment, that could hardly have been exceeded by the most successful poet. He begged of her not to look at him so earnestly, as his mother had taught him that it was a sin of idolatry to worship any other blue but that which veiled the heavens from his eyes.

"But what have you been doing with our ship this forenoon, Ardent?"

"O my dear father, we have been mistaken in the finger-posts, and taken a long sweep."

"A circumbendibus," said David.

"I'm corrected—a circumbendibus, to reach a point that lay straight before us. Merely a mistake in our dead reckoning."

"Carried the items to the wrong account, I suppose, with bad customers. Should balance accounts every day. Make a long set-off now, per contra creditor—heh?"

"Just so; but I think that we should mulct the captain for this delay."

"I jalouse that he'll wipe off the chalks of his log-board, before he'll hand out a single shot," said the sententious mate.

"I think," said my father, "that I never felt the ship go so fast before. See how the waves fly past us!"

"It is undoubtedly her best point of sailing," I replied; "and if she and we only get fair play, we shall soon recover the distance that we have so shamefully lost."

"I doubt that much, sir," observed the sagacious David. "We are in the latitude of calms. Six weeks or two months frying on a looking-glass, is nothing to speak of in this part of the world."

"Heaven in its mercy forbid," said I, shuddering; "my greatest sufferings were endured in a calm at sea."

"While we ran before the wind, we had a right to expect that it would follow us till it had blown itself out; but now that we are running dead across, we must expect to pass through it. A jolly good gale shall not measure you fifty miles broad, yet shall be fifteen hundred long. We must look out for squalls on deck, I'm thinking; and calms on the face of the sea."

"May you be as unprophetic, David, as when Balaam went out to testify."

"Ah, sir, there is a greater likeness between Balaam and me than you are aware of; when we were both going to prophesy we were checked by——"

"An angel or an ass—an angel or an ass?" said Honoria, as well as she could for laughing.

"An angel, miss, for you have just interrupted me."

"Now is he not," said Honoria, "a perfect *preux chevalier*—a knight-errant of the sea—a little coarse but courteous—true, true——"

"As the sheet-anchor, miss."

"Faithful as—as——"

"The compass——"

Brave—brave as——" and the beautiful quiz waited to be again
ted.

! we English seamen counts that as nothing—it is always
to the bargain."

answered, my dear David," said I; "but to whom is that
devoted? Some fair lady is always supposed to be the
city of a true knight."

cutelary deity was a puzzler to David, so he began to scratch
heavily-bushed head with his well-tarred fingers.

"Mr. David is," said Honoria, in the exuberance of her spirits, "a
perfect amphibious Bayard—*sans peur et sans reproche*—graceful as
the young fawn, delicate as the drooping lily—even now, with his
gauntleted hand he is fumbling in the dark plume of his casque to
unrivet his visor, and take off his headpiece, for what we see can be
nothing more than the noble knight's manner of disguising himself."

"Come, come, Honoria," said I, a little displeased, "this is carry-
ing the jest somewhat too far; could we lay him bare to the heart, we
should find that he is as noble and as true, and infinitely more disinte-
rested than the best knight that ever vapoured through Christendom.
And, hear me, Honoria; I would impress upon you solemnly, without
wishing in the least to alarm you, that it is the service of such hearts
that we may stand in need of. I wish to God, that this moment
you would seriously dub David your knight—this very moment."

The reader knows that I had every inducement to wind up the
mate's enthusiasm in our favour to the utmost, and the banter of my
sister gave me, at once, an excellent idea of doing so effectually. My
proposition was acceded to eagerly by all present—for I had taken
care to explain the Spanish to the English, and the English to the
Spanish, when either seemed to be at a loss to understand what was
said. We soon erected a very excellent throne, on which we, with
due honours, installed the fair girl. Here a little difficulty had nearly
destroyed the harmony of our proceedings, for Julien wished himself
to be the first on whom the honour was conferred, but both myself
and his cousin protested loudly against thus disappointing the honest
mate; and we urged that he was entirely inadmissible to the projected
order, seeing that it was to be exclusively a marine one. At length,
he yielded to her remonstrances, though with an excessively ill grace,
protesting, as all young men will protest, where a very pretty girl is
in the case.

There sate Honoria, in an elevated chair, decorated with all manner
of gorgeous flags, showing to our admiring gaze how beautifully
blended sweetness and majesty may be.

"Now, Honoria," said I, wishing to make the mimic pageant as
imposing as possible, "comport yourself, not only as a beauty, but as
a queen. Respect the power that God has given you, which is
mightier than the power of force. Look in earnest, my dear, dear
sister—play out this play heroically, and, as the ways of the Almighty
are inscrutable, it may prove the salvation of us all." Here she started,
and looked much alarmed, but I immediately continued, "If, unfor-

unately, danger should surround us. Don Julien de Aranquez, grandee of Spain, act for the present as the high chamberlain and secretary of our august queen, Honoria—please you to stand reverently by her side, on her majesty's left hand. Isidora, of the same name and noble house, I appoint you—her—what less than first is worthy of you?—let us say her prime minister and friend. But we must have no kissing in court yet," I exclaimed, as the one lady stooped down, and the other stood on tiptoe to embrace. "Now, Jugurtha, get thee, man, my father's large gold goblet, and fill it with the best wine. There, kneel at our sovereign's feet—a place of honour, you ivory-toothed rascal, that thousands would cut your throat to procure—not exactly there, Juggy—that's a little too close—you must leave room for the future knight—and now, sister, take this drawn sword, and hold it in your hand as an instrument that you both trusted in and feared."

She took it, and surveyed it from the hilt to the very point, with a kindling eye, that seemed to flash defiance to fear, and then laid the shining and cold blade across her young warm bosom, that seemed to swell proudly to meet, and firmly to resist it, for the weapon rested upon it, making no impression.

The solemnity of the deportment of the attendants that I had placed about her, her attitude of exquisite dignity and grace, and her extreme beauty, began to shed an awe upon us, and we felt more and more that we were performing an important ceremonial. Honest David, who had weathered a hundred storms unmoved, grew a little pale, and looked almost frightened. My father and mother were wrapt up in admiration of the spectacle that I had so suddenly created for them, and in which their daughter played so brilliant a part. The good priest looked on silently and approvingly. After a pause of a few minutes, which we spent principally in contemplating each other, I ventured to address the padre.

"My dear sir," said I to him, with every token of respect in my manner, "you know in what reverence I hold you, and the tenets of the religion that you profess so sincerely, and teach by your practice so piously. May we crave your blessing upon the little scene that we are acting? Believe me, it is neither derogatory to good morals, or to God's honour—but, as far as we can judge, it is to promote the cause of both. Will you deign to consecrate our act by a prayer?"

"Most willingly, my good son. Whether we arise, or lie down—go to the house of feasting, or the house of mourning—to console the misery of another, or to rejoice in our own prosperity, the deed will never be the less acceptable to the Almighty by begging his previous blessing upon it. Therefore, as the ceremony that you are about to perform is one inculcating and strengthening virtue, I shall beg God's blessing on it in the following petition;" and the good man read us, very little to our edification, but much to the awe of David Drinkwater, a long Latin prayer.

When this was concluded, and after a due pause, placing myself in an oratorical attitude, I exclaimed, "David Drinkwater, of the ship St. Anna, third mate, for want of a better, stand forth. David, our sovereign, Lady Honoria, being minded to create an order of knight-

hood, both in accordance with her own name, and to promote deeds of chivalry on the seas, she wills it to be entitled the 'Order of Naval Honour.' Now, David Drinkwater, our lady, who sits enthroned before you, having discriminated in you those sterling qualities, and high endowments, that make knighthood so honourable in the eyes of all men, is most graciously pleased to appoint you the first knight of her newly-instituted order. Confined as we are, David Drinkwater, in this floating fortalice, many otherwise necessary ceremonies, usual before installation, we must dispense with, and some of them you may enact after the installation. It is usual, David, for the aspirant to this honour to watch his armour all night in some chapel;—you may, if you have any conscientious scruples upon this point, watch all to-morrow night your tarpaulin hat, and your pea-jacket, together with your marling-spike and serving-mallet, in the mizen-top—but this we will not exact:—we leave it to you as a case of conscience."

"I'd beg to be excused, barring I had a bottle of rum."

"Discreetly answered, O David; and you may also hear mass, if you like."

"Presbyterian born, Master Troughton, presbyterian born."

"A valid objection. Now, as to the insignia of the order. Invention and art have exhausted themselves in magnificence: diamonds are vulgar, gold is common place—stars have glittered over false and treacherous hearts, and garters have girded knees that knock together on the approach of danger. O David, we'll have none of these; but a badge shalt thou wear more simple, and, oh! how infinitely more beautiful. It shall be a lock of this golden hair worn round your neck,"—thrusting my hand among the ringlets of Honoria—"attached to a blue riband, a bight of this decoration only appearing through one of the button-holes of the vest."

"Not for worlds," said Honoria, starting up and covering her head with both her hands.

"Oh, make me a knight also," said Julien, falling at her feet. "Give me the badge."

"Julien, to your station!" said I, sternly. "Honoria, look upon me steadfastly. Do I appear serious? Do not I seem like a brother, jealous of your honour? Miserably and monkishly educated as you have been—"

"Ardent!" said my mother, for I had been speaking in Spanish.

"Interrupt me not, lady. Miserably and monkishly as you have been educated, even you must have heard of the noble women who sacrificed their tresses to make bowstrings to repel those foes who would have invaded their homes and endangered their honour;—even you must have heard the common saying, indicative of impending misfortune, that such hangs only by a hair. Sister, attend to me; fearfully, without a metaphor, without an allegory, I tell you, not only your own but my fate, my life or death, and that of your parents and companions, may, nay does, hang upon a lock of your hair, refused to one who can never be anything to you but a respectful worshipper and a deliverer—or—something I dare not name."

"Is that the case, dear brother?—here, then, take it all:" and tear-

ing away the fastening, she allowed its beautiful profusion to wait on over her shoulders. "Divide it, lock by lock, among the crew, rather than a hair of my parents' heads should be hurt—a hair, Ardent, dear Ardent, of yours. My God! has it come to this?"—and then, forgetting her assumed dignity, she bent from her high station down upon my shoulder and wept.

"No," said I, soothingly and in a whisper, "no, noble girl, it has not come to this. It is lucky that this honest fellow is not Spaniard enough to understand us. But we fear something:—we are here at the mercy of bad men. I wish to gain a party, and this man must be our instrument. I wish to awaken his enthusiasm—to confirm it. Do not alarm our parents—resume yourself." In a moment the high-spirited girl assumed her dignified attitude, and then I continued, speaking loudly, "No, Honoria, we do not want so great a sacrifice—one lock will be sufficient; for only the first knight in your chapter, whoever he may be for the time being, must enjoy the happy privilege of being guardian of your lock of hair. All the other members of this order are to wear the blue riband common to all; but each must wear a lock of hair of his own lady-love, if he can get it; and I think that I have now invented as pretty an institution as any very modern establishment of this kind."

"But what shall we have for the motto?" said Honoria, cutting off one of her largest side-curls, and tying it up tastefully in a bow with some slender blue riband.

"Oh, we must consult the future Sir David, especially as he will immediately have to raise at least twenty companions, good men and true," said I to him significantly.

"Thank ye, sir, heartily, and my service to you likewise," scratching his head as usual. "I'll do my best:—what do you and the young lady think of '*The ship that goes, the wind that blows, and the lass that loves a sailor*'?"

"Very good of itself, indeed; but, with all submission, Sir David, don't you think that as yours is to be the order of '*naval honour*,' we should have some reference to our motto?"

"I see; yes," said Sir David, still groping among his hair, "Honour—yes—honour—why, let it be this, '*Our honour, like the ocean, can never taint*.'"

"That will do extremely well: now for the rest of the ceremony. Be all of you attentive. Have you got the collar of knighthood ready?"

"I have," said Honoria, dislaying it; and a very tasteful collar it was. She had also made another out of the remnant of the hair of the first one. "That," said she, "to show you, Ardent, that I am influenced by no prudish affectation, I intend to give to my faithful dark squire, Jugurtha. And now, in the name of chivalry, proceed."

I then made the bashful aspirant kneel at Honoria's feet, and placing both the palms of his huge hands together, I placed as much of them as the tiny white little ones of my sister could cover between hers, and then said to him, "David Drinkwater, answer solemnly and in the spirit of truth the questions that your sovereign

lady will propound to you, and mind that you look your divinity full in the face, that she may judge of the sincerity of your replies."

David looked up to her, all confusion, bashfulness, and emotion, whilst Julien formed a fine study for the expression of intense jealousy, and I thought that Isidora seemed very much to enjoy his perturbation.

All this being duly arranged, my sister, giving an arch look all round, half triumph, and half wagery, and gently shaking her magnificent and bright hair, that hung like golden mists of glory about her marble shoulders, she bent her large blue eyes intently upon the kneeling suppliant, who was trembling and blushing before her, and then repeated this after me.

"David Drinkwater, are you solicitous truly, duly, and nobly to take upon yourself the vows and duties of knighthood, purging your heart, as if purged with fire, of all meanness, guile, and cowardice?"

"I am."

"Will you always and instantly arm in the just cause, and even if that cause be unto the death, succour the distressed and oppose the oppressor? When the unjust and strong man lifteth his arm to strike the innocent, will you yourself ward off or receive the blow? Will you aid the cause of the free? Will you unbind the fetters of the slave?"

In a low deep voice David groaned out, "I will—I will—I will."

At this fervent ejaculation, Jugurtha, who was kneeling by him with the goblet of wine, but with his body turned in a different direction to David's, so as almost to face him, putting on one of his widest smiles, patted him with his left hand encouragingly on the head, as we pat a little boy that has just been a very good little boy indeed.

"Will you, David Drinkwater, strive with all your soul, and all your strength, against the robber on the high seas, the despoiler, and the pirate?"

"I will, by G—d."

"Stop, brother," exclaimed Honoria, her countenance kindling into sublimity as if by sudden inspiration, "prompt me no more—I know my part—I will perform it. David Drinkwater, you have been one of severe trials—a witness of dreadful scenes—a partaker of some crimes. Confess them not to me—you have been one wavering between good and evil, and have stumbled. You may waver again."

"Never!"

"Look upon this as no idle ceremony, but as one binding and holy. I ask you, by the chastity of your sister, should you hear the shriek of the assaulted maiden, and the assaulter be powerful, where will you be?"

"Where he is, with my knee upon his breast, my hand upon his throat, and my knife up to the haft between his ribs."

"By the nursing love of your mother—by the manly affection of your father—would you see injury done to that noble matron—or those honourable and grey hairs trampled on by the assassin?"

"I would die first, so help me God!"

"You have answered virtuously and nobly. On you devolves the chivalry of the sea. I now invest you with this collar of the Order of Naval Honour. As to armour, integrity is the soundest—it has no weak parts, no ill-placed joints, through which the sword of the wicked can penetrate; and, to my knight, the wicked only can be foe. As for spurs, you shall find the sharpest and the best, in occasions. Be true, be just, be honourable, and loyal to me and mine. Be all this, I conjure you, by the memory of your innocent childhood—by the love of your absent friends—by the God that is ever present." Then laying the blade of the sword gently upon his shoulder, she said with much sweetness, though in a serious tone, "Rise, Sir David Drinkwater."

Amidst our acclamations the poor fellow rose and staggered like one intoxicated, two immense globules of liquid standing in his eyes, that might have been called tears, had they been found similarly placed in a mortal less rough and hardy. Of course, all present came to him, each in his turn, and addressing him formally as Sir David, shook hands with, and congratulated him, he all the time rubbing his forehead with his left hand with a bewildered air, and ever and anon exclaiming, "I know it's only play-acting—I know it's only play-acting—but I'll stick to it as long as I live—I'll stick to it."

"Sir David," said Honoria, "the ceremony is not yet complete. You must kneel and kiss hands." He knelt—we all started, thinking that a bottle of porter had burst; but it was only the evaporation of Sir David's loyalty on Honoria's fingers.

"There, that will do," said Honoria. "Ladies' hands are not meant to be eaten. Now rise, Sir David. Jugurtha, the wine-cup. Sir Knight, I pledge ye." She drank, and handed it to the knight—the flower of naval chivalry. He seized the chalice with both hands, and when he had brought the edge of it to his mouth, he nodded across the circumference very kindly to his sovereign, and saying, "Marm, here's *towards* your very good health," took a draught that was almost Alexandrine—so deep, indeed, that Jugurtha was forced immediately to replenish the vessel. When that necessary office was done, the cup went round, each drinking to the health of the newly-made knight. I pledged him last, and in doing so, I said to him, "Remember, Sir David, you must enlist companions to your order. By this time to-morrow, let me see at least twenty little bits of blue riband, but not ostentatiously displayed, in so many button-holes. We must know our friends from our foes. You understand me, Sir Knight?"

"Can I box my compass, or haul out a weather earing? But, as I've got the first dog-watch, and the skipper is rather queer upon me, good folks, with many thanks for all favours, you must permit me to go. And depend upon it, miss, joke or earnest, David Drinkwater is true to the back-bone."

Honoria had now descended from her mimic throne, and before Sir David had reached the cabin door, she came up to him, her eyes filling; for the first time, with the natural tears of apprehension, she took his horny palms within her velvet hands, and looking wistfully into his eyes, she said in a tone persuasive as that of an angel that

prompts us to good deeds, "Oh! talk not of jesting. Sir David Drinkwater, will you be true to your knightly vow?"

Our honest ally was completely overcome. How shall I record his answer? It was not only ungenteel, it was vulgar—more unfit to be mentioned to ears polite than is that place, the road to which is so broad, and the courts of which are so well paved with good intentions. But as the knight could find no other vent for his emotions, any more than I can find a periphrase for the expression, for once I must run the risk of shocking my delicate readers, in order to satisfy my honest ones. "Sir David Drinkwater, will you be true to your knightly vow?"

"If I am not, blast me!" said the knight, as he rushed out of the cabin.

In enacting this serious farce, it was impossible to prevent so much of our actual state transpiring, as to alarm my father and the ladies. Truly, I did my best to impress upon them that I had only surmised so much of danger as to make precautionary measures necessary; but, with my best eloquence, I could not dispel their gloom, and very early that evening they retired, in dreadfully depressed spirits, to their respective sleeping cabins.

When my father, Julien, and myself, found ourselves alone in the state-room, for the padre had retired as soon as the ladies, we drew our chairs together like men in jeopardy, and began to converse on our state. As I gradually unfolded what I conceived to be our awful predicament, and gave my reasons for the conclusions that I had come to, my father at once coincided with me, as to the imminence of our situation. But the gallant old gentleman showed no fears. He was only anxious to be prepared before the explosion took place. As much depended upon the individual character of Mantez, I was most anxious to learn all that I could of him. Was he of good character? received in respectable society? was he really noble? To all these questions both Julien and my father answered in the affirmative. They told me further, that he had lost large possessions by the South American revolutions—that he was a decided royalist—that, till the death of his elder brother, which took place on board a ship in a voyage to the Guinea coast for slaves, Mantez had sometimes commanded in the Spanish royal navy—sometimes in the merchant service. That, hitherto, my father, in all his transactions with him, had found him strictly honourable; and as his connexions, both in Madrid and Barcelona, were unexceptionable, and neither his manners nor his person bad, whilst his fortune had latterly much improved, with other considerations of a political nature, had induced my parents to think him, until my arrival among them, a very suitable match for my sister.

When I heard all this, I again hesitated. I knew the man to be a villain, but also a calculating one. Would he risk his position in society, perhaps his life, by an act of piracy—abduction, and perhaps murder? For a moment I thought not; but when I reflected upon our treatment of him and his pretensions, the value of revenge to a Spaniard, and, above all, the enormous amount of wealth that we had on board in specie—for the times were then too troubled safely to

negotiate large bills of exchange, I was confirmed in my previous opinion. Recommending, for the future, my father and the priest to sleep inside the cabin doors, I bade him and Julien good night, and went on the quarter-deck to retire to rest also.

I looked at the compass, and found that we were steering in the correct course. This re-assured me a little; but, as I got under the break of the poop, I heard the sounds of uproarious mirth issuing from the captain's cabin; and, as I distinguished many voices, and some of persons who by their rank had no right to be there, my heart again misgave me.

As I entered my little dormitory, I perceived that Bounder was not crouched under my cot as usual, so I went down, and forward on the main-deck, to seek him; for, being a great favourite with the crew, they would often entice him to their messes. When I went on my excursion, it might have been half an hour after ten; the lights were all out, and as I heard the sounds of English merriment going forward, I was determined to enjoy as much of it as I could, unperceived. Round about the bits on the starboard side I found my party: they consisted of all the English, and the Americans, about ten or twelve, then on board. I got close to them. The dog knew me at once, but I silenced him by a sign; and, at length, in the nearly complete darkness, I squatted down on the deck among them unnoticed, or if noticed at all, those nearest me took me for one of their own group.

Here, as I expected, I heard the usual complaints among seamen—the capriciousness of the captain—the violence of the mates—the dirtiness and skulking of the outlandish crew, of course meaning every one but themselves—and then they turned to pleasanter themes. Spoke well of Sir David, highly of myself, and enthusiastically of Honoria—swearing that she was thorough English, without a drop of Spanish blood in her veins; and then they grew sentimental, and I had the pleasure of hearing the pathos of “Wapping Old Stairs,” and “Far, far at Sea,” doled forth by the several singers, most mournfully. I thought that I should have fallen asleep, when a nasal-voiced vocalist, through all its length, gave us “Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer,” sang *andante*; but even that had an end. Of course, between these melodious attempts there were palavers, long and short, but not a word escaped them that could lead me to expect that anything like a conspiracy was existing against the passengers. They, at least, were uncontaminated. I was just on the point of retiring from this conclave, when I was suddenly arrested and amused by the strong cockney twang of a fellow whose face of course I could not see, and who was addressed by his companions as the “Silver Spoon” and, Bill Wilkins, indiscriminately. I have lived long enough to be proof against sneers, and therefore I do not hesitate to confess that the “Silver Spoon’s” misplaced *us* and *vs*, his haphazard aspirates, and his clipped words, sounded, at the very time, most gratefully to me, recalling to my recollection the five beauties of my ancient master, Mr. Falcke, and all the quiet delights of Lothbury. So I paid every attention to Bill’s words, and I was re-

warded for my politeness in a very singular and in a very desirable manner.

"And why, Bill Watkins, don't you haul on board your jaw-tacks?" said a gruff voice.

"Cos vhy, gennelmen, I'se ipped."

"What! got bilge-water in your spirit-room?—pump it out, man, pump it out."

"Don't be hard upon the Silver Spoon," said another voice, "he's a divarting vagabond when he likes, and, moreover, knows a sailor's duty, he does!"

"And so I does, my lillyvwhite; but there's no standing the ippes, vithout a bottle a' cullen vater, or a female woman's winnygerrett. I'm always as low as the fellers that frequents the pit at Common Garden when I spec'lates on Mary East."

"Mary East be d——d," said the *very* gruff voice.

"I von't have Mary East damned by no means by no cove vat-summever. If you're cumming that ere over me, I shall up with my mauleys."

"Come, Bill, my bo, no offence meant; besides, I likes you best when your'e spooney. Mary East was as fine a wench as ever stepped over a gangway, I'll be bound for't. Let's hear all about her."

"She vas a fine gal," said the Silver Spoon, fetching a most unsophisticated sigh, "and if I hadn't a been a curs'd willain, she was the oman that had a made my fortin."

"Well, my billy bo, but though you a'n't made a fortune, you've made a song, and we likes it; it almost pumps the water into my eyes when I hear you sing it:—it is as melancholy as the last biscuit in the bread-bag, and no land in sight;—give it lip, my Silver Spoon, give it lip."

"Vell, you'll bellows me c'orus, I opes," said Billy, and most dolefully dittily he moaned forth, joined by the whole gang,

Mary East, O Mary East!

and then made a pause of an awful length, during which the most profound silence was maintained; which silence was duly repeated every time that the *refrain* occurred. The Spoon proceeded.

O Mary East! O Mary East!

Ah! you've been my undoing!

For since all kindness you have ceas'd,

I've taken to blue ruin:

My togg'ry's now a precious sight,

For vipes I uses fingers,

The swell mob all have cut me quite,

Vhilst near your door I lingers,

Mary East, O Mary East!

I vonce kiss'd cooky in the square,

And then I thought no harm in't;

But since I've lov'd my fairest fair,

I scorn such greesy varmint.

Ardent Troughton.

Now north, and south, and vest I goes,
 Since Mary vill forsake me ;
 But only in the east I knows,
 Can appiness o'ertake me,
 Mary East, O Mary East !

I must mention that this allusion to the four points of the compass drew down shouts of applause, and caused its accompanying chorus to be dirged forth with greater unction. The Spoon then continued, still more dolorously.

I minds now only about goes,
 I never cares for vittels,
 The sweep beats me at dominoes,
 The baker's boy at skittles :
 I runs my head against each post,
 I walks like duck that lame is ;
 In love I'm crost—I'm lost, I'm lost,
 And Mary East to blame is.
 Mary East, O Mary East !

Tyburn tree to Newgate's come,
 The drop looks high and dizzy ;
 Now, to my vailing she is dumb,—
 I'd swing there for a tizzy ;
 I fears no more the jump and jerk,
 Nor horful hordin-ary,
 And this is hall your dreadful verk,
 Handsome, hard-hearted Mary.
 Mary East, O Mary East !

And who, and who is Mary East ?
 Wherever I am stopping,
 They axes twenty times, at least,
 From Tot'num court to Vopping :
 Go, look, yer fools, the country round
 For females that dewine are,
 And the dewinest when ye've found,
 Know that I knows a finer,
 Mary East, 'tis Mary East !

There was a short break, as was usual at this verse, on account of sundry good judges putting in various claims for certain Mollys, Sukeys, and Peggys ; but, as upon cross-examination it was found, of the beauties of the Point at Portsmouth, and of Execution Dock at Wapping, that some, not content with smoking, chewed the actual weed—that some were lame, though merry, and that some, who had fine eyes, squinted, and that all would get drunk, not oftener than they were able, the preference was conceded to Mary East unseen. Bill was allowed to proceed.

She hurns full forty bob a week,
 Dresses ! eyes ! how she dresses !
 There's growing roses on her cheek,
 And dark's her glossy tresses !

But where she lives I'll never tell,
So none can never find her;
For queens I would not change this belle,
Though only a shoe-binder,
Mary East, is Mary East!

She turn'd me hoff disdainful-le-e-e,
Becos that I'd hoffended;
Vith broken heart I vent to sea,
My voes are not yet hended!
So every danger vill I face,
To die, and prove no skulker;
And when I'm dead, dear shipmates, place
These vords on my sea-pulk-ker,
"Mary East, O Mary East!"

And after the last doleful echo had subsided, there was a pause of some minutes, occupied principally by the supplying of fresh quids, and the blowing of noses with the natural pocket-handkerchief, which was at length broken by the gruff voice saying, "Why does the Silver Spoon call his grave, for that I take to be his meaning, a *sea-pulk-ker*?"

"Because we are to bury him in salt water," answered a thin-voiced wiseacre.

"Noodle, there's no sheaves in that block of yours that you wear for a head—how can we write the words 'Mary East' on the waves—or fix a tombstone on the sea."

"I'll tell ye, my jolly boy, how to rig that craft," said another. "When the Spoon has lost the number of his mess, if so be as we be in soundings, let us sink his body with a kedge-anchor, and make his tombstone of wood, so that it may float above it, blow high, blow low, like a buoy with a buoy-rope—and then you may paint 'Mary East' upon it, in what colour you please. That is what I call making a *sea-pulk-ker*. Is that to be the fashion of it, Bill?"

"No—you hare hall has hignorant has hasses," said the Silver Spoon, with a wonderful waste of aspirates and indignation. "I'll be buried, please God, in Hornsey Churchyard—it is so pleasant like—only a short walk from the Meetrop'lis—and quite vithin sight of Primrose Hill, where me and Mary has often rambled together. When she goes that vay, vith her hinnocent art, a anging hon the harm of hanother, she may look down upon me then, when I'm lien hin my cold grave!"

He pronounced these words with so much cockney twang, and so much pathos, that I had an equal inclination to laugh and cry. I conquered them both, and remained silent.

"Bill," said the gruff voice, "I think you are a spunky fellow at bottom. You know a thing or two, that we doesn't. A smart fellow ye are at the weather earing, notwithstanding your 'wery good vittals I wow,' I must say."

"I'd ave yer to know, Mr. Benjamin Bobstay, that hive been reg'larly hedicated, as ve used to say at College; and so no 'spa-agement to my parts of speech, I begs."

"None in the varsal world, Bill, only we should all like to hear you spin the yarn of your life—mingled one, no doubt on't—seen much, heh?"

"Yes, Ben, and dun it too—too much, too much. Why, man alive, I could make your 'air stand on hend, and your flesh creep upon your bones."

"Do, do! go on, go on! was heard on all sides," and, my imprudence so far overcame me, that my voice, though unnoticed, joined in the general request.

"There's that Jugurtha, that poor black dumb hanimal. I knows how he lost his hartic'lating member."

"The devil you do?" said I, overcome by my sudden emotion.

There was a dead silence for a moment, and then whispers of "Who spoke?" "Was it you, Jack?"—"No."—"It was, you know."

At length, the small-voiced man, under the idea that there was a spy amongst them, proposed to break up the party, and postpone the "Silver Spoon's" story till another night, but this was overruled at once, by Benjamin Bobstay telling a terrible lie, and himself fathering the mysterious words.

So Bill Watkins, very sagely remarking that none of the scabby Spaniards, and dirty foreign beggars could understand it if they heard him, he thus began "The Story of the Cockney Sailor."

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

CHURCH ORNAMENTS.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

THE Virgin-Mother from her niche was thrown
 In the grey tower, and in her arms her child,
 The Son of God, the meek, the undefiled,
 Which stood for ages piously in stone;
 And now with ivy is the place o'ergrown.
 Time, who beheld the ravage, sternly smiled,
 And Nature shuddered—yet, soon reconciled,
 Embraced the desolation as her own.
 Thus many a symbol of the painful cross,
 And many a sculptured saintly form and face,
 False zeal fanatic added to our loss.
 O Time! with soft and reverent touch erase,
 Sad, lingeringly, what ruin must engross,
 And the rude spare not—types of inner grace.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.¹

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

MEMORY is the veriest coquette that ever played off her airs upon mortal man. Who can take a faithful likeness from that Cynthia of the minute? Who make the variable creature sit ten seconds in the same posture, or retain for that brief space the looks and costume that invite the limner to essay the task? Now "a pensive nun, devout and pure," she draws aside her shadowy veil, and shows long-buried features to the world; and anon, like magic, she doffs her "sable stole," and woos us with Euphrosyne's radiant eyes and myrtle garland, singing sweet lays of early loves and joys, that wake a thousand echoes in the heart. As a spirit she comes, with noiseless step, and opens the closed curtains of the slumbering mind's repose, to dissipate the present dreams of life with visions of the past! And as a spirit, too, no one can tell when she will come, or in what guise. She discovers us in the crowded assembly and the studious closet; and as her "still small voice" is heard, like that of conscience, we tremble or rejoice, give vent to heart-easing mirth, or melt into tears, equally heart-relieving.

"When the warm tear steals silently down from the eye,
Take no note of its course, nor detect the deep sigh;
Leave the heart unrestrained, to afford it relief,
For the heart's most oppressed when it stifles its grief:
It is not to be asked, what has brought to the mind
Tender joys that are passed, or the friends left behind;
A known tune or a song may have just caught the ear,—
Perhaps sacred to sorrow that day of the year."

There is not a spot that is more endeared to my recollection than Bristol Hot-wells. 'Tis true, it is associated with many painful and affecting remembrances; yet still, I know of no place where I should better like to end the residue of my days. With every part of that beautiful neighbourhood I am so thoroughly acquainted, that I can picture it as familiarly to my sight as the lovely landscape which at this moment lies before me. The rocks, the lime-walk, leading to the well-house, Brandon Hill, (famed in story,) Clifton, with its magnificent scenery and noble downs, the picturesque tower of Dunderry, seen in every direction for miles around,—all rise up before me, and with them rise also many of those early friends and gay companions that shared with me the morning walk and moonlight ramble amongst those pleasant haunts.

At the top of the great rock of St. Vincent, once stood a nunnery, dedicated to the saint of that name; and tradition tells, that in those distant days, where the river now winds along, dividing the rocks with its navigable waters, ran only a little brook, over which the nuns

¹ Continued from vol. xvi. p. 314.

could pass on foot to the opposite side. "Cook's Folly" forms a very pretty object from the top of this rock. It is only a solitary tower, but it has its local history, which, though not a very probable one, is somewhat similar to that which attaches to the "Maiden's Tower," on the Bosphorus.

A gentleman, of the name of Cook, (as the tale goes,) was told by one of the divers into futurity that he would die by the bite of a serpent. This prediction, it appears, haunted his mind so much that he determined to prevent its accomplishment, if possible, by building a high tower, in which to seclude himself from all the world. Accordingly, workmen were employed to construct this miniature Babel, which he eagerly took possession of when finished; and there he lived in aristocratic fashion, in a very lonely elevation. As the seer, however, had not taught him how to dispense with food and fuel, he got an old woman to minister to his wants, by ascending a ladder and giving him in at the window (for door there was none) the necessaries he required. Alas! even this prudent precaution failed to cheat fate of its victim. Amongst some faggot-wood, which his attendant one day brought him, a viper lay cunningly concealed; and, to make our story short, the poisonous reptile, darting from its ambush, attacked and bit the unfortunate hermit, and the prediction was literally fulfilled, to the surprise of the old woman who witnessed it, and of all other old women who believe it.

Those who are at all acquainted with the localities of Bristol Hot-wells will know, that one of the pleasantest and most frequented spots in that delightful neighbourhood is the romantic little village of Ashton. Many a happy day I have spent amongst its sylvan shades, with friends who have, alas! long since forgotten, in the cold grave, both it and me. Large parties, from Clifton, of the resident inhabitants, together with the occasional visitors for health or amusement, go there to eat strawberries and cream, whole fields of that fruit being cultivated, for the express purpose of supplying the numerous little gardens where the company meet. These truly Arcadian feasts mostly concluded with a dance upon the green-sward to the music of a military band, or in the absence of one, (which rarely occurred,) the harp of some wandering Welsh minstrel, many of those sons of song and poverty being tempted, from its proximity to Wales, to come over to Bristol, where they made a much better profit in the trade of sweet sounds than the half-starved itinerants of our splendid metropolis.

Amongst the friends who more especially endeared these scenes to my memory, there was one family in particular, with which mine lived upon the most intimate terms. Mrs. Lovett and her three sons came to the Hot-wells, for the benefit of the eldest Mr. Lovett's health: and from the intercourse (I might almost add daily) of two years, which we enjoyed with this estimable family, a very sincere friendship arose between us, which rendered it afterwards a painful task to part, when, on finding that Mr. Lovett's malady was beyond the reach of medical skill, it was deemed advisable that he should return to his native Wales. The disease which was silently undermining his constitution did not, for a long time, give warning of the

change, by any external symptom. While, in the very spring of life, he was passing away to the grave, yet looked so robust in figure, and healthy in face, that no one could possibly have divined the wreck that was secretly, but surely, going on within: like a fine tree, whose roots are loosening by some premature but unseen decay, while the green leaves look fresh and beautiful to the eye, till the gathering tempest levels it with the ground.

The family sprang from the Lovetts of Liscombe House, in Buckinghamshire, whose name was anciently spelt *De Loveth*, or *De Lorvielt*. They had come over to this country from Normandy, with the Conqueror, and been rewarded with the grant of large estates. Of the ancient family seat of Liscombe, and the relics of antiquity it formerly contained, I have the copy by me of a curious account, which was given upwards of a century ago, by the Lady of John Lovett, Esq., (a daughter of Viscount Fermanagh,) who paid it a visit shortly after her marriage. As it may be interesting to the reader, I will here transcribe it.

"Soon after my marriage, I rode over to see Liscombe, the ancient seat of my husband's family, being only about twelve miles from my father's. Mr. Lovett, to whom it belongs, not residing at it, allowed Mr. Sandby, a very respectable man, the clergyman of the parish, to live in the house, who received us with great politeness. The mansion is very old and very gloomy, surrounded with high walls and old trees; but it has a venerable appearance. You enter through a great gateway into a court, round which the house and chapel is built. The windows, all of stone, give it more the look of a monastery, than a mansion; but Mr. Sandby, to whom I made the remark, assured me I must not judge from appearances; for though it might have a gloomy outside, there were more joyful faces in it, than in any house in the county, for there were more marriages in Liscombe chapel, than in any three churches in the neighbourhood. From the court you enter the great hall, which is a large room, and is entirely covered with old armour. The gentleman assured me, they were particularly curious, and endeavoured to explain to me their different uses; but I begged to be excused, as I did not intend murdering men. 'Well, madam,' says Mr. Sandby, 'I will show you something, more in your own way, presently.' From thence we proceeded through a variety of long passages, and little rooms, for except the great hall, and the drawing-room over it, which is a large and very handsome apartment, they are all small, but from their numbers must have held a very large family; as Mr. Sandby told me, of all sizes, they were more than fifty. But what with the old tapestry, and the dark-gilt leather furniture, and black oak, (for I believe this family considered paint as great an abomination in their house, as they would on the faces of their wives and daughters,) I never saw any place more calculated to induce one to change this world for another. We came at last to the nursery; and Mr. Sandby directed my attention to a something in a great oak frame over the chimney; but which being in the old black letter, like a church Bible, I could not read a word of. 'That, madam,' says he, 'is the nursery song of the Lovett family, founded on the two characters of the

warrior and the lover, which tradition represents as eminently united in William de Lovett,* the founder of this house.' The song is as follows:—

‘ May my child be as stout,
May my child be as strong,
And my brave boy love as long,
As Willy of Normandy.’

“ From the nursery we proceeded to a little closet, with a thousand locks. Mr. Sandby showed us a chest full of papers and parchments, for many centuries, of this family; and, in my life-time, I never saw anything so beautifully illuminated as some of them were. He said the chest contained as curious a collection of letters as were in the possession of any private family in the kingdom. He said the letters were, in general, from some of the first people in the court of James the First and Charles the First to Sir Robert Lovett; who, from them, appears to have been a man of distinguished abilities. All the letters are upon very important subjects, and those of Charles the First allude particularly to the times. My father was so pleased with the account I gave him, that in a few days he went to Liscombe himself. Upon his return, he said, he was highly entertained: that there were some of the most interesting letters he had ever read, and which put many things in a very different point of view, from what he had before seen them.

“ Happening, by accident, to find the above memorandum many years after, and Mr. Lovett, to whom Liscombe then belonged, being in England, I took the first opportunity of inquiring after my old friends, the arms and papers at Liscombe; but sorry am I to record their fate. Mr. Lovett said, upon the death of his elder brother, (who died a few months before he was of age,) his mother had ordered some new furniture, which had been put into the house, (as he intended residing there,) to be sold; but, by some unfortunate mistake, the agent had sold the whole, old and new, and that not a trace was remaining. That a blacksmith, who had purchased some of the old armour, declared that he believed it had been made by the devil, for that he could make no use of it. That by an equal degree of inattention, the papers had been all lost. That the chest was left open; and that the only account he could ever receive of them was, that the children had made kites of the letters, and that the tailor of the parish told him, he had cut up many of the parchments for measures, and he believed others had done the same; and that there were very pretty pictures at the tops of them, (alluding to the illuminated letters,) which he had given to his child.”

* The historian describes this William of Normandy, “ as a man high in favour with the Conqueror, for his military talents. He is said to have been one of the strongest and stoutest men of the day, of which many feats are still recorded of him; and tradition also represents him as the fondest and most attached of husbands. He married a French lady, at whose death he was so affected, that taking her over into Normandy to be buried, he retired himself into an adjoining monastery, and every day, until the day of his death, paid a visit to her tomb, and prayed and wept over it: but on that day, being unable to move, he caused himself to be carried, and laid upon her grave, and there expired. In the family, this was long a nursery story, and gave rise to a nursery song.”

The fate of these curious and interesting memorials, of times past, was disastrous and provoking enough : yet what a useful lesson does it furnish for family pride ! State secrets, of which the family were proud of being the only repositories, flying through the air, in all the ignominious publicity of a boy's kite ; royal grants and appointments, establishing the claims of ancestral dignity, brought down, by the immeasurable ignorance of a parish tailor, to the measure of vulgar clowns ; and the beautiful labours of the monks, (the richly illuminated letters,) totally effaced by the dirty fingers of a mischievous village urchin. How much more durable are the honours that virtue bestows upon her children ! Man cannot destroy them : they bear the great seal of the Eternal, and are laid up for all time ; and, though the tomb that covers the ashes of the good, and the epitaph that commemorates his worth, may become effaced, and moulder away, yet the title-deeds of his inalienable right to a glorious inheritance, are safe in " the chancery of heaven."

But to return to my friends. The invalid, Mr. John Lovett, was tall, and of a noble and strikingly dignified presence ; so much so, as to attract even the observation of strangers, in passing. His countenance was one of the finest I ever saw : for not only were all his features manly and handsome, and his dark eye full of mind, but there was diffused over his face so much of sweetness and goodness, as seemed to sanctify the whole, like the glory which a painter draws round a sacred head. And well did the character of his mind assimilate to that of his countenance. His intellectual endowments were of a most superior order, and had been assiduously improved by careful cultivation. He had a great taste for music and poetry, and composed elegantly himself. His manners were so bland and engaging, as to make his society coveted by all ; and more especially (as may readily be supposed, after what has been stated of his merits) by his female friends. There were two young ladies in particular, who, not confining their admiration within ordinary limits, fell deeply in love with him. One of these, whose christian name was Helena, was a very amiable and pretty little creature, most highly accomplished, and so passionately devoted to, and excelling in music, that we used to call her the little " St. Cecilia." It was indeed a high treat to hear her play on the instrument. One could hardly believe, when she sate down to it, that the same keys answered to her magic touch, that had just been awakened by other hands. The fair Helena was a native of Erin too ; and never did I hear the Irish melodies, either before or since, so exquisitely, so touchingly played. Mr. Lovett, devoted as he was to music, was never weary of hearing those sweet strains, that seemed to soothe, while they rapt his spirit. He would seat himself by Helena's side, and hang upon the tones her hand elicited, with an air that might well excuse her, if she mistook it, as unhappily she did, for love. But far other thoughts were passing in his mind, than the loves of this life ; for he already felt a presentiment of his approaching end. I remember well some stanzas, which he would often repeat, with a peculiar emphasis and expression ; which, while they showed the effect music had upon his mind, indicated that presentiment in a very intelligible manner.

"Smooth seems my rugged journey to the tomb,
 When heavenly music charms me : it has power,
 When o'er my soul the storms of sorrow low'r,
 To shoot a noonday radiance through the gloom.
 But most the plaintive soothes me. Sprightly airs,
 That fire the festive dancer, charm not me :
 To one inured to life's oppressive cares,
 Ill suits the mirthful melody of glee.
 Oh ! give me melting measures, such as flow
 From hosts angelic, when the spirit flies,
 Emancipate from this dull scene of woe,
 Back to its native region in the skies ;
 Where round the throne adoring myriads throng,
 And strike their golden harps, and pour their choral song."

However, true it is, that love still continues to be, as he was of old, both a very blind and a wilful deity. He sometimes delights, too, in treating his votaries, as the boy in the fable treated the poor frogs. It is therefore not so much to be wondered at, that two young girls, each enamoured of a very handsome, and at the same time interesting young man, whose manners were peculiarly soft and engaging, should build up a structure of airy but pleasant hopes, devoid of any foundation in reality. But the time at length came, when separation was to undeceive, it being arranged, as I have already stated, that Mr. Lovett should return to Wales, it might be truly said—to die.

When the day was fixed for the departure of the family from the Hot-wells, Mrs. Lovett proposed that I and three or four other very intimate friends, including the two young ladies alluded to, should accompany them as far on their way as the Old Passage, from whence they had to cross over to the principality. We set off in two open carriages, on a beautiful spring morning, and arrived at an early hour at our destination, where we dined, or rather, where dinner was served, for none were much disposed to eat. The lamentable state of Mr. Lovett's health threw a deeper shade, than would otherwise have fallen, upon the whole group. With him we could not anticipate any future meeting. He was himself greatly affected : and when the waiter came to announce that the boat would cross in half an hour, he joined with Mrs. Lovett so earnestly in begging us to go on to Chepstow, if only for that night, that though the project seemed a little wild, we could not well refuse, even had we felt so inclined. But in truth, there was a mutual reluctance on our side to part from this excellent and sincerely regarded family. Having therefore despatched a few lines to my mother, to prevent her experiencing any alarm, we descended to the beach, and were soon afloat upon the wide sea. It was the first time I had ever braved the perilous element : and though there was rather a high gale, and the Old Passage is not at all times considered very safe, yet the shortness of the distance we had to go suited it well enough for a probationary voyage, and I greatly enjoyed it from its complete novelty. There is a very good inn at Chepstow ; and after we had taken tea, we adjourned to a large room, where the assemblies and concerts are held ; and there, finding a tolerably good instrument, Helena played, and others sang, till the midnight hour was past. Although painful thoughts would frequently steal over us,

of our approaching separation, yet I remember we had a good deal of merriment when we retired to our chambers, in consequence of the grotesque appearance we all made in our "night-gear." For as we had come unprovided with our own, and we would not suffer Mrs. Lovett to open her travelling trunks, we were obliged to be contented with such articles as our good hostess, a woman of rather huge dimensions, and the old chambermaid could supply us with. Helena was the first who ran into my apartment, to show her head-dress—a large night-cap of the landlady's, covering all her face except the tip of her nose, and with a crown as high as a sugar-loaf. But the amusement she had derived from surveying her own very *outré* appearance in the glass, was altogether merged in the fit of laughter with which she was seized, on seeing the still more grotesque figure I made. I had on a cap belonging to the chambermaid, which was as much too small as Helena's was not small enough, and of a most primitive quaker-like fashion, with long lappets, and a narrow border almost plain, which I in vain attempted to pull a little lower than the very commencement of my forehead. But the deficiency of my head-dress was more than made up for by the flowing and dignified amplitude of my dimity bedgown, which, being furnished from the wardrobe of our thriving hostess, hung from me very much in the same fashion, I suspect, as it hung from the peg in its own mistress's closet: and thus the marked contrast between the scantiness of one part of my costume, and the superabundance of the other, very naturally elicited the irresistible mirth of my companions.

The ice being once broken of good intentions, we were induced to remain a day or two longer in that romantic neighbourhood; during which time we visited Chepstow Castle, Piercefield, and Tintern Abbey. With the first I was most particularly gratified; loving to wander among old ruins, and to ponder on things past away. The castle belongs to the Duke of Beaufort: but for the most part it is quite uninhabitable. The tower where the regicide, Henry Martin, was confined is roofless. In the burial-ground of the chapel, large masses of stone, and the tall grass and rank weeds, had completely covered many of the monumental records of the great and the renowned men of old. The proud lord and his humble retainer, that once held wassail in those deserted halls, lie there undistinguished and forgotten. No more,

" From Chepstow's towers at dawn of morn,
Is heard the merry bugle-horn,
And forth in banded pomp and pride,
Stout Clare and fiery Neville ride.

" No more the tramp of armed steed
Shall dint Glamorgan's velvet mead,
Nor trace be there in early spring,
Save of the fairies' em'rald ring.

SCOTT.

The old farmer who took care of the ruins, (or, rather, of the money which showing them produced,) conducted us over the only habitable part of the castle, and from which he had selected some of

the most decent rooms to let as lodgings in the summer months. In the old kitchen we saw that barbarous machine, (happily for its poor dumb operators long exploded,) the turn-spit. Chepstow Castle stands proudly elevated, looking down upon the silver waters that girdle its base, and beyond which rise the beautiful woods of Piercefield, whose lovely vistas, as we afterwards found, are equally indebted for their greatest ornament to the picturesque object which the old castle, with its ivy-clad towers, presents to the eye.

Piercefield, with all its natural beauties and elaborate graces of cultivation, derives a still deeper interest from its having been the abode of early piety and genius. Here lived the beautiful Miss Smith, so celebrated for her extraordinary attainments in Oriental learning. She died at the early age of eighteen, of a decline, brought on (as it was said) by excessive grief at leaving the delightful and endeared home of her childhood, her father being obliged, by unfortunate events, to part with it. They showed us a summer-house in the pleasure-grounds where she used to write. Piercefield is a perfect elysium, and might well inspire such a gifted mind as Miss Smith's with pure and lofty aspirations. Her translation of the Book of Job, from the original Hebrew, and her Vocabulary of the Persian, Arabic, and Hebrew, are held in much esteem by the learned: and when we consider them as the works of a young girl, all praise seems to fall short of the palm she merits. Often have I stopped at the bookseller's at Clifton, to contemplate her sweet face, so different from the worldly ones passing around me, and that seemed with its seraphic smile, to woo us, erring mortals, to her own heaven.

Tintern Abbey is so well known as one of the finest specimens of the monastic style extant, that I need not challenge my feeble powers to describe its various beauties.

" Her hallowed temple there religion shows,
That erst with beauteous majesty arose,
In ancient days, when gothic art displayed
Her fanes, in airy elegance arrayed;
Whose nameless charms the Dorian claims efface,
Corinthian splendour and Ionic grace."

SEWARD.

I saw Tintern Abbey under the joint disadvantage of a wet day, and of a very hurried visit, in order to get back in time for the boat that was to convey us to the Bristol side of the channel. Still I could not but gather food for after reflection, even in the cursory view I took of it. I surveyed with deep interest the mouldering pile,—the beautifully ornamented windows, whose exquisite carvings in the solid stone looked almost as though a breath would dissolve them, and the venerable cloisters, which (unroofed, and floored by the green sod) were now the domicile of the owl and bat, that not inappropriately typified those monastic institutions, that flourished most in the twilight of Christianity and the night of mind.

The hour of parting was now come, and brought with it a sad exposure of the feelings of some of our party, more particularly of the two young ladies, whose partiality for Mr. Lovett I have before men-

tioned. One of them fainted away, and the other's grief was most distressing to witness. Indeed, I believe, I was the only one of the five forlorn damsels, about to return to Clifton, whose mind was under the control of the less ardent, but frequently more permanent feelings, of friendship. And how much more lively and lasting have been my regret and remembrance for and of those early friends, than those of my companions! With them the impression has long since died away, like rainbow tints in the ever-changeable sky. With friendship, it stands fast, as the gold and tyrian hues burnt into the storied pane, only to be effaced by the mutilation of the frail body that retains it. Love, indeed, in the true sense of the term, may boast of an equal degree of permanence. But how rarely is a love like this to be met with in a world, where the heart, mostly governed by externals, must necessarily be as changeable in its objects and predilections, as the shifting forms of the kaleidoscope!

The presentiment which I had entertained, that Mr. Lovett would never live to meet us again, was fulfilled. His death was like his life—a pattern and a pleasure (though a melancholy one) to all that witnessed it. For ten months before his decease, he went perfectly blind: yet never (as his sorrowing mother afterwards informed me) was a murmur heard to escape from his lips, or the least sign of fretfulness or impatience, under all his severe trials, discoverable in his manner. His death-bed presented a picture only of calm resignation and holy hope; and he departed so quietly, and with such a smile upon his benign countenance, that his spirit seemed rather to have evanescenced, like some fragrant essence, than to have departed, from its fragile confinement.

How often the lapse of time brings round those things, which we in fancy project, but hardly hope to see realized! How often have my friends and I, in our rambles through the delightful walks of Leigh Wood, wished for a suspension bridge across the Avon, by which access might be obtained from Clifton Downs to the opposite side, without being obliged to descend; and again, after crossing the water by the ferry-boat, to re-ascend the precipitous rocks, or equally fatiguing hill. And now the great work is commenced, and actually in progress. This noble monument of the spirit of enterprise will be a splendid addition to the attractions of Clifton. I can readily image the magnificence of the scene, when surveyed from the bridge; while my heart rejoices at the facility thus afforded to the poor consumptive, of enjoying, without fatigue, a sight that might almost “create a soul under the ribs of death.” The Marquis of Northampton, who recently laid the first stone of the edifice, is, I believe, the same nobleman who resorted with his lady a good deal to Clifton, at the period I resided there. I remember being told a rather amusing anecdote of the celebrated Catalani and her husband, as connected with a visit which they were paying to the noble pair, not professionally, but rather on the footing of friends. My informant, Captain Watson, who was on terms of intimacy with Lord and Lady Northampton, was likewise, if I remember rightly, on a visit to them at the same time. After supper, quite *en famille*, Catalani used to favour the company with one of her delightful airs. After enjoying,

for a week, the hospitality and friendly attentions of the noble host and hostess, Catalani, taking her leave of them, proceeded to the carriage which was waiting at the door, while the worthy Signor, her husband, lingered for a moment behind, and thrust into the extended hand of Lord Northampton, a *bill* for his wife's singing during the week! How Catalani herself felt upon the occasion, may be easily imagined by those who know her excellent nature, which was distinguished by a noble liberality of conduct upon all occasions. Indeed, such was the native goodness of her heart, that I have heard it observed, she never appeared so happy, or exerted herself so much, as when giving her gratuitous assistance in the cause of charity.

(*To be continued.*)

SONNET.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

O SLEEP! delicious closer of sad eyes,
 Thou that dost make Care's heavy burthen light;
 Sorrow's calm haven; that dost clear the sight
 To see fresh glory in the morning skies:
 Did I not love thee I should be unwise;
 For when I start from thee in the still night,
 Thou watchest near me like an angel bright,
 Divine, and endless in sweet mysteries.
 Death, were thy bed as pleasant, I would steep
 My aching temples in thy slumbers, Death!
 In that thy rest is dreamless and more deep.
 But then thou breathest not morn's odorous breath,
 Joyous, and oft-recurring—when from sleep
 Lightly we rise—glad hours I fain would keep.

THE FLORENTINE MERCHANT.

A TALE.

BY E. DE PONTIGNY.

It was towards the close of a fine Italian summer's day, that a carriage was slowly descending a declivity on its way to Florence, while its two passengers, who had got out to enjoy the evening breeze, were tarrying far behind under the refreshing shade of the trees, which were set, indeed, so thickly on this spot as to preclude any view of the surrounding landscape. The two travellers were both of the softer sex. One was a beautiful and gentle-looking girl, and the other a steady, matronly sort of personage, to whose care she had been confided, to fetch her home from the convent where she had passed the last three or four years of her life. Nina Fiorimonte was the daughter of a wealthy Florentine, who, imitating the example of the Medici family, had not disdained acquiring a large fortune by the means of commerce, and whose house, or, more properly, palazzo, might vie with the most splendid in that city of palaces. It is so well known a fact, that all persons who have once embarked in large speculations, can never sit down to enjoy themselves in the luxury of idleness, but are incessantly tormented with the wish of amassing some thousands more, which, when obtained, will only stimulate them to fresh exertions, that no one will wonder that Fiorimonte, though blessed with all that heart could wish, though proud of his pictures, his medals, his statues, and last, though not least, of the beauty of his eldest daughter, Paulina, should have been induced to trust once more to the mighty element and sail for Spain, intending from thence to go to Gibraltar, and, perhaps, from Gibraltar to Cairo. The latter place, however, he had not mentioned to his family in the list of possibilities, partly to soothe his own regret at parting with them, and partly to diminish their anxiety on his account.

It was with no small feelings of delight that Nina was now looking forward to returning home, to embracing her mother and sister, and partaking of the pleasures of a worldly life, of which Paulina, who was now married and immersed in the gaieties of the town, had given her so seductive a description. She was pouring forth the different sensations of her heart, with all the simple eloquence that feeling gives, to her companion, who being a poor relation and a humble dependent of the family, although invested with a sort of temporary authority, was listening with the most submissive attention and interest, when the report of a gun, fired, perhaps, by some farmer's boy at a flight of sparrows, suddenly started the horses to such a degree that they set off at full speed, and turning the corner rapidly at the foot of the hill, so alarmed a group of peasants who were reposing beneath the trees, that the shouts of the men and the screams of the women frightened our travellers into the belief that they were,

perhaps, surrounded by banditti. Nina's companion, dreadfully overcome by the idea that they would be murdered, hurried on her charge, by words and example, in a different direction to that whence came the sounds, and they soon were lost amidst the intricacies of the trees. Here, even had there been any danger near, they might have stayed in safety, till their servant had come to look for them; but fear cannot reason: they both had lost all sense of what was best to be done; and kept running as if they had heard the sound of their pursuers close on to them. Nina, however, being lighter and more agile than her companion, soon left her far behind, and forgetting, in her alarm, ever once to look round her, only perceived that she was alone when obliged to stop from mere exhaustion. A fresh feeling of terror now rose upon her at seeing herself abandoned, without the least idea of how to find her way back. Night would soon surprise her, and then the thing would become impossible. She called aloud several times, but to no purpose, and, maddened by her fears, she again took to running, but whether in a right or wrong direction she was unable to ascertain. To her unspeakable relief she at last emerged from under the trees, and hoped to be able to look round, and perhaps see her own party. In this, however, she was quite mistaken; she had, in fact, taken an entirely opposite route, and got enveloped in a wild and uninhabited-looking district, which presented nothing but the most disheartening prospects for the night. Nina advanced timidly, and almost holding her breath at every step, when, scaling the narrow path of a rock, in order to obtain a more extensive view from its summit, she beheld with horror a man dragging a lifeless body to the brink of a chasm, into which he cast it, having evidently just deprived his victim of life, as a bloody dagger by his side sufficiently proved. Nina remained mute at this dreadful sight, equally unable to move or to speak, and so pale that she seemed more like a marble statue than a living being; and when the murderer looked up with alarm at seeing himself observed, he might almost have doubted whether his fears were not groundless. He, however, approached with a hurried step, seized her with one arm, and lifting his dagger, was about to annihilate by another crime all traces that might lead to the discovery of the former one, when an overwhelming sense of the beautiful, a reluctance to destroy a lovely work of nature, that sort of feeling, in short, which, in a minor degree, sometimes forces even barbarians to respect the monuments of art, suddenly came over the stranger; and, touched by her offering not the slightest resistance, he paused a moment before he struck the blow in the contemplation of her innocent and gentle features. Had Nina been less terrified than she was, she might have seen, by his relenting features, that he was accessible to pity, and have profited by the favourable moment; but she saw nothing of this, and almost felt more courage to resign herself and die than attempt a rescue. "I will spare your life," said the stranger, "but you must swear by all that you hold most sacred, never to reveal what you have seen." Here he paused awhile, but added, after a moment's hesitation, "But you are young; you might easily be led to betray me. I must have some better security than your mere words. You must promise at the same time to

become my wife, and to follow my fortunes ;—on these conditions alone can I allow you to live.” The same want of energy which had made Nina utterly unable to struggle with her fate, now compelled her to give her assent to the only means yet offered to save her ; and with eyes half closed and trembling lips, she swore on the dagger that was presented her, in the name of her patron saint, which was the greatest oath she knew of, to all that was required of her. The stranger now took her by the hand, and leading her through several paths, with which he seemed well acquainted, they soon had left far behind them this scene of bloodshed and horror. Not a word passed between them. Nina felt that friends, Florence, and home, were now lost for ever, yet she dared not ask a single question to ascertain what would be her fate ; and it was only when she thought she perceived an abatement in the wild agitation of the stranger that she ventured to look at those features which she had but imperfectly seen through the mist of her terrors. This first look, so anxiously curious that it seemed to search the inmost recesses of his soul, was greeted by a smile from the stranger, at once so melancholy and so winning that her fears began to fade away, and futurity seemed already less dark and less ominous. Handsome the stranger certainly was, and his face bore none of the traces of cruelty that might have been expected from his deed, which Nina now concluded could not be the effect of habitual crime, but of some sudden and violent passion which had made as great a revolution in his character as an earthquake does in the usual order of nature. That he could not be a bandit, she felt assured by a certain noble bearing, that none of that class can lay claim to. A life of danger and toil would have cast his form in a rougher mould, and have given him a swarthy and hardy appearance. Nina knew all these things from hearsay, however limited her experience of the world had hitherto been ; and every argument in favour of the stranger’s rank and education started with quickness to her mind, as soon as some degree of calmness allowed her to think. Her companion, on his side, could but admire her graceful demeanor ; the languid look of her dark eyes, which were rendered doubly soft by the jetty eye-lashes that shaded them, and his admiration was blended with a feeling of pity for the being whose fate he had thus so abruptly and unjustly made subservient to his own. He knew not what friends he had severed her from, nor whether perhaps he had not broken some tender bonds that tied her heart to some beloved being ; but he asked no questions, fearful of making any discovery that might shake his intentions.

Nina’s relation, meanwhile, who had been obliged to stop to recover her breath, soon perceived that her young companion had so far outstripped her as to deprive her of all hope of joining her. In an agony of alarm at the idea that she would completely lose sight of her, the poor woman knew not which direction to decide upon following, when the servant came up to her, and having allayed all fears about robbers, began to search everywhere for his young mistress, but returned quite disconsolate, to say that his endeavours had been fruitless. The distress she now felt, and the dread of reaching Florence to announce such an event as this to Nina’s family, who would

not fail to lay the whole blame upon herself, can scarcely be imagined; but wisely judging that the sooner it was known, the sooner efficient means would be adopted to recover her, she bid the postilion redouble his speed, and with an aching heart pursued her road, till the marble palace of Fiorimonte, lighted up by the moon, rose in solemn splendour before her eyes, and caused a damp thrill of horror to run through her veins. The very sound of her own footsteps startled her as she passed through the majestic portico, which seemed to have assumed a doubly imposing aspect to her bewildered senses. Before, however, council could be held by the inmates of the palace, our fugitives were far, far away. The stranger had hired horses at the first village they came to; they had followed their route all night, and by the break of day they entered a small town, where he immediately sought for a priest to unite them; and, leading Nina to the altar, ~~now~~, for the first time, inquired what name she bore, hastily informing her that his was Guido d'Acquafonte, second son of a family of that name, who resided at Placenza. When, in return, she faintly whispered her name, he started at the sound as though some serpent had stung him, and as he knelt down his whole frame trembled, and he seemed so violently agitated, that the priest was at first doubtful whether or not he ought to begin the ceremony. His manner, indeed, contrasted strangely with the calm, though dejected look of Nina, whose pale countenance was turned towards heaven with a dignified sorrow that might have done honour to a saint. He seemed the victim to earthly passions—she the being that had risen superior to them. What had thus suddenly shaken Guido's courage, was unknown to Nina—indeed, she scarcely perceived it: he suddenly made a desperate effort to conquer his feelings, whatever they might be; the irretrievable words and vows were spoken and interchanged, and the Conte D'Acquafonte and his bride left the church to proceed on their journey. When they arrived at their destination they took up their abode in an agreeable though small villa near Placenza. Nina was presented to his family and relations, by whom she was well received, although Guido somewhat studiously avoided all communication with them on the subject of his marriage: one fact was evident enough, and left them a wide field for conjecture, namely, that the rich merchant's daughter had brought with her no wealth to swell the coffers of the poorer house of Acquafonte. Nina's amiable and conciliating character could not indeed fail to gain her friends everywhere, as it had already gained the affections of Guido, who seemed now to have grown as fond of her as if she had been the subject of his spontaneous choice—nay more, the interest he had to secure her attachment, and thereby assure himself of her never betraying his crime, together with the more laudable motive of making up to her all that she had lost, rendered him uncommonly studious of promoting her happiness in every respect. A heart so warm and so loving as we have described Nina's to be, could but be touched by the marks of affection she received from one whom she knew, it is true, to be criminal, but who, ~~in~~ the true spirit of a Catholic, she doubted not would easily obtain absolution. Besides, it was evident that Guido's conscience was far from easy under the weight that oppressed it. He would at times

shudder when Nina took hold of his hand, and cast her away from him, as if he felt himself unworthy of coming in contact with so guiltless a creature. It had been Nina's first care on arriving, to write to her family, letting them know that she was married, but concealing at the same time all the circumstances that had led to it. This sort of mystery, which left the imagination free to fancy that she was perhaps in fault, and that her flight had been preconcerted, was so little to the taste of Signora Fiorimonte and her daughter Paulina, that, forgetting that the very day before they would have purchased the assurance of her safety at any price, they now answered her letter in a discontented strain, plainly showing, although they pressed her to come to Florence, that she would be received like one who had returned to be forgiven, more than like one who was the innocent cause of their solicitude.

Some years after, the scene of our story is changed to Florence, and we see a Moor entering the city, dressed in the garb of his nation, and inquiring for the palace of Fiorimonte. He entered it with the firm step of a man who seems bent on some one purpose, and asked permission to speak to the wife of the princely merchant. At first, the servants, considering him in the light of some idle beggar, refused even to disturb themselves so far as to go and inform their mistress of this strange request; but there was a vehement earnestness about his manner, a steady determination not to be put off with either words or threats, which, together with his eloquent gestures and flashing eyes, forced them at last into the belief that something more than met the outward eye must be passing in the stranger's mind, as no ordinary supplicant would persist with such violence. One of the servants went to tell his mistress, and some few minutes afterwards returned, and beckoned the Moor to follow him. He was led through several rooms to the boudoir, where sat the stately Geronima, an imposing and still eminently handsome woman, though past the flower of youth—whose eyes turned towards the door with some curiosity at the sight of so unexpected a visitor. But before we proceed to disclose the dialogue that took place, we will take a hasty glance at what had passed in the family, during the above-mentioned space of time. Guido, yielding to Nina's frequently-expressed wish of returning to Florence, had sold his villa, and taken up his abode in that city, to the infinite regret of his own relations, with whom the young contessa was an established favourite. On their arrival they found the family in deep mourning, and Nina was informed before she saw her mother, that news had been received of her father's shipwreck and death, but a short time before. Their meeting of course was sorrowful—all reproaches were laid aside—her marriage was not even mentioned—the three women embraced with the feelings of other days, and Geronima expressed her regret that the family vault could never receive the remains of one who had so greatly contributed to the aggrandisement of their house, the feeling of all others which was predominant in this proud woman's mind.

Paulina, now Duchessa di Sanpariglia, and one of the most celebrated beauties of Florence, resided with her mother in her palazzo; no such offer, however, was tendered to Nina, as neither Geronima

nor her daughter felt very kindly disposed towards Guido. They therefore took an apartment in the neighbourhood, and were frequently, especially Nina, in the society of the Fribionte family. Guido was of too acceptable a character not to remark this; he was somewhat coldly treated, but he never suffered this feeling to affect in the smallest degree, his regard for Nina, who, he was certain, felt more painfully it than he did himself. She had not failed to observe from the first, the haughty air that Paulina always assumed when speaking to him, which indeed well accorded with the appellation of *superba*, which had been affixed to her name by her acquaintances. Superb she was, certainly, in every sense of the word: her features were cast in a mould that would have enchanted the most fastidious among the ancient Romans; her mind corresponded with her body; the pride that beamed from her eyes found its echo in her heart, and, unfortunately, no redeeming qualities of a gentler nature were blended with the stern attributes of antiquity. If anything tended peculiarly to throw her character into striking relief, it was when she was seen by the side of her sister, who was as much her reverse in character as she was in her style of beauty. This sort of rivalry between the sisters, quite unconscious on Nina's side, rendered the House still more attractive, as soon as due time had been given to the memory of the deceased. Secure of admiration, in the splendour of her beauty, Paulina never imagined that any but herself could possibly for a moment attract a single look, as long as she was present. Many, however, discovered that it is painful to gaze incessantly on the sun in its full meridian, and that relief becomes an absolute necessity; this necessity seemed agreeably supplied by Nina's soft and expressive countenance, and it almost became a matter of doubt among the amateurs of beauty, which of the two had the fairest right to claim the palm. Their admirers, divided at last into two parties, the most enthusiastic and violent of which declared themselves for Paulina, whom they not only regarded as the most beautiful woman in Florence, but even in all Italy, while the less discriminating but more numerous one likened Nina to Raphael's Madonnas, maintaining that she had but added modern graces and a greater degree of animation to the graceful delineations of that great master. The Duke di Salapariglia declared himself without ceremony for the latter, as he would have thought it quite ridiculous, whatever his real opinion might be, to swell his wife's train of admirers. Guido had too much delicacy to give his opinion on the subject, although often pressed to do so by the duke himself, who was not unwilling to hear Paulina's beauty praised by others, and often taxed him with a secret admiration of her charms. From one cause or another it was evident that Guido was never easy in Paulina's society; and it was almost invariably remarked that he withdrew whenever the family was quite alone. Nina perhaps would not have observed this, had not others seen it for her, and pointed it out to her. Geronima, as we said before, had given way to no angry feelings on first seeing Nina; when, however, the time of mourning had passed by, she could not help frequently pressing her on the subject of her marriage, and finding her endeavours to draw anything from her quite fruitless, she could not resist

every opportunity of expressing her disappointment at the great inferiority of the match she had made, compared to that of her sister. The very pride that Geronima felt at the admiration that was lavished on the beauty of her two daughters, only served to increase each day her regrets on this subject.

"Alas! my child," said she, one day, as a certain prince just left the room, "that was the husband I had destined you—such a marriage would have better suited the daughter of Fiorimonte, than your unmeaning Guido, who, at best, is only fit to be one of the gapers in the crowd of your sister's admirers—nay, do not look downcast—you would surely not be jealous, it is but a tribute that Paulina's beauty must exact from every one."

The word *jealous*, however, stung Nina to the heart; it flashed across her mind that he perhaps really felt the impression of her sister's beauty more than as a mere matter of taste. This feeling was but transitory—yet can one wonder if under its influence Nina was led into a momentary indiscretion that she repented ever after? So it was—this loving and kind-hearted woman had felt so painfully the frequent recurrence of similar scenes with her mother, and been so hurt at the half-suppressed expressions of discontent both from the latter and Paulina, about her secret marriage, and her want of confidence in them, that at last the insurmountable wish of justifying herself with a few words could no longer be resisted—she revealed all to the astonished Geronima. No sooner, however, were the irrecoverable words gone from her lips, than, alarmed at what she had done, she would have given the world to recall them. She reproached herself violently, and almost raved about it. She would fain have persuaded her mother that what she had said had not the slightest foundation, and conjured her not to breathe it to any one living. Geronima soothed her to the best of her means, told her that only Paulina should know it, and pressed her affectionately to her bosom, thanking her for her confidence. No words, however, could appease the inward feelings of remorse of poor Nina; she felt she had betrayed Guido, and nothing could atone in her eyes for the breach of such a promise. Besides, the very circumstance of a secret of this nature being entrusted to several, might lead, by imperceptible means, to its disclosure. With a character so eminently simple, and devoid of all guile as her's was, it was next to impossible that her features should not bear the impress of the feelings that filled her mind. It was instantly discernible to Guido, who inquired most affectionately into the cause of her grief. Nina only answered with an affected playfulness, that she had lately been somewhat jealous of Paulina, and Guido pretended to be satisfied for the moment with the reason assigned, begging her at the same time not to be uneasy on that score. When, however, several days that passed only increased instead of lessening her agitation, the Conte d'Acquafonte, whose suspicions naturally flew directly to one point, began, though half unwillingly, to dread that something must have escaped from Nina.

"Nina," said he one day to her, "it is now five years since an unfortunate event, indeed, was the means of uniting me to one so deserving in every way of being loved. I now begin to feel myself

secure from all detection, persuaded as I am that no earthly beings but ourselves were present at the moment—and that we alone carry the secret buried in our inmost souls."

Nina turned pale at these words, every one of which seemed to contain a reproach. "Contessa," said Guido with surprise, "what does this mean? You look as if—I scarcely like to say it—but you look as if I had not put my trust into very sure hands."

"It is even so," said Nina, unable to conceal her feelings any longer, and confessing that she had disclosed all to her mother; "but listen at least to my justification."

"That is quite useless now," said Guido coldly, "since the life I spared has been saved but for my betrayal."

So saying, he disengaged himself from the hand that tried to detain him, and left Nina to her own reflections. What was not the anguish of the young and tender wife at being thus refused even a justification, and at feeling that Guido's affections were gone, perhaps for ever? Anger or reproaches would have been a sort of relief in comparison to this; but his withering coldness, bordering almost on contempt, made her look with envy at her feelings on the day she stood on the edge of the precipice, compared with those of the present moment. Day after day Nina waited in expectation of Guido's renewing the subject; but no opportunity of the kind was given her for explaining her motives of breaking through her promise. That he was revengeful she too well knew, yet it was not any fear of that sort that distressed her. Nina, the weak and loving Nina, was alive but to the one idea of being rejected by the man she loved. She could forgive him the murder he had committed, were she but loved; but to see him estranged from her was a misfortune she had never dreamed of; and how great must that estrangement be, since, even the care of his own secret, on which his reputation, and perhaps life, depended, could not induce him to forego his resentment, and reconcile himself to one who, as it were, held his fate in her hands, and might, if tempted to retaliate, commit further indiscretions that would ruin him. To return, however, to the Moor. No sooner had he left Geronima's cabinet, after a long conversation, than the servants were all in amazement at receiving orders to provide for his being lodged in the palace, and one was immediately despatched to the Contessa d'Acquafonte, to request her instant presence in her mother's house. Nina complied, not without feeling some instinctive fears that this summons related, in some way or another, to Guido's fatal secret; and she entered the room with a degree of trepidation that was in no wise allayed, on finding her mother and sister evidently in great agitation from some seemingly recent and alarming event. She remained unable to speak, but Geronima was the first to enter upon the subject that she had been sent for. "Nina," said she, struggling to remain calm, "I am about to require of you a great sacrifice—it is, however, absolutely necessary, and imperiously required by your family. You must separate from the Conte d'Acquafonte."

"Impossible!" rejoined the contessa.

"He is a murderer!" resumed Paulina; "think of that and of the disgrace it entails upon us all!"

"I know it," said Nina, "yet I cannot love him the less."

"Child," cried Geronima, "he is the murderer of your own father! Could you have checked your mad passion, as I had hoped, you should never have known it. Let this dreadful disclosure recall your reason, and for Heaven's sake act like the daughter of Fiorimonte."

Nina remained perfectly horror-struck. Where her mother had got the information, was unknown to her; but in the confusion of her mind she completely forgot to ask. She at length burst into tears.

"Well, Nina," said Geronima, after a pause, "what think you of this?"

"Alas! I was thinking that I have betrayed Guido," replied Nina faintly.

"Nina! Nina!" said Geronima, "it is not you that have betrayed him, but the justice of Heaven that has brought his guilt to light, by the most unlooked-for means. Cease, therefore, to murmur, and let us think of revenge."

Suddenly, however, Nina recollected what she had forgotten in her first alarm, namely, that she had heard both from Paulina and her mother, that her father had been shipwrecked, and that their suspicions must, therefore, be wholly groundless.

"I foresaw that you would bring forward this objection," said Geronima; "but, alas! it is of no avail. Listen to what I have just learned from Fiorimonte's Moorish servant. This man—Zamori is his name—was ransomed by your father in Africa, and became, through gratitude, the most attached of all dependants. When, at last, he determined to return to Italy, nothing could prevent Zamori from following him, no ties of home could restrain him from obeying the dictates of the noblest sentiment that exists within the human heart. Though unacquainted with the Italian language, and a complete stranger to the place where he was going, he was determined to share anywhere and everywhere his master's fate. The ship that bore them to Italy was wrecked indeed; but the Moor being an expert swimmer, saved not only his own life, but that of Fiorimonte."

"And is he living?" cried Nina, with sudden vehemence, forgetting what had passed before. "Oh! tell me—tell me that he is living?"

"Would that I could," resumed Geronima; "but, no, his life was only spared to be sacrificed soon after, as you shall hear. When they came to land they walked to the nearest town, where Fiorimonte found an old friend who lent him money to proceed on his journey, and after resting two days at his house, he set out with Zamori for Florence. It was on the road that he fell in with Guido, who, it seems, was, unknown to us, a former acquaintance of his. It would be difficult now to unravel all the circumstances, and all that the Moor could tell me was, that his master and Guido walked on together; and that it was only when it was too late, that, uneasy at his long absence, he secretly followed them, and witnessed the horrible close of the fatal scene." Nina shuddered at these words, and at the idea that she too had been present. Geronima, however, continued:—"The Moor, although now standing alone in the world, in a foreign country, and unable to com-

municate his ideas to any living mortal, formed within his mind, the plan of revenge which became the sole and engrossing object of his thoughts. It seemed indeed, at first, a vague hope, the chimera of an ardent spirit; yet what will not perseverance accomplish even in cases seemingly the most hopeless? Zamori's first idea was to return to his master's friend, and implore his assistance, but he knew not the names of places, and was obliged to trust to chance to direct himself; besides, he had but a small provision of money about him, and retracing his steps, even had he been able to find his way, appeared to him a waste both of time and of his small resources. It would be endless for me to attempt to repeat all that he had to struggle with to attain his purpose, which he detailed to me at full length in our conversation. He wandered from city to city, sometimes hiring himself out as a servant, and doing anything he could for a livelihood, yet never failing everywhere to try and find the murderer, and, inquiring for Fiorimonte's family. The name alone did he know, and this was his only clue: he had not the remotest idea that it was in Florence that we resided. He has been all over Italy, and having learned our language, ascertained, at last, that Fiorimonte's family was to be found here. Hither he repaired, and strange enough, the very first person he met was Guido, whom he traced to his dwelling, by following him at a distance, and having thus marked him with his eye, with the proud satisfaction of an eagle descriing his prey, he came here with an exulting heart, and, at once, unfolded to me the whole tale of Fiorimonte's death, and his long wished-for revenge."

Geronima ceased speaking, and Nina remained plunged in melancholy thoughts, for she now perceived that nothing could be urged in Guido's defence. Both nature and society would cry aloud for their separation; but though she felt this to be the case, she could not enter into her mother's, and especially Paulina's, vehement thirst for vengeance. Guido might be saved by flying in time, and that she should wish to save him from an ignominious death, was but following the dictates of a humane and tender heart. Besides, the dreadful reproach that Guido incurred by wedding his victim's daughter, was in a great measure palliated by his only finding it out at the very altar when it was too late to retract. At the time he required her to swear to become his, they were utter strangers to each other—as such she had loved him, and it was impossible to forego in an instant the feelings that years had consolidated into a portion of her very existence. Geronima and Paulina, as if they guessed what was passing in her mind, contrived by various means to detain her till evening at the palazzo, for fear she might cross their schemes by warning Guido in time. In this, however, they were disappointed; Guido had already disappeared no one knew whither, and when the young contessa returned home she heard from the servants that he came in in the middle of the day, and went out again, after having remained a short time in his room, from which she found on examination that he had taken several articles of value. Although Nina shed many tears at being thus suddenly parted—and perhaps for ever—from the object of her affections, she was at the same time

thankful for the hope that he was in safety, and that the struggle, which would have perhaps been too much for her courage, was thus got over, independently of her own will. As to *where* they should meet again, or whether *ever* on this side of the grave, was more than she dared think of. The struggle between conjugal love and filial affection was violent in her breast; its very violence, however, at length exhausted her strength, and she fell into a heavy sleep, that, for a time at least, bereaved her of the consciousness of her woes. The next day Nina again searched everywhere in the hopes of finding a letter from Guido. The search was vain in that respect; but amongst his papers she met with one that was deeply interesting to her. It seemed to be a kind of journal of his former life, which, though evidently bearing the marks of having been written at different periods, and that without adhering to any kind of rule but the impulse of the moment, presented enough of a connected narrative to supply the link that was wanting in the chain of the history of his life, which had hitherto been a sealed book to Nina. We give it to our readers such as she found it.

“ Our great poet has said :—

‘ *Perduto è tutto il tempo
Che in amar non si spende.*’

And he was a maniac for his pains. He should have said that it was the only lost time of our existence. A northern poet has said that all earthly things are perishable, and love alone is eternal. He lies equally—nothing is so perishable as love, and so easily turned to hatred.

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“ Where does the power of beauty reside? In our eyes or in our hearts? Is the beauty that inflames us really more intrinsically beautiful than another whom we pass without admiration? Or is it some secret, sympathetic power, that insensibly and forcibly draws us towards some one being on whom we heap, as it were, all our notions of perfection? Alas! these are vain speculations, only fit to serve the subtle philosopher to build his arguments upon. The philosopher feels not and may therefore reason. We that live in the world can only feel effects, and do not search into causes. For my part, the love of beauty and the beauty of love, are so mixed up in my nature, that to attempt to analyse my feelings, would be but attempting to unravel a tangled skein. I had never felt the force even of my own ideas until my journey to Venice. I had gone there in the company of Fiorimonte, with whom I had accidentally made acquaintance, and whom I found a pleasant and sociable man, albeit somewhat too much attached to his inveterate ideas about riches, which he considered the sole good upon earth. He was a man, however, whose views had been enlarged by travelling, who loved the arts because they were a means of opulence, and who conversed agreeably, and with a remarkable degree of intelligence on all subjects. Although by many years my senior, and by many, many thousands richer than I, he seemed pleased with me for a companion, and we took up our quarters at the same hotel. His business was to detain him some weeks at Venice,

and mine was of that slight nature that can be curtailed or protracted at pleasure; we therefore immediately adopted a sort of plan of living for the time being, interfering with one another only as far as pleasure and convenience rendered agreeable, generally taking our meals, and walking together in the Piazza in the evening. I remarked, after several days had passed, that at a certain hour he never failed to have his gondola come for him, and whatever we might be about, he would excuse himself on the score of particular business, and always on those occasions row away in the same direction. This slight circumstance having, by its daily recurrence, attracted my notice and my curiosity, I asked him in a jocose tone whether some Venetian beauty had given him a rendezvous at that hour. 'A beauty,' replied he, 'but not a Venetian one—a rendezvous if you will, but not of the kind that you seem to imply.' He then added, in a serious tone, 'I go to see my daughter Paulina, who has been educated at a convent here—the same where her mother was brought up. My only motive for observing the same hour each day, is to suit the arrangements of its inmates.' The confident air with which he pronounced her to be a beauty, excited in me such a wish to see her, that I inquired if I might be allowed to accompany him on one of these visits. He replied rather drily, I thought, 'that it was quite impossible;' yet instead of trying to quench my curiosity by dropping the subject, he seemed to take a malicious pleasure in dilating upon the dazzling and unheard-of beauty of his daughter. 'To be sure,' thought I, when I was alone, 'a father's opinion must necessarily be a partial one. Those features he extols so highly, are perhaps very ordinary ones, and I am only humiliating myself in his eyes by seeming so curious about a thing he denies me.' Yet all I could do to preach myself into reason, was of no avail. My curiosity rose above all the feeble arguments I could adduce to prove that my wishes were vain and foolish; and the following day I again brought about the subject with Fiorimonte, and pressed him, in the most vehement manner, to accede to a request from which I never should desist till it was gratified. Fiorimonte was evidently displeased, though a feeling of politeness forbade his giving words to his thoughts, and our intercourse continued as usual. Little satisfied, however, with mere forbearance, I would not abandon the point, and continually beseeched him to give me at least a reason for his obstinate refusal. 'Young man,' said he, at length to me, 'I might perhaps be dispensed with giving you any account about a matter in which I have a right to act as I please. Out of regard for you I am, however, willing to tell you this much. It is better for your peace that you should not see Paulina . . . you understand me? It were difficult at your age not to love her, and that love might prove a curse to you.' The sort of tone in which this was said, ought to have shown me at once that the proud merchant was little likely ever to interest himself in love matters, and that he calculated on some high destination for Paulina; indeed, he looked like a man that would have despised crowned heads had it not been for their wealth. I ought in reason and in respect for my own dignity to have withdrawn at once, but, alas! curiosity, inflamed and maddened by refusal, made me feel very

differently at that moment. I spurned the danger that Fiorimonte warned me of; his pity seemed an insult, and I determined on finding some means of judging myself how far Paulina was worthy of being loved. A thousand wild schemes ran in my head, which were rejected as soon as formed. Sometimes I imagined myself penetrating into the convent under the disguise of a painter, and like another Filippo Lippi, becoming enamoured of my model; her father, incensed at first, appeased by degrees, and then finally relenting. . . . How is it possible that, knowing all the real difficulties of ever appeasing Fiorimonte, I could still persist in wishing to run to my own destruction? As yet, I could not be really unhappy about a being I had not seen; it was therefore a voluntary act on my part to put myself in a condition to be made miserable. Sometimes I thought I would follow Fiorimonte at the hour I knew he went to see Paulina; but he seemed to guess my intentions, for he changed his hour, probably with a view of frustrating any attempt of the kind. At length, by means of money, I persuaded one of the assistants at the altar to take me in with him during mass, where, under favour of a menial disguise, I might be able to see her whom I so longed to behold. Everything went according to my wishes. He placed me where I could see all the pupils of the establishment, blooming in youth and loveliness, like a parterre of sweet flowers; and I may follow up the simile by saying, that my eye soon distinguished the queen of flowers amongst them, even before my companion, who knew each one by name, had pointed out Paulina Fiorimonte to my enraptured gaze. All that I had hitherto seen of female beauty, whether in reality or in painting, faded away like a dream in comparison with those enchanting features, and I at once confessed that till then I had never even guessed at what should properly be called beauty. I still remember, with that vivid freshness that usually belongs to recent events, every look and every graceful motion of this accomplished creature. A painter's eye would have vainly sought for a single fault in her face or person. Her sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks, that appeared animated by a poetic and enthusiastic soul, and the majestic pride of her whole air, seemed to say, 'unconquerable myself, I will conquer every one.' One could have imagined her to be the empress of the world, there was something so haughty, yet so noble and dignified, in her looks. I stood rivetted to the spot, and so totally absorbed that my companion could scarcely rouse me when it was time to retire. I went home distracted and madly in love. I shut myself up in my room the rest of that day, and would see nobody, that I might feast upon my recollections. Not satisfied with having seen her, I now regretted I had not attempted to attract her notice; and I passed the whole night in devising new schemes for seeing her once again. The state of agitation I was in was too visible not to be remarked by Fiorimonte, and he inquired into the cause of it. After some hesitation, I owned to him that I had seen Paulina, and that I was hopelessly, despairingly, in love with her. He chid me gently for my obstinacy in having persisted against his advice. 'I told you how it would be,' said he; 'I gave you a wise counsel, which you rejected. I have no power to cure broken hearts.' He was

going to retire, but I stopped him, and told him it was utterly impossible I could live without Paulina, and entreated him to give her me in marriage, and let me call him father. I shall never forget the pride with which he drew himself up, nor the cold and haughty sort of contempt with which he eyed me. All the barriers of friendship, regard, or even politeness, were in a minute broken through, by what he deemed my presumptuous request. 'What have you to offer to the daughter of Fiorimonte?' said he, with a sarcastic smile that smote my very soul. 'Alas! no fortune, though a noble birth,' was the answer that trembled within my lips, as I stood abashed before the princely merchant. 'My daughter,' said he, 'shall be wedded by wealth, and wealth exceeding mine. I could wed her to the grand vizier, but his fortune is not stable. A Russian prince has asked for her, but I consider him only as a needy adventurer. A duke, the richest in Italy, has sought her alliance, and 'tis to him that I destine her.' The stately lord of thousands then left me, and indeed I should have been unable to reply, had he not done so. My riches were as nothing with him, but I could not help fancying that could I speak to Paulina and express all that I felt, that she, who at her age could but be disinterested, and had, doubtless, a romantic and ardent mind, would take some compassion on me, and perhaps soften her father's asperity. How to manage this was the difficulty. I was well aware that Fiorimonte would ever be on the watch to throw all sort of obstacles in my way, and I felt secretly pleased on observing that his contempt did not go so far as not to consider me dangerous. He evidently dreaded leaving Venice as long as I chose to remain there, and I determined to maintain my ground without seeming to perceive his manoeuvres, to induce me to leave it at the time he had fixed for his departure. Would it not have been better to have thrown himself on my generosity at once, and have entreated me to desist? By showing openly that he feared Paulina's knowing me, the sort of compliment implied in his fear would have at once flattered, and perhaps consoled me. If you wish to make a man generous, begin by showing that you think him so. Fiorimonte judged differently; he preferred counteracting me by secret and petty intrigues. Notwithstanding all his diligence, I contrived one evening to follow him to the convent, and bid my gondolier wait till he came out again. Heavens! can my delight be conceived when I saw him a few moments after coming out, leading Paulina by the hand. There she stood, lovely as a houri, animated by a playful joyousness, and rendered still more beautiful by the glow that the sinking sun diffused over every object:—another instant, and she had disappeared beneath the coverings of the gondola, even like a dream too enchanting to last;—but still I knew she was there, something magic seemed to float round the barge, and I gave strict orders to my gondolier not to lose sight of it, while my eyes were incessantly rivetted on the awning, although, alas! it only hid from me the object of my love. A new fear now suddenly seized me—was it possible that Fiorimonte could be taking Paulina away from Venice? Resolved at all events to follow, even to the end of the world, I continued the chase, till we got into the open sea. Till now the weather had been so fine, that both

father and daughter had probably wished to enjoy the delightful as long as possible; and had not thought of returning, although it was quite dark. Suddenly, however, the sky became overcast, large black clouds rolled across the moon, and a rising storm warned them to think of retreat. Little fearing for myself, I kept watching their boat intently, and dreading some accident, and now no longer following from curiosity, but to be ready in case of need. Scarcely had they approached one of the islands, when a dreadful gust of wind upset the boat. I heard Paulina's shrieks—I saw her father struggling in vain to assist her. In an instant I was in the water, I seized hold of her and brought her back fainting to the land, which Fiorimonte had now reached, and laid her, still insensible, in his arms. 'My child—my daughter,' were the only words he could utter, as he looked at me with the greatest astonishment and gratitude. I only staid to see them taken into the nearest house, and having ascertained that Paulina was in no danger, I immediately went home. I was so completely drenched, that, together with the alarm I had experienced, and the danger I had gone through, I greatly needed rest, and immediately went to bed. I was so exhausted that I at once fell asleep. The next morning, the first object that met my eyes was Fiorimonte, sitting at my bedside, and bending over me with a look of inexpressible interest. The whole man seemed entirely altered. I should not have thought him capable of the affectionate tone in which he spoke to me. 'Guido,' said he, with tears in his eyes, 'you have saved more than my life. But for you I should now be weeping over my dear Paulina, who is the joy and glory of my whole existence.' With the wealth of all India I should be poor indeed had I lost her. The poor man was so overcome with his feelings, that he could say no more, and I held out my hand to him in silence. A short time after he rose, and left me, fearing, as he said, that I might over-exert myself with talking, and begging of me to be calm. Was that possible? Had I not new and unlooked-for prospects suddenly thrown open to my bewildered gaze? Ah, the real, the only way to calm me now, would have been to have talked to me all day of Paulina, to have let me feed on the expectation of soon seeing her, of hearing her expressions of gratitude, and rejoicing in the sunshine of her smile. In default of this, my own thoughts rambled from one delight to another, and I calculated how long it would be before Fiorimonte would speak of our marriage—for surely he could not now refuse her to the most devoted of lovers. Fiorimonte showed me every delicate attention during the time I was unwell, and no day passed without his expressing most fervently his eternal obligations to me. Still not a word about seeing Paulina—no message from her of impatience to see the man who had saved her life—for she literally had not even seen me that night—in fact, I knew not what to conclude from this protracted silence about a subject which lay so near my heart, and which Fiorimonte knew to be everything to me. This cruel suspense had nearly made me fall ill again, the more so, as I began to perceive a great embarrassment on the part of Fiorimonte, and he frequently looked at me as if he wished to speak, and yet refrained from pity. How was I mortified, on discovering at length, that Paulina had never been told

my name, and thought herself saved by the exertions of the gondolier, and that it was his intention that we should never meet! All that fate could heap upon me was nothing in comparison to the blow I now received. Even gratitude to the preserver of his child had no power to extort a niggardly consent to a less brilliant marriage than the one he so fondly looked to. The man who would have promised her to any one while she was in danger, dared to forget the sacred obligation he was under, the moment that danger was passed. Had she slept beneath the waves, where would have been the brilliant castles that his proud heart was now pleased to build on the ruins of my happiness? He seemed to guess my thoughts by the look of despair and disappointment with which I listened to him.

“‘Guido, my dearest Guido,’ said he, ‘son of my heart and my affections, do not be thus downcast. Indeed, Paulina must not see you, or know of your generous action. She would love you infallibly—nay, adore you, and thus be rendered incapable of complying with my will Indeed, my will is no longer my own, for my word is given to the duke.’

Finding that I answered nothing, and still continued absorbed in agonizing reflections, he went on, saying, that he would provide for my happiness in a way that would entirely compensate for my present disappointment, and that if I would only suffer myself to be guided by him, he would at once turn over such a new and bright leaf in my life, that it would efface all recollections of the past. A melancholy smile, and a look of doubt were my only reply. Mistaking my silence for a half consent, he proceeded thus: ‘Your youthful imagination has no doubt exaggerated my daughter’s beauty. You have only seen her by glimpses, and perhaps imperfect ones What would you say could I show you an image twice as fair as Paulina, and still far short of the original? One who would be proud to give her hand to you, and where bland and gentle manners would ensure your happiness?’ So saying, he drew from his bosom a miniature, which he presented me, saying, ‘Look at this fair and lovely girl. Can a poet’s fancy dream of anything more charming?’ And he waited in eager silence to hear my opinion. ‘Fair and lovely,’ repeated I, ‘but still not Paulina,’ and I put it back into his hand. ‘Believe me, Guido,’ cried he, ‘I act as a real friend in this instance, and beg you to think of it before you refuse. This sweet girl is the daughter of a friend and correspondent of mine in Flanders. He is a wealthy merchant, who resided a long while in Italy when a young man, and speaks Italian fluently. His daughter I know has studied our language, and I am certain, from our long intimacy and friendship, that I need only propose you for his son-in-law for you to be instantly accepted. Take your time to consider, and I will leave this portrait with you.’

“I remained a long while without deigning even to look at it again; at last, however, I took it up. The dress was so old-fashioned that I was at a loss to understand how a damsel of our times could be thus accoutred, or, rather, disfigured. On the other hand, to look beautiful under these disadvantages was the surest test of beauty. All the arguments Fiorimonte had used to persuade me that she was far superior to Paulina, and which came with so ill a grace from his lips,

would have only tended to increase the severity of my criticisms, had not the sweet symmetry of this face, and its look of mildness, persuaded me into a gentler mood. The more I looked, however, the more the immeasurable superiority of Paulina's noble beauty rose to my mind. I felt that these tame features, though engaging, could have no chance beside of her. I could love the one for a companion or a sister, but I adored the other as a divinity. I might live for the Flemish beauty, but I could have died for Paulina. A look of hers would have animated me to the noblest deeds; the other would only have approved those deeds when done. Fiorimonte was long before he again renewed the subject with me; but, in the mean time, he was not idle. He wrote to Van Osberg, his Flemish friend, and received his assent and thanks for having negotiated for his daughter a union with a nobleman, which, in the silly vanity of his heart, had, it seems, always been the object of his wishes. His delight at my title was still further enhanced by the more solid pecuniary advantages which Fiorimonte, unknown to myself, had determined to add out of his own coffers, so as to make me equally desirable on all accounts. Thus, while he seemed to render a service to his friend, he at the same time appeared to offer me a compensation worthy of a man to whom he was indebted, but, in reality, hoped to buy my eternal absence from the soil of Italy. In fact, all preliminaries were settled between them except the most important one; namely, the consent of the principal actors in the drama. Though at the time I did not see the trap that was laid for me, and really thought Fiorimonte acted from an earnest wish to promote my happiness, he found me less willing to enter into his plans than he had anticipated. His alluring descriptions of Gertrude's loveliness seemed rather suspicious for a man who formerly would have stood up against all Christendom to maintain the unique and sole sovereignty of Paulina's beauty; and though he laboured hard to give me a high idea of Van Osberg's wealth and delightful houses both in town and country, his descriptions somehow never seemed to come from the heart, and consequently failed to find the way to mine. It is difficult to say how this contest would have ended had I not all at once been determined by a circumstance very slight in itself, to me all-powerful. Fiorimonte one morning put a note into my hands, saying, 'It is from Paulina, who has heard of your generous self-devotion. She has heard all the circumstances of our negotiations with Van Osberg, and she herself insisted on writing to you. I don't know what it may contain, but I think highly enough of both of you to inquire no further.' Having left me alone, I gave myself up to transports of joy at the thought of a letter from Paulina. I kissed the writing a thousand times, and had some difficulty in taming down my bewildered feelings so far as to be able to read. Disappointment succeeded very soon to those ebullitions of delight. The letter was written in a very sober matter-of-fact style, not such a one as I should have expected from the poetic look that animated her face, and was to the effect of letting me know how grateful she was to her preserver; but she added, that she so feared not being able to comply with her father's wishes, (letting me guess, at the same time, that she had once caught an accidental glimpse of me,) that

she entreated me, by all that was sacred, not to attempt to disturb her peace, but to withdraw while it yet was time. She concluded with wishing me every prosperity and every happiness with the daughter of Van Osberg, who, she said, she hoped some day to hear had become my wife. Such was the devoted character of my passion, that these few lines seemed the oracle that was to decide my fate. I thought it would be criminal to attempt to win a heart that might not give itself, and since my absence could purchase her peace, I was resolved to make the sacrifice. Absent she would remember me with kindly feelings, and I should thereby purchase a sort of fictitious interest in her eyes, which would stand in lieu of more real happiness. Oh, shame on the man who could thus lead me on by taking advantage of the best sentiments of my nature! Even now I feel half maddened by the recollection that no word of that letter that sealed my destiny had been traced by Paulina; even the small and delicate writing that I admired so fondly was the work of one of the sisters of the convent, who had written under Fiorimonte's directions. 'Yes, I will marry Gertrude,' thought I; 'if Paulina bids me forget her she shall be forgot, if that is amongst possible things.' My resolution caused the greatest joy to Fiorimonte, who, fearful of my wavering if I staid longer at Venice, urged our immediate departure. Two days afterwards we bid adieu to the Rialto, and I found myself hurried on my way, almost wondering myself how I could so soon have come to this determination. Fiorimonte, who felt the necessity of keeping me up to my resolution, went a great part of the way with me, although it was an utter loss of time to him. He talked incessantly about my happiness, my prospects, my amiable father-in-law, and still more amiable bride, and everything that he thought capable of rivetting my intentions. When we had got to the half of our journey, Fiorimonte took his leave with many embraces and well-wishes, protesting that nothing would delight him more than to hear from me often, and to hear that I was completely satisfied. Although it is generally dull enough to travel without a companion, I felt in this instance a relief at being freed from a man for whom I could have no cordial friendship. Besides, I was glad to be once more alone, and able to think at leisure. While he was with me, his presence reminded me incessantly of Paulina, from the very circumstance of his excessive pains to direct my thoughts exclusively to the Van Osberg family: Now that he was gone, he seemed to take with him the only link that still existed between Paulina and me:—my pulse became less feverish; my agitation subsided into melancholy; I was able to turn my thoughts towards the future, and the image of the fair Fleming rose in a pleasing form to my mind. The idea of beginning life again, as it were, in a new world, far from all associations that could remind me of Paulina, amidst a race of people whose beauties could least of any recall her to my mind, was certainly a bold one on the part of Fiorimonte, and held out great chances of success. Whether eventually it would succeed was yet to be tried; meantime I gave myself up as much as possible to all the illusions I could call to my aid. Alas! I was not in the country of illusions! Everything seemed so unpoetical, so uncongenial to my tone of mind, that I was constantly forced to

desist from my dreams. At last I reached the place of my destination. I found a town built in the old Dutch style, but picturesque from its antique air. My first care was to inquire for Van Osberg's residence. I found no difficulty in ascertaining at once where he lived, for he was well known as one of the richest merchants in the place. I presented him a letter from his friend Fiorimonte, which he had no sooner opened than he took me by the hand with every demonstration of friendship, and bid me welcome in the kindest possible manner. His wife and daughter, he told me, were at that time in the country; but he added, smiling, 'that it should not be long before I saw them.' I rested during the remainder of that day, as he was forced to attend to his affairs. I saw him again at supper, and having inquired what was the subject of a picture that hung over the chimney, which represented a simple looking girl tending her sheep, he informed me that it was the portrait of his daughter. I therefore examined it carefully, but was somewhat surprised to find it had scarcely any resemblance to the beautiful miniature I had seen in Fiorimonte's hands. Having expressed as much to Van Osberg, he told me that what I had seen before was not Gertrude's picture, but a family portrait, whom she was generally thought to resemble, and that Fiorimonte had deemed it so fine a piece of art, that he had borrowed it to have it copied by some skilful Italian painter. 'Fiorimonte,' he added, 'has never seen my daughter; he could not, therefore, well judge how far it was like her.' 'Never seen her!' said I with surprise, 'was not Fiorimonte in Flanders?' 'No,' replied Van Osberg, 'never; but he has often heard me talk of Gertrude, and therefore, I suppose, spoke to you of her as of a well-known acquaintance.' How far inferior, thought I, are these features to what I had been led to expect! She was, however, pretty and innocent looking, though seemingly of a nature too near akin to the lambs that she was tending. The Flemish merchant continued entertaining me in a friendly manner till I expressed a wish to retire for the night. My impatience was now greater than ever to see my destined bride, from the fear I was in of finding her totally destitute of any beauty, since, in all probability, she was inferior to her portrait; and I should be thus led down step by step to the disagreeable reality. All night I dreamed of lambs and shepherdesses, and the next day I was much pleased at Van Osberg's proposing that we should immediately drive to his country-house. In about two hours we arrived at this stately, but old-fashioned mansion, surrounded by gardens, in the same sort of taste; and he took me through several handsome rooms to the one where his wife and daughter were sitting at work. The mother welcomed me as well as she was able in bad Italian; but the daughter coloured deeply, said not a word, and kept her eyes stedfastly fixed on her work. Such a reception was not the most flattering; but seeing how distressed Van Osberg appeared at his daughter's excessive timidity, I seemed to take no notice of it, and sate down by the mother and engaged in conversation with her. Gertrude was certainly a pretty girl—her complexion dazzlingly fair, with hair of the lightest shade, and eyes of a fine dark blue, though with the latter I only became acquainted some days after, as she scarcely ever lifted

them towards any one but her parents. She was altogether very much like the figures one sees in Dutch pictures, and about as lifeless as they—more so, indeed, for the works of genius are never wholly lifeless. Her dress too was in the same style, with a profusion of lace, and very rich materials, but with little display of taste. She had besides small white hands, which appeared to much advantage as she was working; but as she had no grace whatever, the pleasing impression she might make when sitting, was considerably impaired the moment she was in motion. I felt, however, disposed to attribute every deficiency to her shyness, and the embarrassment that my presence might naturally be supposed to occasion. The next day several friends and relations were invited to dinner, to whom Van Osberg was impatient to show me as his destined son-in-law. I was placed at table beside my future contessa, and our healths were drunk by all present. Though annoyed and wearied by this display, I cheerfully gave into it, hoping that it might perhaps afford me some opportunity of speaking to Gertrude, with whom I had scarcely, as yet, exchanged a word. After dinner, while some were playing at cards, and others conversing, I found means to profit by the noise and confusion, and said a few words to her on the subject that was interesting to us both. She replied, with great simplicity and gentleness, that she was ready to meet the wishes of her parents, but I found it quite impossible to draw anything further from her at present. On the third day I went back to town with Van Osberg; and on arriving there I told him that I meant to take up my abode at an hotel, as it was nowise my wish to put the family out of their way, and that as it was my intention to gain the affections of his daughter before we married, it might be a long while before we arrived at that conclusion. Van Osberg replied, that though loath to part with his guest, it should be as I pleased, begging, however, I would dine with him every day; but that as to his daughter's affections, I was much mistaken if I thought they were not already entirely mine, adding, that she was bashful to excess, and that it was a chance if she ever familiarized herself with me till she had become my wife. 'Our Flemish girls,' said he, 'may perhaps differ from your Italian ones. They are difficult to win, but once gained, you may believe me, they are truly faithful.'

"I remained on the most friendly footing in the world with this good Fleming, who did the honours of his house and his town in the most hospitable manner; and if Gertrude said but little, her parents fully made up for her deficiency, by trying to please me in everything. After two or three weeks had passed away, which had been spent alternately in town and country, Van Osberg expressed his wish to see me finally settled in the family as his son, and as I felt convinced from all he had said that Gertrude only wanted to be better known to appear really amiable, I at once entered into his views, and the day was fixed for our nuptials. On this occasion the family came to town, and every preparation was made that could add all possible splendour to it. Gertrude looked exceedingly pretty when attired as a bride, and attracted the admiration of every one. At the moment I scarcely thought of Paulina, otherwise than to feel with satisfaction

that I was now obeying her injunctions, by placing an insurmountable barrier between us. The following days, I might almost say weeks, were spent in amusements and feasts, at the different houses of Van Osberg's friends and relations. It was a relief to me when this bustle was over, and when I retired with my wife to the country-house which Van Osberg had now given over to us entirely. I now hoped to find an agreeable companion who would console me for all past misfortunes, and with whom my life would glide on as smoothly as the lazy canals of her own country. So far I was not deceived. My life was smooth to monotony; but all other advantages, alas! were far from being mine. The portrait that represented her sitting amongst her sheep was a true picture of Gertrude's mind and whole existence. Her occupations were of the simplest kind; watering her plants, embroidering, looking after her household, and walking in the garden with her favourite lamb, formed the daily routine of her life. But though kind to all the animals under her care, and gentle towards her servants, she seemed to care very little how far my tastes coincided with or differed from hers, or, in fact, about anything concerning my happiness, although she generally greeted me with a good-natured smile when I came in after a walk, or made any attempt at conversing. I had never, in my life, felt so much alone as now, that I seemed to possess everything that could apparently tend to make me completely happy. But all was hollow throughout, and those who envied me little knew the state of my feelings. I took patience a long while with Gertrude's excessive reserve and timid silence, under the conviction that in time I should be rewarded for it, by discovering a fund of agreeable qualities, and, perhaps, information in her mind, which would unfold itself by degrees, like a plant that opens its leaves in the warmth of the sun. Here I was again deceived. I found it a hopeless task to extort from her anything in the form of an agreeable or intellectual conversation, and really, perhaps, more from idle want of will, than total want of mental resources. At the same time it was impossible to find anything to blame in a creature so inoffensive. I would have given the world had she sometimes exchanged her unalterable mildness for a fit of passion, had it been ever so unjustly applied. I should have attempted to rouse her jealousy, had I not felt it was utterly useless. A being so serene in mind, and so inanimate, could not be ruffled by any of the usual means; and I had no means at my command, since my anger or my contentment were exactly the same in their effects upon her. Time hung heavily on my hands, so much so, that it imparted a serious and discontented air to my whole appearance; and scarcely had I dragged through about six months of my weary existence, than it seemed a century since I had taken leave of Fiorimonte. I was strolling one day in the avenue that led to our house, when my father-in-law, who came to pay us a visit, drove up and alighted where I was standing. He instantly perceived, by my face, that I had something on my mind; and after inquiring whether the contessa was quite well, he asked me if any disagreeable circumstance had crossed me. On my replying in the negative, he asked me whether I was no longer satisfied with his daughter, as he felt at a loss to what else he could attribute my seeming loss of spi-

rits. I immediately answered him, by detailing all the qualities of Gertrude that I could in conscience extol. Meanwhile we reached the house, and he had a long conversation with his daughter, which I would not interrupt. As she left the room I perceived, when she passed me, that her eyes were red, and that she evidently had been crying, but I forebore from all questions; and finding Van Osberg more friendly than ever to me, I spent the rest of the day much more pleasantly than usual. Even Gertrude, at dinner, spoke a little more than was her custom, and appeared less sluggish than she was wont to do; and I thought I saw an evident attempt on the part of my father-in-law to draw us together again, as he no doubt thought my discontent sprung from some passing quarrel, instead of the far more hopeless source of listless monotony and want of zest in each other's society. The next day Van Osberg proposed to take us to the house of his wife's brother, where there was a great deal of festivity going forward on occasion of the approaching christening of his first grandchild. Gertrude, he said, had been requested to stand as godmother, and her cousins wished much that we should spend a few days with them. We accordingly set out. Gertrude's uncle received us in high good-humour, and though his house was nearly full of company, we were welcome guests. There was a great quantity of relations of both sides of the family assembled when the christening took place, many of whom were unknown to me. After the ceremony was over there was a large dinner, at the end of which we dispersed to walk about the grounds, previous to the ball that was to conclude the amusements of the day. Of course the interest I felt in all this was not very great, as my slight knowledge of the Flemish language did not allow me to enter much into conversation with any of the guests. My greatest pleasure was to see that my wife looked to much advantage in her gala dress, and seemed altogether more animated and better pleased than I had ever seen her before. Indeed, when amongst her uncle's daughters, whom she had been brought up to look upon as sisters, she seemed like one just let loose from imprisonment; so much so, that I could not help making the melancholy reflection, that no such release awaited me. Full of these ideas, I was walking alone through the garden, which resounded on all sides with merry voices, when my attention was suddenly drawn towards a cluster of trees, behind which two people seemed engaged in busy conversation. I at once recognised my wife's voice, but was surprised at hearing her speak in a tone of animation, of which I had not thought her capable. By her side stood a young man, who held her hand, which he once or twice pressed to his lips, and seemed to be reproaching her, but quite in an under tone. Not being able to catch a word of what they said, I was left entirely to my own conjectures, and though to suspect Gertrude seemed almost ridiculous in my eyes, I could not help feeling a sensation of uneasiness, and a wish to know what was the subject of such earnest discussion. They soon, however, moved onwards, nor did I see them again till the ball had commenced. Gertrude danced with what I took to be the same young man, who I now found; on a distincter view, was very good-looking, though of the same unintellectual cast of features as she was herself.

on inquiring of Frau von Osberg who he was, she answered that it was Gertrude's cousin, Maurice, an old friend of her's, whom she had not seen since our marriage. Furnished with this information, I watched them narrowly the whole evening, and I was the better enabled to do so, by the little active part I took in all that was going forward. From their conduct in the ball-room, had I not previously heard them talking in the garden, I should certainly never have dreamed of anything further than the mere friendly intercourse of two people, who were both glad to have met unexpectedly. Still, for one so habitually taciturn, and so reserved as Gertrude, it could only be some great cause that could make her thus step out of her usual character and manners. Were it possible, that under that mask of gentleness and simplicity, she could hide a deceitful soul? This was a question that I asked myself a thousand times, and still remained unable to solve. It was not that my feelings were so deeply wounded—but I felt the disheartening conviction that all my endeavours to gain Gertrude's confidence and affection, had been utterly lost. For her I had quitted the smiling sky of Italy—for her I had buried in oblivion the image of Paulina, as much as the frailty of human nature would permit—and for these my efforts, was I to be despised, or made, perhaps, the subject of her jests with her cousin? The progression was thus rapid in my mind, from uneasy curiosity to downright suspicions. The next thing was, to ascertain how far these suspicions were founded. But I knew not to whom to apply, and could only hope to draw the truth in time from Gertrude herself. The following day, to the surprise of everybody, I abruptly determined to return to our country-seat, and notwithstanding all that our host and Van Osberg and his wife could say on the subject, I set out with Gertrude that very afternoon. She seemed exceedingly loath to accompany me, though, according to custom, she said little or nothing to that effect. As soon as we re-entered the walls of our house, we again began the same dreamy round of occupations as before, with this difference, that Gertrude seemed colder and more reserved than ever. The never-varying scene that surrounded me, naturally made me brood over my jealous suspicions, more than I should otherwise have done. There still remained one doubt that I wished to clear up, namely, whether it was Maurice whom I had overheard in the garden, for nothing was easier than to mistake in such a case. I took an early opportunity of attempting to draw Gertrude into conversation on the subject. I found her occupied with her favourite birds, whom she was feeding with the greatest assiduity. 'Gertrude,' said I, after having carelessly spoken of our late visit, 'you seemed very loath to leave your uncle's.'

" 'I was,' replied she laconically.

" 'Then you did very wrong in not telling me so,' resumed I; 'my motives for going might have been laid aside, and we might have protracted our stay.'

" Gertrude looked up from her occupation with a mixture of surprise and simplicity, which I knew not how to interpret. She, however, resumed it in silence a moment after. 'And what did you most regret?' said I.

" 'Oh! cousin Maurice to be sure!' cried she, again looking at me with an altered and more communicative tone, her eyes beaming at the same time with a mixture of pleasure at pronouncing his name, and regret at their recent parting. I stood utterly confounded; so much so, that I almost acquitted her in my own mind, not deeming it possible that she would speak frankly about a man whom she secretly loved.

" 'Is Maurice then so dear to you?' said I, after some hesitation.

" 'Very dear, truly,' answered she, leaving off her work, and turning round to me. At the same time she took from a drawer a piece of tapestry which was not quite finished, which represented a girl and boy of rather uncouth dimensions, running after a butterfly, which the latter had nearly caught. This she said was intended to illustrate a little event in their youthful lives; but she added, that she had not completed all the flowers, and the rest of the landscape, because, at her father's express desire, she had left off working at it ever since she was to become my wife. She however added, with the utmost simplicity, that she had often worked at it secretly, even since our marriage. It was almost a matter of doubt whether, all this was most an incentive to laughter or to exasperation. The very folly of her candour seemed to call for the former, but at the time I felt otherwise disposed; and though at any other moment I should have smiled at this clumsy attempt at a flight into the regions of the fine arts, I now laid it down with dissatisfaction, though Gertrude went on detailing the whole story. She certainly had never strung together so many events and sentences in her life; but before she had got through them, I interrupted her with impatience, 'Lord forgive me, Gertrude, but I think you love Maurice a great deal better than you do me.'

" 'Oh! a thousand times!' said she; and suddenly her cheeks were suffused with crimson at seeing me start and almost choking, with passion. She however hastened to the window, as a white pigeon, that she usually kept in a cage, had profited by a moment's carelessness on her part, and had flown away. She watched the direction it took with great interest. 'Look, count,' said she, 'look how far he is already.'

" 'Gertrude,' said I, losing all patience, and nearly suffocated with rage, 'is this a time to talk about pigeons, when I want an answer that will, perhaps, decide your fate and mine? Do you love me, or do you not?'

" 'I do not, and never did,' replied my wife, fixing her blue eyes on mine. 'My father wished me to marry you because you had a title, and I thought too at first that I should like it; but when I came to part with Maurice,' (and here her eyes swam in tears,) 'I first knew what sorrow was.'

" 'The sight of her tears only increased my anger. 'Woe be to him if he ever attempts to see you again—he shall know what it is to try the force of Guido's arm.' So saying, I left her; but from that day the trust I formerly laid so implicitly in her faith was gone for ever, and I watched her with a jealous eye.

Gertrude had now made me the father of a little girl with blue eyes and a fair skin like her mother, who was named Christina, after Frau von Osberg. The good old people seemed to take the greatest delight in the little creature, and my wife was most assiduous in her care of her infant. But though apparently loving her child to excess, and almost exclusively occupied with attending to it, Gertrude continued sad and dejected. Nor did this object of our mutual interest seem in any way to draw us closer together. With the Van Osbergs it was different—they seemed to look upon me as more immediately belonging to the family, now that I was parent to the future heiress of all their wealth. They paid us frequent visits, and insisted on our coming to their house to have the child christened, as both of them delighted in any display of this kind. Some little preliminary arrangements making it necessary that I should communicate with Gertrude's parents, I told her I would ride over to their house in town, and be back in two days to fetch her. As I crossed the garden to go to the outer gate where the servant was waiting with horses, I cast a glance towards the window where Gertrude was sitting with her infant. She had never looked so lovely nor so interesting as she did just then: in truth, she resembled somewhat, at that moment, the little *jardinière* of Raphael, and she was looking at little Christina with that same sort of placid look, when suddenly my attention was arrested by a white pigeon that flew in at her window, as if returning home. Gertrude laid down the child, caressed the bird, and seemed to detach something from one of its legs. All this naturally created some surprise. 'Surely,' said I to the servant who was to accompany me, and who understood a little Italian from having been in Italy with Van Osberg, 'surely that is the same white pigeon that the *contessa* once lost.' 'Oh!' replied the man smiling, 'does not the signor *conte* know that the bird frequently flies to and fro—he is never lost for long, and well knows his way back?' There was something in his look and tone as he said this, that seemed as if he hesitated between the wish to say more, and the secret pleasure of laughing at me. But I forbore from all questions, and continued my road in silence. The moment I arrived in town I dispatched my business quickly with my father-in-law, determined, contrary to what I had said, to return the next day—why, I knew not myself; but from some uneasy feeling that impelled me forcibly to do so. On conversing with Van Osberg I found that he had taken Maurice into his concern, and at present he was residing in the town-house. He was, he said, a most diligent, hard-working young man, though somewhat too silent and serious, and he looked upon him almost as a son, and the probable successor to his business. It was not till supper time that we met. I felt a strong degree of curiosity to see Maurice, and he entered the room shortly after we had sat down. He took his place quietly, after having bowed to me; but except a few words that he said to Van Osberg concerning an account that he had just finished, we scarcely heard the sound of his voice. Nothing, however, could be more modest than his demeanour, or civil than his manner, when called upon to join in any part of the conversation. I felt a great part of my anger towards him rapidly subsiding within my breast.

tired to rest much sooner than we did, and Van Osberg told me that he had asked for leave to go and see his family for two or three days. I was immediately struck by this, and directly imagined that it was only a pretext to profit by my absence from home, and obtain admittance to see his cousin. Soon after I wished him good night, and went into my room, which was at the top of the house, owing to some repairs and painting that were going on in the other floors. Maurice, likewise, slept in a room that was in the same gallery. Feeling very restless, I was little inclined to lie down, but sat at the casement, through which the moon was shining brightly. I had scarcely been seated five minutes, when a slight noise attracted my notice, and I went very softly to the door, which I opened, and I perceived Maurice coming out of his room, and walking towards the end of the gallery where there was a door, which opened into the roof. Curiosity to know what he could possibly be doing at such an hour and in such a place, prompted me to follow him with gentle and stealthy steps. He climbed over the roof like one who knew every corner of it, and I crawled after him as well as I was able. The forest of chimneys of fanciful shapes, and the numerous projections and intricacies which formed the summit of this old-fashioned house, made it easy for me to hide myself from his sight; and from the place where I stood I was able to watch him. He merely, however, went to look into one little nook, and thereupon retraced his steps, and leaving the door half closed, went back into his room. I determined to stay where I was in hopes of his returning, and enabling me to get some insight into his motives for his unaccountable proceedings. I waited in this situation, between heaven and earth as it were, for full half an hour. At the end of that time a bird fluttered over my head and descended just in the little nook where Maurice had looked. I now reached the place, and found, on examination, a sort of nest, in which some food had been carefully deposited in expectation of the little traveller's return. The pigeon, which I no longer doubted was Gertrude's, was as tame, that it suffered me to approach, and detach from it a little paper that was tied to its leg. All this I performed with great trepidation, and then retired as quickly as possible to my room. No sooner was my door shut than I heard Maurice again stealing out to the roof. What must not his disappointment have been since even I can now think of him with pity! That letter, which to him was everything, I now had in my power; the writing I recognised as my wife's, and I tore it open with a sort of frenzied impatience, which was only checked when I discovered it to be in a language of which I knew so little. That it contained expressions of affection, seemed very evident; I could make out, 'My dear Maurice,' and several things of the kind; although I could not understand the drift of the whole. I now threw myself down on the bed, but was unable to sleep, and kept watching through the whole night. But Maurice did not stir again till daylight. He then got up, went down stairs, and as far as I could judge left the house. I was now very restless till it should be time for everybody to get up. I then went down to Van Osberg, and during breakfast I finished all that we had to arrange, and set off for home with the greatest speed. I felt so certain that Maurice had

preceded me, that it seemed as if nothing was left for me to do but to debate within myself on the course I should pursue. I knew how easily passion might lead me to some violent extremity, and I knew equally that I should be unable to refrain from investigating every detail that could add to my rage. I arrived within sight of the house before I could make up my mind any way. I entered quietly, and walked into the sitting-room: Gertrude was not there. I went up stairs; and it seemed to me that I heard the sound of voices, but it instantly died away, and Gertrude came shortly after out of one of the rooms to meet me. She seemed so confused and so agitated, that it confirmed me in the idea that Maurice must be concealed somewhere in the house. I, however, pretended not to perceive any alteration in her manner, and inquired after the child. She immediately went and fetched it, and sat down trying to appear unconcerned. We caressed little Christina by turns, although our thoughts were very differently engaged at the time; and after pacing up and down the room for a few moments, I said to her, 'Gertrude, the weather seems fine, would it not be pleasant to sail down the canal in our pleasure-boat?' She seemed startled by my proposal, but nevertheless assented, and I instantly sent to give orders to the man who acted as pilot in these cases. No sooner did I see her going down to the canal, together with the nurse and little Christina, than I quickly called the servant I mentioned before, and bidding him lock all the side-doors and keep the strictest watch at the principal entry, that no one should go out of the house without his seeing it, I told him it was as much as his life was worth to deceive me in this instance. He promised compliance: I then joined my wife, and we departed. I saw her cast a longing glance towards the house, as if something weighty oppressed her mind. Indeed, she never removed her eyes from that direction as long as it still was in sight. As the scene kept changing around us, her anxiety seemed to increase, and she repeatedly asked if it was not time to return. I, however, kept diverting her attention as well as I was able till we came in sight of her parents' country-seat,—one which they had bought since our marriage,—when beginning to suspect that some deceit had been used on my part to allure her so far away, she burst into a flood of tears, and gave herself up to the most petulant sort of grief. It was in vain I inquired what had so suddenly afflicted her, and attempted to soothe her; no one word would she pronounce by way of explanation, and she continued in this state till the vessel stopped and we got on land. We had only to cross a field to get to the house, but Gertrude was so exhausted by this time as to be scarcely able to walk. At last, however, we reached her parents' dwelling to the surprise of her mother, who said she had not expected us so soon, and who seemed much concerned by the state of agitation in which Gertrude appeared before her. Scarcely had she conveyed my wife to her chamber, and persuaded her to lie down to rest, when she became feverish, and shortly after began to talk in an incoherent manner to the utter dismay of all present. Impatient as I was to return home, and confront Maurice, and be revenged, I was obliged to stay the rest of the day and the night; during which time Van Osberg, who had been sent for, arrived, to

gether with an able physician, who seemed, however, almost as much at a loss to guess the probable cause of her illness as all the rest, excepting myself. The next day I told Frau Von Osberg that my presence was necessary for a few hours at home, but not to disturb Gertrude with telling her I was gone, as I should probably be back by the evening. I set out at full speed, as if madly hastening towards the conclusion of this drama, nor rested in thought or in fact till I entered my own doors. The servant was ready to receive me. I threw an inquiring look on him, which he answered by one that at once convinced me of his sincerity; at the same time assuring me that he and the gardener had watched by turns night and day, but that not a single being had come out of the house, though, as he assured me, they had been twice alarmed at seeing, as they thought, a ghost. I now went all over the house, but no Maurice was anywhere to be found. I was utterly surprised and confounded. I went down stairs, and questioned both the gardener and the servant; the former assured me his daughter had seen a young man enter the house on the day I returned from town, and but a very short time before my arrival. The servant vowed there must be something extraordinary under all this, and advised me earnestly to throw up the whole matter, as his nightly fears had now convinced him that the house was haunted. But I was not to be dissuaded; I was determined to empty the cup to the very dregs. I began my search again, as if my life had depended on my success: I opened every closet, and looked even behind the tapestry, in case some concealed door should be unknown to me. At length, in a passage that led to the laundry, I suddenly paused before a huge linen-chest which I had past by several times before, and—for what does not appear likely to the jealous?—I instantly determined to break open the lock. I paused in horror as the lid fell back:—there lay Maurice!—Maurice, whom a day or two before I had seen in health, and life, and vigour, with stiffened limbs and a livid countenance. Yet even painful as his death had been, there was a mild resignation visible in his face that would have moved a stone to pity. I fell down beside the chest in anguish, not unmixed with remorse, and seizing one of his cold hands, I shed a torrent of tears, as if I had lost a friend I loved. At the end of an hour I was roused by the appearance of the man-servant, who came to look for me. He was dreadfully shocked at the sad end the poor young man had come to: he had known him from a youth, and seemingly knew his attachment to his cousin, for he repeated many times, ‘What will my poor mistress say?’ We found a picture of Gertrude tied round his neck and near his heart, but I would not suffer it to be removed, as no jealousy could trouble me any longer. I sent the servant on before me to announce this dreadful news to Van Osberg, and followed slowly myself. As I set out later I only arrived at night. Van Osberg met me in deep affliction; he almost seemed altered in appearance since the day before. He told me he loved Maurice with paternal affection, and even went so far as to say, he reproached himself as being the cause of his death, for had he suffered him to marry his daughter, all this would not have happened. He cursed his vain ambition, for wishing his

daughter to be a countess, and for refusing a young man who was industrious, though poor; and, finally, abjured all friendship towards Fiorimonte, who was, he said, the primary cause of this misfortune. All this was intermingled with sobs, nor could I myself refrain from tears; for though what he said was really unfriendly and, perhaps, unjust to me, I was willing to pardon him this natural effusion of his sorrow. I inquired after Gertrude:—he shook his head, and said, that though her senses had quite returned, her grief was distressing to behold: for he had not been able, he said, to command himself so far as to conceal his own affliction; she had immediately inquired what was the matter, and the name of Maurice escaped her before he had said a word. It was evident how anxiously this thought had preyed upon her mind. I now went in to see her; but though plying for her sufferings extorted from me the most affectionate expressions of interest, she seemed determined never more to speak to me, and so unforgiving was her nature, that she persisted in this during all the different stages of her illness to her very last hour. Two or three days before her death she spoke to her mother of her unalterable attachment to Maurice. She told her that Maurice had been so alarmed at seeing the pigeon return without a letter, that fearing something must have happened to her, he immediately set out to ease his mind by a personal interview with his cousin. They had scarcely had time for any conversation, when suddenly she saw me arriving, and, in her haste and alarm, unable to think of any better place of concealment, she had persuaded Maurice to get into that fatal chest, and made him promise he would not call for assistance, though it should be some time before she could return to open it, little dreaming she was opening a grave to her beloved. Alas! he kept his promise too well. No complaint escaped him, and he died a victim to his love, and to his care of her reputation. There was such real love and gallant devotion in this, that I regretted it had not been his fate to be united to the woman for whom he was willing to die. She earnestly requested that Christina should be brought up by her parents, and this she repeated over and over again, for she was well aware of her approaching end.

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Gertrude and Maurice were laid in one grave. This, too, had been a wish that she had more than once expressed. Peace to the ashes of the Flemish lovers!

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"I remained some time with the afflicted parents, till I thought that, perhaps, my presence only recalled painful recollections. I therefore departed, leaving them Christina, who had now become all and everything to them, and I followed the road to Italy, more disheartened and wretched by far than I was before I went to Flanders, and burdened with the oppressive feeling, that I had been accessory to the untimely death of Maurice. His pallid form flitted incessantly before my eyes:—no change of scene could efface the painful image, and this added to the bitter resentment I felt towards Fiorimonte, who, like an evil genius, had blasted the fair prospects that life once seemed to hold out to me. Time, and all that had passed, though it

had failed to extinguish completely the embers of my former passion, had so far allayed it, that my hatred towards the father widely exceeded my love for the daughter.

"I had remained a short while in my retreat at Placenza, when I again left it to become a wanderer, and seek for peace in the varying scenes of travel.

"Once again chance made me fall in with Fiorimonte—I found myself face to face with my enemy. We had a long account of wrongs to discuss, and the end was fatal—to him. It was then I learned all the injustice I had been a victim to, and how I had lost Paulina, and blindly wedded another, through his own detestable artifices. Yet, though Paulina was thus cleared of all connivance at my unhappy fate, all remains of affection seemed extinct in my heart; the moment the fatal blow was struck; I would not continue to love the daughter of a man I abhorred. Yet, oh heavens! can I be called guilty for having united myself over his grave, as it were, to another descendant of his hated race, whose very existence was unknown to me till then?

"Of the three women who have influenced my life, I may sum up the different qualities in the few following words. The first was a regal beauty, whom to see and to worship were nearly synonymous—but perhaps the least calculated to ensure the lasting happiness of one who loved her. The second, whose mind was as simple as her style of beauty, (which was as different from the lofty majesty of Paulina; as a peasant girl is from a queen,) had no powers of pleasing beyond what her person inspired, and fewer capabilities of intense love. The third, whom I loved less madly, but perhaps better than the first joined to the simplicity of Gertrude a more ardent mind than either of the preceding ones. Her's is the beauty of sentiment—less beautiful abstractedly than Paulina—beaming with more tenderness than majesty, more love than poetry."

Here ended Guido's journal, which Nina read with deep interest. She carefully concealed this document, that nothing that could implicate him might be made known to others. Nor was her precaution idle, for, half an hour after, the officers of justice were already on the stairs loudly calling for the unfortunate Conte D'Acquaforte, and it was only when they had searched throughout the house, that they were convinced he must have escaped. Nina's relief from anxiety was, however, but short-lived—emissaries were despatched in all directions, and as no expense was spared by the Fiorimontes, they had every motive for performing their duty to the utmost, and Guido was apprehended just as he was about to sail in a vessel bound for Africa. The young contessa soon heard this intelligence, but all her entreaties could not prevail upon her family to employ their influence to obtain leave for her to visit him in prison. They seemed to feel that she might be accessory to his escaping a second time. The Duchessa di Sanpariglia, after representing to her that such a request was quite out of the way, urged most earnestly that she should be

removed out of Florence during the trial, adding, that her mother's country-seat in the vicinity of the town, would be a fit retreat for her, that it would be harrowing to her feelings to be so near the dreadful scene; all of which, had she plainly stated her motives, might have been condensed into these words: "We wish to be rid of your presence." The ill-concealed triumph of Paulina at Guido's apprehension, and her cold-hearted calculations on the probable issue of the proceedings, shocked Nina doubly now that she had become a confidant to the passion of which her sister formerly had been the object. She, however, suffered herself to be guided in this as in most instances, and set out, on condition that they would send her almost hourly intelligence as soon as the trial had begun.

Every thing seemed against Guido. The most opulent family in Florence stood forth to arraign him—a family whose power at court was secured and consolidated by their alliance with the Duca di Sanpauligia. Zamori, the faithful Zamori, who for years had meditated revenging his master, came forward with his animated gestures and picturesque costume, and his imperfect Italian accents, which seemed to add to the interest his appearance created in the eyes of the spectators. A stately matron and her beautiful daughter held up their hands to implore a just retribution for the murder of a husband and a father: yet, though the bystanders were dazzled, though their tears of sympathy were ready to flow at the tale of sorrow, sufficient proof was wanting for the sterner hand of justice to wield his sword against the guilty. Zamori, a solitary stranger, might have been bribed by some secret enemy of the Conte D'Acquaforte. Years had intervened before he had brought forward his accusation—he did not come covered with Fiorimonte's blood to sue for redress for a recent deed of horror. The judges were little moved by an event whose date precluded any excitement, and finally the cause was dismissed for want of witnesses. A shout of applause ran through the assembly, who, first so deeply moved by the Moor's simple and eloquent narrative, had since been disarmed by Guido's noble appearance, and, by degrees had nearly all sided with him. The applause was answered by the curses and indignation of Fiorimonte's party, whose menacing looks seemed to threaten revenge for what they considered a denial of justice. Geronima was taken home almost fainting, and Paulina in a paroxysm of rage. Zamori alone was firm and composed, and vowed that Guido should perish still, and on the very spot where Fiorimonte had expired.

The Duchessa di Sanpauligia now sent to the unsuspecting Guido, and told him that Nina was anxiously waiting for news, and that the best news would certainly be his own appearance at the villa; she concluded her letter with congratulations, and urged him not to delay a moment on so sacred an errand. More was not wanting for Guido to set out instantly, (for joy at his delivery had made him forgive Nina completely, and restore her to all his former affection,) and Paulina, embracing her mother, bid her be satisfied that he was now fairly entwined in their meshes. Darkness surprised the Conte D'Acquaforte on his road, and at a given signal four men rushed out upon him, and throwing his mantle over his head, they led him along

what seemed to him endless turnings, and finally stopped, and bade him dismount. They uncovered his face—and behold, there rose before his eyes the very rock from which he had thrown Fiorimonte, and his troubled sight could even make him fancy he still saw traces of the blood that he had shed.

“Christian,” said Zamori, for he was one of the four men, “if thou hast any one request to make before thy death, name it speedily; for thy moments are numbered.”

“Tell Nina that I die in peace with every one,” replied the unhappy count; “and do not forget to say that I forgive her my death, and that my last prayer shall be for her.”

He had scarcely uttered these words, when the Moor stabbed him to the heart, and the others, after covering him with wounds, threw his body from off the rock. They now dispersed in different directions, and the Moor returned to Florence. He went straight into Geronima’s presence, and showed her and Paulina the dagger that had revenged them.

“Noble, generous Moor!” cried the latter, pressing his hand, “thou hast revenged the honour of our family, and thou shalt henceforth live with us. Name thy reward, so that it be one worthy of Fiorimonte, it shall be granted.”

Here Geronima interposed, saying that it might endanger Zamora’s life were he to remain in Florence, as the family of Acquafonte would doubtless mark him out for their prey. She would, she said, send him back, in one of Fiorimonte’s own vessels, to his country, where loaded with her presents, he might live in security and independence. The Moor kissed the hem of her garment, orders were given directly for his departure, and he was never seen again in Italy.

To return to Nina—the next difficulty was, how to announce the fatal intelligence to her; and, as neither Geronima nor Paulina felt the courage to do so, the family confessor was despatched on this errand, having been entrusted with the whole story. The unfortunate Contessa D’Acquafonte guessed what had happened the moment he appeared.

“Guido is dead . . . I know it,” said she, in an almost inaudible voice, “and I am the cause of it.”

Father Clemente only assented in silence, but added, “Guido forgives you, and he will no doubt be forgiven.”

So far, perhaps, Nina might have been resigned to her fate, but when she came to learn that he had been acquitted, and that a murderer’s hand had struck the blow, and he an emissary of her own family, her anguish became too excessive to be restrained by any of the usual means of consolation, and her reason at once departed. Still retaining, however, her natural gentleness of disposition, her madness never became violent, but merely resembled a settled melancholy—she was therefore allowed to live without any restraint at her mother’s villa, which she continued to inhabit during the few remaining years of her life. Occasionally she would roam to the spot where Guido had breathed his last, and stand on the rock as if she was looking for some one, but she always returned after these walks apparently deeply disappointed. Another occasional fancy of hers was, to hide

the papers that contained Guido's journal, in some new place every night—at other times, however, she would put them under her pillow, and appear most anxious that they should never be seen.

Paulina continued to be the most admired beauty of Florence, outshining all her rivals wherever she appeared. Some few, however, who had not forgotten her sister's mild and placid beauty, would steal out of the palace where the proud Duchesa was the centre of all attraction, and prefer a silent pilgrimage to the villa that concealed the lovely but now pale Nina, who still would greet her friends with a sweet though absent smile, and whom the inhabitants of the environs, from her identity of name with the heroine of Paesello's charming opera, which was then delighting all Italy, universally designated by the touching name of *la parra per amore*.

THE AUTHOR.

BY H. N. MICHELL, AUTHOR OF "AN ESSAY ON WOMAN," THE "SAXON'S DAUGHTER," &c.

My taper dims, night's stars are waning now;
Thro' the oped casement, wreathed with woodbine spray,
More cool the breezes fan my throbbing brow;
My task shall be performed ere break of day.
Alas! I feel what words may feebly say,
An anxious rapture and a pleasing pain;
Critics may scowl on this my rude essay;
For nought they reck of torturing heart and brain;
And all my pen hath traced shall haply prove in vain.

Oh! could I think when Time's unresting tide
Has rolled o'er earth a thousand wasting years,
And those who now toil, strive, or flaunt in pride,
Are gone, with all their wishes, smiles, and tears;
That I, like the frail Nautilus, which steers
Unhurt 'mid storms, shall be remembered still;
'T would all repay for racking doubts and fears,
For anxious hours, and words of scoff and ill,
And this too-trusting heart with more than rapture fill.

Thou world! I would not court or proudly shun,
Where truth is found despite the cynic's creed;
Where the wild race of glory myriads run,
Happy for this to suffer, toil, and bleed:
Thou world! whose praise is still the author's meed,
Though his fond longings pride refuse to own;
List the low numbers of my simple reed,
The last, ere on my turf Death's flowers be strown,
And lyre and minstrel sleep, perchance, unmournd, unknown.

REFLECTIONS ON THE SCIENCE OF PHRENOLOGY.

PART I.

ON THE POSSIBILITY OF AN ESTIMATION OF CHARACTER.

MAN is, by his constitution, a philosopher; and whatever may be the circumstances in which he may be placed, or the peculiar amount or conformation of character, which those circumstances may affect, the fundamental principles of his nature are alike in all of his species; and there is not so great a difference in the amount of those capacities, as the sophistications or prejudices of society might induce us to imagine. The ponderous machine of the universe, and the minute speck of matter, are alike governed by laws as curiously precise, as they are vastly wonderful. Nor is that distinct species of existence—mind, consistent of properties less curiously connected, or less precisely defined. The process of mind is, as matter, alike consistent of properties and tendencies, involved in its own nature; and the manner in which they affect, or the routine in which they succeed, each other, is alike indicative of principles constitutionally unalterable.

From the first dawn of existence, the infant philosopher commences that process of experimental speculation, which is afterwards to occupy the attention of the abstruse and subtle. Unconscious of any effort, he yet attains the whole philosophy of existence. Without exertion he comprehends the book of nature, as it rises in sublime order, in connexion with the properties of his own nature. The first impressions of external nature must rather consist of wonder than speculation. The connexion and mutual action of the properties of his own mind being established, he proceeds to unravel the enigma of outward existence. At first, he is impressed with its most prominent appearances; but the connexion of these, with the minor particulars which they contain, gradually develop themselves in their relative order, according to the peculiar nature of the sentient principles, which take cognizance of them. The infant is like one who beholds a painting at a distance: at first, the colours, spread over the canvas, appear diffused and unconnected; but as he approaches it, each object, according to its relative size and prominency, presents itself to his attention, till eventually he perceives the minuter as well as the more evident objects; with all the various relations which they bear to each other.

What the infant is by nature, so is the philosopher. Gazing with wonder on the curious processes which are developing themselves around him, he is rather inclined to be awed by their novelty, than to inquire into their nature. But there are particular circumstances around him, which force themselves upon his attention. Desiring to know what nature has made it delightful for him to know, he eagerly observes the various processes which are revolving themselves around him. Those particulars of them which are most evident, first arouse him: but gradually he fathoms the more remote and intricate

recesses of their operation; and proceeding by principles which are infallible, because they are the principles of his own nature, things are to him no longer a mystery, but an acquisition to the mind, which has accomplished the appreciation of them.

So, by a similar process, the theory of phrenology progressed at first: simple and uncomplicated, the head appeared to its view rather as an object of beauty than of mental investigation.

It must certainly be most readily acknowledged, that there are certain forms of our corporeal nature that are beautiful, as there are also certain other external forms that are beautiful; and independent of the particular traits of the beauty of the mind, which may be expressed in the countenance, there is certainly a certain form and mould of the features, which affect us with an agreeable feeling; and certain other forms of an opposite kind, which are viewed by us with a corresponding difference of feeling.

The attention of the phrenological patriarch was, no doubt, attracted by the sublimity and dignity which a certain elevated mould of the forehead imparted to the countenance. His attention once excited to that circumstance, he naturally imagined, that this peculiar conformation of the head must have some relation to a corresponding elevation of the mind. This once stamped upon his imagination, the formation of the forehead, and a corresponding conformation of the mind, would be indelibly associated together. He would next proceed to remark the *varied* conformation of the head; and considering that the characters of the individuals were as various, he would carefully note it, as a supposition, that the various forms of the one occasioned the various peculiarities of the other. His attention would next be directed to the remarkable propensity to certain passions in certain individuals. The murderer—the insane—the miser—the philosopher—would pass in review before his careful observation. He would note that each of these had some peculiar developement of the skull; and he would proceed to suppose, that this developement was indicative of their peculiar disposition. A similar circumstance, which, in his first attention to the form of the head, led him to suppose, that a form of the forehead, which was beautiful, and adapted to *express* the feelings of the mind, was therefore always *indicative* of those feelings; and that where this form of the forehead was not developed, that neither were the feelings, which it might sometimes express, developed—now leads him to suppose, that because a *peculiar* developement of the head is accompanied by a remarkable disposition, that therefore this developement *always* indicates such a disposition. It is useless for him to argue that he first proves the evidence of the organ by *many* cases; since having once associated the ideas of a certain organ, and a certain disposition, they will always be suggested to his mind together; and when he sees the organ, he will always imagine the disposition. Besides, he may frame a thousand excuses to serve his theory. If the person is ignorant of his mind, and states that he does possess the propensities attributed to him, it is instantly added as a proof of the nature of the organ; while, if he states that he does not possess them, his ignorance is adduced as the cause of such a statement.

But the beauty of a particular form of the forehead, or its adapta-

tion to express certain states of thought or feeling, does not prove that such thought or feeling may not exist where there is no such machinery for expressing it. Surely it might equally be urged, that because the blood might be seen gushing through a clear skin, that, therefore, there was no blood where the skin was too thick to allow you to see it—or that because the sun might be observed shining in a clear sky, that the presence of a dense cloud was a sufficient proof of its non-existence. But the existence of a feeling is one thing, and the expression of that feeling is another: and if it was argued that all which was calculated to express a feeling, was invariably indicative of such a feeling, I might as reasonably argue for separate sciences for the nose, eyes, and mouth, as for the forehead, since the one is equally calculated to express such feeling as the other. With such scanty materials the phrenologists rushed into the halls of controversy—building up their mushroom experience of a day into the solemnity and deportment of a science. The phrenologist is to ~~do~~ ^{be} ~~the~~ ^{as} ~~Philosophy~~, what the urchin is to his instructor, when he desired to know the process of building a castle. The other informed him that an immense square must be excavated for its foundation—that the quarries of distant countries must be ransacked for solid and massy stone—that this stone must be divided into separate blocks—that an immense square outline of these blocks were to be slowly raised, one upon another—that the forests were to be scrutinized for the loftiest and strongest oaks, &c. &c.; but the boy was too tired even to listen to such a tedious narration—so he piled up a fabric of pasteboard.

Very different is the progress of the philosopher. He seeks rather for truth than to boast of making progress; and his speculative experience does not so much dazzle as convince us. Amidst all the success of his observations, and the success of his speculations, he preserves rather the equanimity of the spectator, than the gratified warmth of the discoverer. He never records his observations on any phenomenon, till he is persuaded of their nature, by a process of observation almost universal; and the slightest appearance of disagreement between his speculations and the objects which he investigates, excites his most impartial scrutiny. He does not seek for evasions by which he may sustain his theory as an appearance of truth; nor does he attempt to lessen its improbability, by accommodating to it the facts which oppose it, by a series of suppositions. He perceives that science is a mere abstract of the operations of nature; and he is contented to observe and compare its operations. To frame a series of suppositions, on the nature and capacities of certain objects of which he is ignorant, by applying to them his previous knowledge of certain other objects, appears to him as absurd as the blunder of a blind man, who would suppose, from his knowledge of the vibratory principles of the ears, that the rays of light were received by the eyes by a similar series of vibrations. But the philosopher is aware that objects must be investigated before their properties can be known; and that the principles which may be evolved in one object, may be totally inapplicable to the other. Knowing the eagerness of the world to theorize, he considers it rather an advantage to science to repress such a feel-

ing, than to excite it; and the views which he adopts, are not the results of a prepossessed imagination; but of an inquiry, subtle in its observations, and impartial in its reflection on them. He considers it an equal advantage to science, to erase a false theory, as to establish an authorized one; and it appears to him no slight advance in truth, that we should remove the errors which prevented us from attaining it. Accurate and unbiassed, the speculations he establishes are as defined and evident as the nature from which he copies them; and when once he has laid the foundation of his scientific edifice, his subsequent discoveries are easily built upon it.

But it is the nature of a false theory to be hastily developed; and to be supported awhile by the evasive suppositions which are heaped around it, to maintain its existence, till at last it tumbles into ruins by the very means which were used to strengthen it. Real philosophy, though slow in its progress, is defined in its principles; and as it pretends itself merely as a spectator of nature, the views which it imbibes ever remain, and the result of each examination to the truth of the exposition of that with which they are connected. But the phrenologist is too impulsive to be correct, and proceeding with the energy of a devotee, he pretends to have discovered an expository indication of every faculty of the mind before it can be conceived how he could with accuracy have defined any. So careless in examining that slight evidence of character, which may be recognised in those whom they appear to investigate; and so loose and indiscriminate in their definition of different modes of feelings; which in such cases generally consist of various commixed feelings, it can hardly be conceived that credence should be given to a theory, which is so entirely unauthorized by experience, and by reflection on that experience. It must be remembered that almost the same routine of organs said to be indicative of faculties, which were started by the founder of phrenology, still characterise its present construction; and when we consider the slight and hasty evidence upon which the original system was founded, and the eagerness with which all contradictory facts were accommodated to it, we are inclined to attribute the same cause which contributed to its previous success, as the means of its present advancement; and to suppose that as its founder was willing to accommodate facts that he might preserve his system, that so his followers are unwilling to innovate upon it, lest by appearing to concede the incorrectness of certain parts of their system, they might excite suspicion as to the authenticity of the other parts of it. Had the phrenologists been at first careful in their examinations, and correct in their definition of character, we might attribute the adherence of its followers as a proof of its correctness; but when the theory was evidently so prematurely and carelessly formed, we attribute the unflinching adherence of its followers, rather as an instance of prejudice than of persuasion.

As though anticipating the incongruity of their own arbitrary allotment of organs, said to be expressive of the mind, with the nature of the mind itself, how careful are they when they would treat of the mind to attract our attention from its own simple operations to their adopted definition of them! And, as though, to silence the numerous

facts which might flood against their theory from all sides, how eager are they to select and publish those particular instances which would seem most evidently to accord with their theory.

But though we fancy we might select as many decided disapprovals of the theory, from our own observation, as its advocates fancy can be obtained in confirmation of it, we would yet advise that asserted facts should not be used at all till we are exactly aware of their nature.

Though some may imagine it an easy task to solve the human mind, to us, we must confess, it appears more difficult. Man still retains the simplicity of his infancy, and imagines he can read the secret motives and designs of the mind, because he can see the actions which result from them. In the routine of civilized life all characters seem to be similar, because all are engaged in those habitual employments which their connexion with society demands. But beneath this garb of domestic docility are hidden feelings as variously different as the colour of their skins which are covered by their garments. Till we can strip man of his actions, and can bare the recesses of his heart, we can form no estimate of the facts on which phrenology must rest; and when once we have stripped him of his actions, by what other test shall we judge him?

But it must be remembered, that in estimating the relative size of the organs to the relative intensity of the propensities, that we institute two modes of comparison:—first, the comparison between the two degrees of propensities, and then the comparison between the two degrees of developed organs. We have not merely to discover the propensities and the organs co-existing with such propensities in one individual, and then, by a mere sight of the *organs* of another, to predicate his *faculties*; since this would be to assume, that which it would be necessary to prove. But having discovered the faculties and the developed organs of one individual, we must proceed to scrutinise the peculiar propensities of another individual, and then to discover whether he possess organs exactly in proportion to the intensity of those propensities, supposing the indicated faculties of the individual previously examined to be the ratio. Even when the relative amount of organs in this individual is discovered to be in exact proportion to the relative amount of his faculties, it will yet remain that other experiments should be adopted, since a theory should never offer itself as an exposition of nature, till the experience on which it is founded is somewhat general in its appearance.

But the question is, how are we exactly to estimate our own faculties and those of others?

If, indeed, we could recall, analyse, and bare to our scrutiny every feeling which has for years existed in our minds, as easily as we can observe the appearance of our own bodies, and could estimate, as easily, the mental nature of others, than and not till then, can he be said to form that correct estimate of the mind necessary for the existence of such a speculation as phrenology. The capacities, which we term faculties, are not *dispensers* of the different feelings of which the mind is conscious; but a faculty is only an invented name for different feelings which bear a similarity to each other. The feelings

themselves are as fleeting and evanescent as the air which is rushing around us. Without such feelings, we cannot conceive of the existence of a faculty, any more than we could conceive of the existence of matter without supposing the existence of the atoms which compose it; and as matter is only a collection of atoms, so a faculty is only a peculiar collection of feelings. Thus, then, before we pretend to know the faculties involved in the mind, we must first know the feelings which compose such faculties; and, as the organs which are said to express them must, from their stationary nature, express the aggregate feelings, not of a day, a month, or a year, but of a long and continued expansion of time, who would be so daring as to assert his capacity to estimate such an immense mass of his own feelings?—still less would he be capable of estimating those of another. I am aware that it will be argued here, “that phrenology does not pretend itself as an exposition of the *number* of feelings existent in the mind, but of their *nature*, which it can discern as well from one instance as from a million.” In answer to this, it must be remembered, “that no two feelings of the same species exist in exactly the same degree of intensity in the human mind; and that the feeling which exists, and which may be expressed, at one instant, may be very different, in the same mind, in its degree of intensity to that which may immediately succeed it; and that when the feelings of the same mind are so various in their degrees of intensity, it would be necessary that we should be able to recall the *aggregate* of our feelings, that we may form some idea of their *ratio* of intensity.” If the different faculties of our minds were exactly similar in their nature to the holes of a sieve, which only allow the water which may be placed in it to proceed from it in drops of a certain size, we certainly might estimate the nature of the faculty from one instance, as we could also the size of the particular holes in the sieve, by the size of the drops of water which proceed from them; but as feelings of the same species, in the same individual, succeed each other, so variously modified in their intensity, it would be necessary that we should recall all those feelings, that we might estimate the *ratio* of their intensity.

To our inquiry, then,—on the possibility of estimating our own faculties.

We will not urge, that from the very nature of our minds, it is impossible that our memory should suggest more than one feeling at an instant; that many of our feelings it is impossible should ever be suggested,—that the thoughts and feelings of every hour are almost always, without exception, wiped away,—and that those which are diffused in a retrospect of years, are wrapped in a still more impenetrable gloom. From the evidence which such facts afford of the falseness of a phrenological theory, we will abstain from insisting; but we propose rather to attract attention to the difficulties which obstruct our remembrances, than to the evident impossibility of such a remembrance itself.

The influence of habit is the first check to remembrances.

It must appear evident that, before a circumstance or feeling should be remembered, attention should be excited to that circumstance or feeling.

Pass through a row of trees repeatedly, and you will almost be unconscious that you have any trees near you;—hurry through the bustle of a city, and you will not long be aware that there is any particular commotion about you;—clothe yourself in a fantastical dress, and the uneasiness which you at first feel will, in a few wearings, give place to ease and confidence. So soon does the influence of habit affect us in external things, how much more must it do so in our own minds! The mind is the very essence of existence, and existence commences its date with the feelings which compose it. From our first breath of existence, through a lengthened series of years, our minds have been conscious of an almost infinite series of thoughts and feelings; and, though each of these may possess a distinction from every one which had existed before, yet so slight is the difference, and so accustomed are we to every varied species of thought and feeling, that he who should require of us a delineation of them, would appear to us as unreasonable as he who should require us to give an exact account of every movement or exertion of our bodies. What, indeed, we for the first time experience we always notice; but it is characteristic of our nature never to notice that to which frequent repetition has rendered us accustomed. It is, then, impossible that, without noticing our feelings, we should yet remember them; as it is also impossible we should be able to give an exact account of every circumstance which transpired in our passage through a crowded city, since the very incessance and continuation of such a circumstantial chaos of noise, is the very reason that we cannot attend to it, and, consequently, do not remember it.

From the instant of our birth, till the last consciousness of existence, our minds are occupied by a series of innumerable states of consciousness, all variously modified, but all being, in their mixed nature, similar to the species to which they belong. As soon as the mind exists, it is conscious of these feelings; and the expense ever which the existence of the mind is spread, is only a restoration of them. It is thus as impossible that the mind should, at every instant, scrutinize these reiterated feelings, as that we should notice at every instant the brooch or ring which we have worn for years.

Yet, supposing that there was no such influence which affected our scrutiny of our own feelings, yet from the very nature of those feelings themselves, it is impossible that we should ever correctly estimate them. Did the mind consist merely of a continued series of simple feelings, there might be a greater possibility of our accomplishing the knowledge of them. But, far from such being the fact, there is hardly a state of mind of which we are conscious, but which we are conscious is composed of a variety of different species of thought; and, indeed, the varied tenor of our thought is exerted by some prominent feeling, with which all these various thoughts are blended.

The mind desires, and instantly a thousand probabilities of the gratification of the desire, and a thousand results which may ensue from its gratification, rush through the mind. Yet with all these multitudinous feelings, the intenser feeling which suggested them constantly exists, and by blending itself with those ensuing feelings, renders the mind utterly incapable of comprehending their nature.

Blow a bugle in the ear of an individual, and then introduce in attendance a thousand dulcet harmonies, requiring that he should give an exact account of their several natures and degrees of intensity, and your extravagant demand would be about on a par with his who would require us exactly to value a thousand feelings, when these feelings are blended with, and overpowered by, a feeling intenser than them all. The Deity, for a wise purpose, has made us the repository of innumerable feelings, but he has not given us an equal power, at once to feel their existence and scrutinise their nature. He who, by a subtle process of analysis, should render a few complex states of mind into their *species*, is held up to the veneration of the world, but he who is so ignorant of the mind, as to pretend an explication of all the various combinations of thoughts, sensations, and feelings, which have, for a vast expanse of time, existed in his mind, is only to be pitied for his presumption. He would not act in accordance with the nature of his mind, but he would act against its nature, by pretending that he can estimate the whole aggregate feelings of his mind, though it involves in it principles which render it impossible that he should ever be aware of their existence, when once the consciousness of them has departed. We cannot, indeed, be superior to our nature: we cannot, while all these complicated processes are revolving in our minds, separate their natures and resolve them into their component parts, since the very act of such a separation would imply that we did not *feel* that which we must yet be said to analyse. The mind exists in its own various complicated states, rousing and exerting itself amidst the passions which excited it, and which it still continues to feel through that multitude of nicer, and faintly portrayed, series of thoughts with which it is blended. If we could remember anything in such a retrospect, we should only remember the gush of feeling which animated us amidst all that series of enduring thought; but the various characteristic commixtures of those thoughts themselves, and the various ways in which they modified the original feeling, would be entirely unremembered by us.

But we will concede every objection which might be offered to the remembrance of our feelings. We will suppose that there are no possible obstacles involved in the principles of the mind to oblivate its retrospects. We will suppose that our every feeling could be turned to our inmost gaze, and that we could perceive at once depicted every thought, feeling, or sensation that have ever existed in our minds, as at a glance we perceive the appearance of our bodies. Yet how should we separate the commixed nature of the various states of thought which may have thus existed?

The mind is not composed of a mere series of simple feelings; but it is scarcely conscious of a feeling which is not commixed with various other feelings. In our senses, we do not simply see, then smell, then hear, but the various sensations which we derive from those organs are alike existent at the same instant. So, as our sensations are variously commixed, our thoughts and feelings are likewise. On analysing such successive modes of thought, we should discover, that not a single part of those actions was constituted by a simple thought or emotion, unmixed by other thoughts or emotions. Gaze for a mo-

ment on the ring bequeathed to you by a departed friend : for a few seconds, the rapid rush of thought which gushes through your mind, will depict to you the regretful reminiscences connected with such a circumstance ; yet so discursive are the principles of the mind, that the original feeling of *régret* will not only be the suggester of trains of thought, but each part of those trains, from their association with certain other reminiscences, may, in themselves, suggest other trains of thought. So rapid is this intermixed mode of suggestion, and so various the nature of the thoughts and feelings which would result from it, that the original feeling of regret would soon be supplanted by feelings bearing no analogy to it in their nature, and no analogy to it in the consequent trains of thought which they might suggest. Yet, with all this seeming incongruity of reflection, the original perception of the ring will be blended ; and the strange and opposite successive trains of thought which it may have suggested will, on reflection, impart an inexplicable and mysterious air to such a heterogenous mass of reflection.

It must be remembered, that not only are the trains of thought in themselves various in their natures, but that particular parts of those trains are variously blended together. Some modes of thought suggest feelings which, feeble in themselves, would cease almost as soon as felt ; other parts of this reflective chain will suggest feelings more vivid, and, consequently, they would be more intensely blended with the trains of thought which would succeed, and would, perhaps, again be blended with other feelings, which those trains themselves might excite. In fine, so various are the tendencies by which our trains of thought may be blended with each other, that did we pretend to offer an explication of them, it would almost be necessary that, to example them, we should offer an abstract of all those thoughts themselves. But we do not pretend to any such an alchemy, and could as little imagine that we could analyze our own infinitely varied commixture of thought and feeling, as that we could separate each ray of the sun from the blaze of light which it spreads around us. We are indeed conscious of its sublime lustre, and of its curious adaptation to our senses, as we are also conscious of the commixture of thoughts and feelings which may arise in our minds ; but we cannot analyze their nature or depict their dissimilarities. The metaphysician, by a subtle process of analysis, may depict the difference which exists between one *species* of feeling and another, and this he does by the abstracted remembrance of myriads of such feelings ; but he would certainly smile were we to inquire of him, whether he could analyze the nature, not of ten or a dozen *species* of feelings, but of all the subtle and infinitely-varied commixtures of sensation, thought, and emotion, that had for many years existed in his mind. Yet such a process would be absolutely necessary to him, who would give an abstract of the nature and amount of his mind, since, if he would pretend an estimation of the faculties which characterise it, he must be able to separate, from the various *commixtures* of feelings which have existed in his mind, the amount and various degree of intensity of those feelings which constitute such faculties.

But we will further suppose, that the mind not only contains in itself no principles which annihilate the possibility of its depictive mental remembrances, but that after it had correctly depicted on the tablet of its memory the exact similitude of all past states of mind, that it possessed in itself a perfect capacity to separate the intricacy, and to solve the commixed nature of those states of mind; yet it would be impossible that the mind could attend to many such remembrances at once.

It is one of the most prominent principles of the mind, that when once its attention is excited to any particular object, that every other object in proportion fades from its cognizance. Gaze upon a tree, and the scenery which is spread around it will recede from your notice—attend to some melodious strain, and every other sound will be unheard. So it is with the sound of our mental nature, for like the gaze of the eyes, the attention can never be directed to any particular thought, but at the expense of every other thought. We have not the gaze of omnipotence—we cannot at a glance comprehend everything. The insect, the world, the universe, though evident to our senses, are yet not appreciated by them, but by a laborious and prolix process; and so limited would seem our power, that each minute result of our observation is carefully noted in our memories, that we may be enabled to attend to other objects, which we should never have done but by that means. So feeble are our exertions, and by such small means do we contrive to rear the puny fabric of science, which is yet vast enough for creatures so feeble to venerate.

Such is our power—such our weakness; yet it is supposed, that with omnipotent strength, we can summon at once the immense, the innumerable multitude of all our infinitely varied mental existences, that have for an extensive period of time existed in our minds; and that all these sensations, thoughts, and feelings, in all their relative minuteness or vividness, should *at once* be exactly depicted. They cannot be describing the faculties of a man, but of a God. Whatever may be the nature of his reminiscences, they are *limited* reminiscences, and he cannot remember one thing, but that mere remembrance should obviate the remembrance of every other thing. When the man can *at once* attend to the nature of all the past existences of his mind, it may in some manner be conceived how he could form an estimate of their nature; but while from the nature of his mind he cannot *at once* attend to any such aggregate of his feelings, it certainly cannot be conceived how he could possibly form an estimate of their nature. Thus, then, supposing that every individual possesses such vast analytient powers, that they can separate the most minute and subtle commixture of thought, feeling, and sensation; that they could produce each feeling as blended with other feelings in its exact amount of intensity; and that they could class them according to their natures in their own particular codes or species, it might yet be asked—how he is to add their result—or, supposing he could do so, how could he explain the amount of such a result?

Each capacity of feeling in the human mind is as diversified as the component individuals of the human race are diversified; and where

every capacity of thought or feeling is so diversified in different individuals, where should we find a language which could express such an infinite diversity? The very paucity of our language sufficiently proves that we are utterly incapable of forming any such estimation; nor, indeed, could such a language be formed, since all terms significant of the particular amount of feelings in certain individuals, would be totally inapplicable to each other; or that a new term must be affixed to every amount of faculty possessed by every individual; and were an individual to affix different terms of language significant of the peculiar intensity of *his own* various faculties, he would be totally misunderstood by all but himself, since, not recognising his terms, they would still be utterly ignorant of that which he would thus endeavour to express. Our language precisely expresses the particular *species* of feelings characteristic of our nature, and that nature metaphysicians are contented to examine; but they never dreamt of being able to fathom the intensity of every feeling of their own minds; nor ever heard of a language which expressed the precise degree of every individual capacity, from which such feelings flow.

But we will forget that there are any impossibilities to the estimation of our own character: and will proceed to consider whether we can estimate the character of others.

The usual mode of investigating moral character is derived from the actions which result from it. Such a mode of estimation, indeed, if correct, would be preferable to any other; since motives which we cannot surmise, might induce individuals falsely to state their character. But actions which appear involuntary, would seem the less likely to be deceptive, since he who performs them may not be conscious of the notice they excite.

But can we form our estimate of character from such actions?

It must be remembered, that an action consists entirely in the moral or immoral feeling which induced a certain performance. The performance of a certain routine is neither moral or immoral, but it is the motives which induced the performance of such a routine which constitutes it so. Two individuals may hoard money—but the one may hoard it as a miser—while the other may hoard it, that he may perform some act of benevolence. Two individuals may die on the scaffold for maintaining a certain religion—but the one dies because the religion he venerates proceeds from the God he adores—while the other dies from a proud obstinacy, which is too unbending to relent; and would as firmly die for a row of nine-pins, as for the religion of his God.

But it would be useless to multiply examples of actions, which, though they may be beneficent in their tendency, may not have been performed for that reason; and of others, which, though they may appear vicious, may yet have been performed with a virtuous motive. Vice is too hateful, not to see the necessity of clothing itself in the appearance of virtue; and the strength of virtue is often united to such a feebleness of intellect, that, what may appear from its result to have been viciously intended, may yet have been virtuously mis-conceived.

It must also be remembered how small a part of the history of the

human feelings are represented by the actions we may happen to witness—that much virtue may be stifled from appearing by other motives; and what dark recesses of vice may be lurking in the guilty mind, which may be hypocritical enough to appear virtuous, and which is too cowardly and feeble to dare the vice which it desires.

The same principles which disable us from estimating our own nature, equally disable others; and as they are unable to estimate their own nature, they would be still less able to impart the abstract of it to us: and that, supposing they were able to impart such an abstract to us, yet, from the peculiar conformation of our own mental nature, we should be unable to estimate it.

It is evident that he whose feeling of the ludicrous is strongly developed would impart an incongruous risibility to the grave expositions of the philosopher—that he who is weak in intellect would not be able to estimate the profoundness of the metaphysician, the subtle recesses of whose analysis he would be unable to fathom—that he whose intellect is vast, will impart a strength and seeming reasonableness to the simple remarks of the ignorant—that an individual of excited and eloquent feelings, will impart those feelings to the subtle investigations of another; and that each perceives the nature of others, with a modification of perceptions very different. Man is like an infant who gazes through a piece of green glass, upon a surrounding prospect, and who imagines that everything is green, because they appear through that medium to be so.

The mind must be capable of perceiving the peculiar characters of others, before it can form any estimate of their nature; as the eye must be capacitated for perceiving outward objects before those objects can be portrayed on its vision. If the eyes contained in themselves a peculiar affection, by which they imparted to all objects a particular colour, no one would rely upon them as indicative of the colour of objects: and if each individual mind is endowed with a peculiar character, which character is reflected upon that of another which it investigates, neither can we repose on our own characters for the estimation of those of others.

Thus, then—the mind becomes unconscious of the degree of its own faculties,

1. Because the influence of habit renders us incapable of attending to them.
2. Because the peculiar vividness of particular feelings drown other feelings which may exist with them.
3. That though we could bare to our observation, at once, every mode of existence which our minds have experienced, yet we should be unable to separate the various commixed feelings which may at once be blended together.
4. That supposing we could separate such feelings, yet we have no mode of language by which we might explain their exact degree of intensity.

Though we were able to estimate our own faculties, we are yet unable to estimate the faculties of others,

1. Because, though we may be acquainted with their actions, we are yet unacquainted with the feelings which induce them.

2. Because the same principles in our minds, which render us incapable of estimating the aggregate of our own faculties, render others equally incapable of estimating theirs, and, consequently, still more unable to explain them to others.

3. That with our own peculiar conformation of intellect, we are unable precisely to estimate the peculiar conformation of that of another.

Such are some of the difficulties which attend an estimation of character; and such the pretensions which have been assumed in its investigation. The exact estimation of character which is so impossible to the most subtle and profound, is, by this theory, with a requirement of no profundity and attention, offered to the illiterate theorizer. Men are pleased when their vanity is gratified, and the imagination of the crowd is always more eager to prosecute an inquiry into that which it is impossible they should know, than to be satisfied with the mere exposition of what they perceive. The very impossibility and mysteriousness of the inquiry, seems to impart to it an importance and sublimity, which are ever pleasing to minds that do not know the extent of their own capacities. It was a similar feeling which induced the absurd speculation of the alchemist, and the theoretic visions of Aristotle, and which has induced all inquirers in all times, to prefer their own speculations on nature, to the examination of nature itself. There is a tardiness of progression in the observation of nature, which does not satisfy the vanity of those, who would, rather frame laws for her, than they would wait to investigate them. Though the philosopher is not so vain as to imagine he can accomplish so much, he does accomplish more. In the minute and trifling appearance of a few observations, he is led to perceive the germ of a future science, and in the gradual progress by which he proceeds, he perceives the truth and evidence which shall aid his future observations, by the connexion which it has with them.

HOPES OF THE FUTURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENCILLINGS BY THE WAY."

THERE are hopes
Promising well, and love-touched dreams for some,
And passions, many a wild one, and fair schemes
For gold and pleasure.

Oh! if there were not better hopes than these—
Were there no palm beyond a feverish fame—
If truth, and fervour, and devotedness,
Finding no worthy altar, must return
And die with their own fulness—if beyond
The grave there is no *heaven*, in whose wide air
The spirit may find room, and in the love
Of whose bright habitants this lavish heart
May spend itself—*what thrice-mocked fools are we?*

CLEVELAND.¹

LET not St. James's frown, or May Fair smile, at the "family pride" of a Mr. Smith; centuries of invariable wealth and integrity give even a "Smith" a just right to hold his ancestors in reverence; and his reverence for them is no ill security for his steering clear of the corruption of the servile courtier, the falsehood and insolence of the gold-hungry demagogue, and the brutal boobyism, guttling, bellowing, hard-riding, hard-swearing, rack-renting, tenant-ruining, and poacher-killing medley of selfish uselessness, and self-willed mischievousness, which even yet curse some of the lovely spots of lovely England; and show that if Fielding and his imitators have sometimes descended to mere caricature, they have not seldom presented us with a but too faithful likeness of a "country gentleman."

In addition to the small fortune bequeathed to him by his father, Charles had a sum nearly equal to it secured to him by the will of a maiden aunt; and thus when he arrived at his majority, his fortune was amply sufficient for all the comforts really indispensable to a man, who might have sufficient wisdom to seek enjoyment in simple, unostentatious, and cheaply-attainable pleasures; though it was undoubtedly a mere *horreur* of a sum to name in the presence of any prudent matron, even were her entire bevy of fifteen daughters unmarried, frights in feature, dowdies in figure, fiends in temper, and all the worse for age, late hours, and the hope deferred, that not only maketh the heart sick, but also makes ugliness still uglier, when envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness,

"Ooze to the cheek, and stagnate there to mud."

Charles Smith was good-humoured, good-hearted, and excellently inclined to be a very affectionate brother; but as his reception at "the hall"—so the hereditary seat of his family was entitled—was anything but cordial when he attended the funeral of his father, Charles was a great deal too proud to allow fraternal feeling to be mistaken for the sycophancy of a greedy younger brother.

And, accordingly, Charles staid at the hall only until he had paid the last duty to his last parent. The sombre procession wended its way from the family vault—but Charles no longer formed a part of it. Kneeling by the tomb of his parents, Charles bade adieu for ever to the broad lands which had been theirs, and to the thrice beautiful scenes which had so long delighted him.

The prayer was said, the natural tears were shed; he quitted the silent church, and mounted the gallant horse which was his father's latest gift to him. Miles were quickly between him and the home he had for ever quitted; morning broke, and Charles was, once more

¹ Continued from p. 222.

in the modern Babylon, an almost perfect stranger among its mighty and struggling masses; but possessed of a hopeful spirit, and, which was of still greater consequence, of a fortune sufficient for ease; if ease had charms for him, or an ample mean to fix and advance himself in any profession for which ambition, avarice, or the mere restlessness of youth, might render him anxious.

If Charles were my mere creation—the mere fiction of an inventive dreamer—my peculiar notion of wisdom in choosing a mode of life on the part of those who are happy enough to have the power to choose, would infallibly induce me to represent him enamoured of “content and a cottage;” for such would most certainly be my choice, if a wealthy father, or a considerate maiden aunt, had put it in my power to make it.

But it is only for your purely imaginary heroes to be perfect; according to their creator's notions of perfection, that is to say, Charles was a living entity—alas! that he so disastrously ceased to be so! And when was mere man perfect? Charles, at all events, was not so.

Accustomed from his very infancy to hear the praises of wealth, and to look upon and participate not a few of the advantages which wealth alone can procure, he was but ill-contented with the comparatively small fortune he possessed. It was larger, indeed, than that of any of his brothers but one; but compared to the possessions of that one, he accounted it as barely better than absolute destitution.

Part of this feeling, no doubt, arose from his having been accustomed to hear the praises of wealth, and part from the natural workings of youthful ambition; but the main source of it—though Charles probably was not conscious of the fact—was the haughty and almost insolent indifference with which he had been treated by his eldest brother. Not always is the insolence of the world injurious to us; not unfrequently does the injustice of our fellows rouse us to a daring, and inspire us with an energy and with a power, of which, but for that injustice, we had been either actually destitute; or, at the very least, unconscious. A great mind is never querulous: it is only the feeble spirit that injury, neglect, or detraction, can urge no further than to wailing; and he who only laments when unjustly treated, could not, by the most propitious circumstances, be nursed into more than a very middling-sized personage, in whatsoever path his lot of life may be cast.

The man of really high spirit and well-regulated mind may complain, but he does not complain *merely*; he brands, he defies, he scourges his unjust enemies, and he burns with a sleepless and agonising fever, until he has proved their injustice by proving his own capability and his own worth.

And he who complains otherwise than in this spirit, with this determination, and with this result, may prove that he ardently *desires* the consideration which is denied to him—but he no less clearly proves that he does not *deserve* it—inasmuch as he either cannot win it, because of incapability, or will not win it, because of indolence. We love Homer and Virgil, and the great lights of all times, and all nations, not for what they *could do*, but for what they *did*.

and he who cannot ~~say~~ fame by his prowess—be it physical or mental—deserves not our sympathy, but our contempt, if his vanity murmurs at the obscurity which his weakness renders inevitable.*

Deeply stung by the unkindness of his brother, Charles felt but little inclined to content himself with the fortune he already possessed. To embark in some profession, to devote to it all the energies of his mind and of his body, seemed to him to be the course which he ought to pursue. "Shall this eldest-born triumph over me?" he thought; "or shall I not rather soar above him, win wealth more vast than that which he has inherited by virtue of an accident, and achieve rank and fame such as he, in his dull soul, has not the power even to dream of? I will! I will!" he exclaimed; but he promised himself much more than he was destined to perform.

In nearly every man's life there is some seemingly trifling event which has great and long-continued control over his actions; and which, in some sort, "shapes his ends, rough hew them how he may." And thus it was with Charles Smith.

Though he felt strongly inclined to embark in some one of the professions which hold out temptations to the lovers of rank and riches, it was by no means clear to him in which of them he might most eligibly do so; and he remained in London several weeks without satisfactorily settling this preliminary.

At the present time, a gentleman in Charles's situation would unquestionably turn his attention to literature. An epic or an article, an essay on the national debt, or a satire on the national manners, literary lucubration of some kind, would as infallibly present itself to the imagination of such a person so situated, as duns, &c. to debtors, and lovers to wealthy women.

But though Charles was infinitely anxious to make unto himself a name; though he was well aware that he was too old for the bar, and that he had no vocation to the church; literature never once occurred to his mind as a likely mean by which to achieve reputation and wealth. In truth, he was little inclined, happy fellow! to scribbling of any kind. Beyond his nonsense verses at school, and his prize poems—which gained no prizes—at college, he had as little of the sin of rhyme—that first and most incurable symptom of the *cacoethes scribendi*—to charge himself withal as the best friend to his worldly prosperity could have desired; but though thus destitute of all desire to be aiding and assisting in the bankruptcy of bibliopoles, he had a refined and a well-stored mind.

To the non-literary reader this saving clause may appear to be somewhat unnecessarily interposed on behalf of the intellectual character of Charles Smith. But not so unnecessary will it appear to literary men or their acquaintance; for there is no error of which

* Be is distinctly understood, however, that this is said only of those who have the requisite advantages of social condition. Many a deserving spirit is lost for want of opportunity; but he who has the power to manifest his mind by the press, in the senate, or elsewhere—or to wield his blade as well as use his mind in the field—He who, thus circumstanced, complains of lack of fame, should wind up his autobiography with—"I deserved no better."

literary men, great or small, are more commonly guilty, than that of supposing intellectual ability to be exclusively vested in those who manifest their possession of it through the press.

While meditating on the respective advantages of a secretaryship at Sierra Leone, and of patriotic chivalry and manslaughter in Spain or Greece, he chanced to encounter a college chum; by whom he was pressed to spend a month at the parsonage of the beautiful village of Springton, of which the father of Charles's friend was the venerable and venerated incumbent.

As the world was literally "all before him where to choose," Charles accepted his friend's invitation; and a happy month was that which he thus spent.

I wish I could describe the parsonage of Springton! Without so still; within so snug; the house so plain and so moderate in size, yet so Elizabethan in form and massiveness; the large gardens and small orchard; the trellised arbours, clothed with odorous and many-coloured parasites; the small, yet large enough, apartments; the unpretending style of living; the happy faces and the always united hearts, and the sweet domestic concerts in the long winter's evenings, when all sang or played to please, and none from vanity. Ah! I *knew* such a happy home once; but they who shed light, and life, and love around it, live only in my remembrance by day, and in the rare soothings of my dreams by night.

At Springton, Charles remained long enough to lose his heart to one of the fairest creatures that ever rose upon a poet's dream or a painter's vision; and Love, the mighty ruler of all hearts, speedily put to flight his dreams of rank, renown, and wealth. He sued, and—but I must not anticipate; and before I can make the reader aware of the result of Charles's suit, I must say a few words about the lady of his love.

Fair, and beautifully symmetrical; with eyes of the most liquid and earnest blue, auburn hair worn in the simply elegant style in which only very beautiful women may venture to wear it; and that "excellent thing in woman—a soft voice;"—with these, and with hands and feet of exquisite diminutiveness, Marianne Elford might have defied all "the nonsense of their stone ideal" to rival her surpassing beauty.

This jotting down of characters from real life, is by no means so easy an achievement as I, in my vanity and inexperience, had supposed it to be. Very different a task it is from that of heaping charm on charm, grace on grace, and virtue on virtue, for the embellishment of one of those "faultless monsters" that the world ne'er saw but in the pages of pure fiction. Of many virtues and accomplishments Marianne Elford most unquestionably was possessed; but, unlike merely imaginary heroines, she had a capital failing, almost sufficient to neutralise all her good qualities. She was a too merely passive person; she had no firmness of purpose, no self-reliance; her spirit was as tame as her voice was soft; and the purity of her young heart was fully equalled by its weakness. Of the evil consequence of this "amiable softness," we shall hereafter have more to say: for the present it is sufficient that we have taken care not to mislead our readers

into attributing perfection of mind to the physically perfect Marianne.

That a maiden so singularly beautiful as Marianne Elford should be

“——— flattered, followed, sought and sued,”

was inevitable. She had been so; and to one of her numerous lovers she had even felt attached, and confessed her attachment. Nay, she had not merely confessed her love; she had even been promised in marriage to her lover by her venerable father; though that good man—simple as his heart was, and far removed as was his way of life from that which enables man to look with a hawk-like glance into the motives and characters of his fellows—felt a foreboding shudder as he promised the hand of his fair and timid girl to the dark, stern, passionate, and vehement Cleveland.

Even the early boyhood of Cleveland had been marked by a sternness and singularity of character, which might well make a parent pause ere he committed to the man Cleveland that most sacred and momentous charge, the life-long happiness of a beloved daughter. But Cleveland had been absent long years from his native Springton; and when he returned thither, a man of noble figure, and strikingly intellectual countenance, Mr. Elford's simplicity and good feeling led him to suppose that the stern vehemence of his daughter's suitor arose rather from an enthusiastic and over-informed mind, than from any ferocity of nature, or depravity of habits. And as Marianne's pliant and gentle nature rendered her easily moved by the tenderness which in her presence Cleveland invariably exhibited—a tenderness the more touching and remarkable, by contrast with the *fiercé* of his tone and bearing towards all excepting her—the good pastor at length gave his consent to their union, which, in a worldly point of view, promised to be a very advantageous one to Marianne, Cleveland having, by the death of his only relation, become possessed of broad lands, and a large income in a distant and very desirable part of England.

Cleveland, then, was the accepted lover and affianced husband of Marianne Elford, and all who knew him congratulated him upon his approaching happiness. The preparations for the marriage were already advanced, Marianne's appointed bridesmaids already teased her with their half-arch, half-envious sallies, and she herself already wore that pleasing gravity of aspect which is proper to the betrothed maiden, and which reminds the elders, who have looked upon the more buoyant gladness of her girlhood, of that touching hour when the solemnity of evening already struggles with, and obscures the brilliancy of the departing day-god.

The eve of the bridal day had at length arrived, when a packet was left at the parsonage with strict directions for its delivery into Mr. Elford's own hands; and in but a short space of time after he had received it, Marianne was summoned to the little study of her father. The communication which he there made to her was couched in few words, and in general terms; but brief and general as it was, it sent her from the room pale, tearful, and silent; and from that moment

all the thousand and one preparations of the little household were suspended, and the little family, lately so radiant and alert, was of a sudden plunged into a deep and wordless gloom.

The evening was already fast darkening down into night, when the clatter of a horse's hoofs was heard. Audibly and more audibly they approached, and Cleveland, who had been to the neighbouring town on some small business connected with his approaching bridal—rang loudly, as if in joyous haste, at the parsonage gate.

At this time the Elford's were seated in their cheerful drawing-room, and eagerly looked Mr. Elford's children upon his venerable face. For a brief moment even his mild features were lighted up with an expression of exceeding scorn and indignation. Mastering his feelings with a strong effort, he gave a look of mingled pity and admonition to Marianne, and handing a sealed letter to the sole male servant of his establishment, desired him to give it to Mr. Cleveland.

The juniors of the family looked wistfully and anxiously upon each other; each, as it seemed, anticipating that some outburst of fierce passion, probably even some actual violence, on the part of Cleveland, would follow the perusal of what all felt, though none but Marianne and her father knew, was a peremptory and indignant denial of the hand which he so nearly had obtained.

Nothing of the kind occurred. Marvelling not a little that he was shown into the very small apartment which formed the waiting-room of the parsonage, instead of being ushered, as of old, straightway into the fair presence of his affianced bride, Cleveland marvelled still more when the servant returned, and presented before him the salver on which lay Mr. Elford's letter. Hastily perusing this most unexpected missive, Cleveland turned deadly pale, shook for a moment, as the old servant afterwards phrased it, "for all the world like a man in the cold fit of an ague," and then fiercely called for his horse, sprang to the saddle, and galloped from the door at a rate which threatened to render his career more swift than safe.

The Elford's listened in silence to the sound of the swift hoofs until it was utterly lost in the distance. And then the good pastor broke silence, rather as if unconsciously meditating aloud, than as if deliberately addressing himself to others. "It is," he said, "it is too true! May God assoilize him," continued Mr. Elford, who now bent his eyes searchingly upon Marianne, "and make us all duly thankful for our most miraculous escape!"

The brief but searching survey which Mr. Elford took of his daughter's countenance gave comfort and assurance to his heart; and when in a few weeks the rose again visited her cheek, and the joyant and dancing light of girlhood—for she was still but a girl—beamed as of old in her deep blue eyes, he fervently thanked his Creator that his child's detestation of guilt—though that guilt had rather been spoken of than proven to her—had so soon and so completely enabled her to stifle in her young heart that deep, strong passion, a maiden's love.

Such belief on the part of our good pastor was doubtless very consolatory under the circumstances, and so far it was valuable. But though we should have been very loath indeed to dispel a delusion

from which he derived comfort at a time when he so greatly stood in need of it, we must put the matter clearly and in its true light before the readers of this veritable history. That Marianne's conquest of her first love—a love, too which had so nearly received the seal, and sanction of matrimony—was to all appearance as complete, as it was speedy, was most true. But the cause of her conquest was of no such high and holy nature as her father in his single-hearted affection imagined. In the first place, in their brief interview in his study, he had merely informed his daughter that her union with Cleveland was impossible, and that it was rendered so by guilt on the part of Cleveland—guilt of so deep, so dark, so damning a kind and degree, that a union with him would be pollution, peril, infamy. But he had told his daughter no particulars as to the nature of the guilt, or as to the means by which he, ignorant of it to the very eve of the marriage, had so secretly and so opportunely become aware of it. In the next place, had the love of Marianne been that "deep strong passion,"—we quote the pastor's thoughts, not his words—which her father assumed it to be, it is not impossible that even she, pliant and meek as on all other points she was, might have cited her own and her parent's pledged word as an answer to her parent's remonstrances; and that she might have exclaimed to her affianced husband,

"I know not, I ask not if guilt's in thy heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art ;"

in which case the dismissal of Cleveland would have been no such facile matter.

Sorry we are to be obliged to confess that Marianne's resignation to her disappointment had its origin, not in her strength, but in her weakness. She shuddered, indeed, at the very thought of guilt; but there was no struggle, not even when she was pale, abashed, and, "like Niobe, all tears," between detestation of guilt, and fervent love of the guilty one. Her love for Cleveland will be most accurately described, by our saying that it was not hate. She would have made him a very faithful wife; but it was not for Cleveland to awaken the fire of a thrilling and devoted love in a heart which had no fault but its want of native and self-directing energy. Even her passive nature had felt the fascination of Cleveland's passionate homage, of his magnificent appearance, and of his varied and dazzling accomplishments; and she loved him quite as well as it was possible for her calm and unsensual nature to love; but not even for him could she feel that wild and all-engrossing passion which such a character as his might have created in the bosom of an eastern dame, with a heart as bounding and eye as flashing as his own. Her regret, therefore, was as faint and brief as her attachment had been feeble: yet was the fate of Marianne Elford not wholly to be dis severed from that of the discarded Cleveland.

From the night of Cleveland's abrupt and, as it seemed, deserved dismissal from the parsonage of Springton, his name was a forbidden, or, rather, a shunned word in the family of Mr. Elford.

Three years passed away, and Marianne Elford, now three-and-twenty years of age, was no longer the village toast. She was still

lovely, nay, she was even lovelier than when a girl. But in beauty, as in politics, your creatures are marvellously fond of novelty; and as the patriot of to-day eclipses and out-patriots the patriot of yesterday, so the beauty of sweet seventeen, whether in the crowded city or on the village green, throws the beauty of three-and-twenty into the shade, and reigns triumphant in all tongues, if not in all hearts, until she too, in her turn, is dethroned by some younger though, probably, not more beautiful rival.

Thus it fared with Marianne; of whom, to say the truth, there were many to affirm that she was very particularly in danger of dying an old maid; a consummation which the fair predictors were fully resolved not to experience in their own proper persons, if husbands could be got at any price.

But the arrival and stay of Charles Smith at Springton belied these prophecies. He loved, sued, and was accepted; and a handsome couple never received the congratulations of loving and glad friends.

Among the friends who did congratulate them was Mr. Elford's only brother, a Mr. George, as he was always called at the personage; and "happy George," as he was called everywhere else.

No two persons could form a more striking contrast than these brothers. Mr. Elford, tall, thin, almost pallid in complexion, and with hair of shining and silvery whiteness, looked the very *beau idéal* of a studious, a learned, and yet withal a simple-minded parish priest. His voice was almost melancholy in its singular mildness and melody; and the perpetual sables, proper to his sacred profession, set off the venerable cast of his whole appearance and manners.

Mr. George Elford, on the other hand, was athletic; stout-built to the very verge of corpulence, loud-voiced, a tremendous laugh, a staunch cricketer, an infallible shot, and a killing angler. With the strength of three or four pugilists, and the courage of a score of those scamps, he was even as a little child in real gentleness and kindly disposition; and it was, perhaps, not the least convincing proof of this last quality, that every child in the neighbourhood loved him, followed him, and put his mechanical ingenuity in requisition for the manufacture of bows, arrows, kites, and the like juvenile *desiderata*.

If Mr. George Elford was, "in simplicity a child," he was also "in wit a man;" and the newly-married couple took him into their counsel upon a subject which, as

"Not e'en love can live on flowers,"

was too important to be wholly overlooked by them even in the very hey-day of their honeymoon rejoicings.

(To be continued.)

SNARLEY YOW; OR, THE DOG FIEND.¹

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL.

BY CAPT. MARRYAT.

CHAPTER XXV.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken proves that he has a great aversion to cold steel.

MR. VANSLYPERKEN had been so much upset by the events of the day, that he had quite forgotten to deliver the letters entrusted to him to the care of the Jew Lazarus; weighty indeed must have been the events which could have prevented him from going to receive money.

He threw himself on his bed with combined feelings of rage and mortification, and slept a feverish sleep in his clothes.

His dreams were terrifying, and he awoke in the morning unrefreshed. The mutiny and defection of the ship's company he ascribed entirely to the machinations of Smallbones, whom he now hated with a feeling so intense, that he felt he could have murdered him in the open day. Such were the first impulses that his mind resorted to upon his waking, and after some little demur, he sent for Corporal Van Spitter, to consult with him. The corporal made his appearance, all humility and respect, and was again sounded as to what could be done with Smallbones, Vanslyperken hinting very clearly what his wishes tended to.

Corporal Van Spitter, who had made up his mind how to act after their previous conference, hummed and ha'ed, and appeared unwilling to enter upon the subject, until he was pushed by his commandant, when the corporal observed there was something very strange about the lad, and hinted at his being sent in the cutter on purpose to annoy his superior.

"That on that night upon which he had stated that he had seen the devil three times, once it was sitting on the head-clue of Smallbones' hammock, and at another time that he was evidently in converse with the lad, and that there were strange stories among the ship's company, who considered that both Smallbones and the dog were supernatural agents."

"My dog—Snarley yow—a—what do you mean, corporal?"

The corporal then told Mr. Vanslyperken that he had discovered that several attempts had been made to drown the dog, but without success; and that among the rest, he had been thrown by Smallbones into the canal tied up in a bread-bag, and had miraculously made his appearance again.

"The villain!" exclaimed Vanslyperken. "That then was the paving-stone. Now I've found it out, I'll cut his very soul out of his body."

¹ Continued from page 232.

"But the corporal protested against open measures, as although it was known by his own confession to be the case, it could not be proved, as none of the men would tell.

"Besides, he did not think that any further attempts would be made, as Smallbones had been heard to laugh and say, 'that water would never hurt him or the dog,' which observation of the latter had first made the ship's company suspect."

"Very true," exclaimed Vanslyperken; "he floated out to the Ower's lights and back again, when I——" Here Mr. Vanslyperken stopped short, and he felt a dread of supernatural powers in the air, when he thought of what had passed and what he now heard.

"So they think my dog——"

"De tyfel," replied the corporal.

Vanslyperken was not very sorry for this, as it would be the dog's protection; but at the same time he was not at all easy about Smallbones, for Mr. Vanslyperken, as we have observed before, was both superstitious and cowardly.

"Water won't hurt him, did you say, corporal?"

"Yes, mynheer."

"Then I'll try what a pistol will do, by heavens," replied Vanslyperken. "He threw my dog into the canal, and I'll be revenged; if revenge is to be had. That will do, corporal, you may go now," continued Vanslyperken, who actually foamed with rage.

The corporal left the cabin, and it having occurred to Vanslyperken that he had not delivered the letters, he dressed himself to go on shore.

After having once more read through the letter of the fair widow, which, at the same time that it crushed all his hopes, from its kind tenor, poured some balm into his wounded heart, he sighed, folded it up, put it away, and went on deck.

"Pipe the gig away," said Mr. Vanslyperken.

"No pipe," replied Short.

This reminded Mr. Vanslyperken that Jemmy Ducks had left the ship, and vexed him again. He ordered the word to be passed to the boat's crew, and when it was manned he went on shore. As soon as he arrived at the house of Lazarus, he knocked, but it was some time before he was admitted, and the chain was still kept on the door, which was opened two inches to allow a scrutiny previous to entrance.

"Ah! it vash you, vash it, good sar? you may come in," said the Jew.

Vanslyperken walked into the parlour, where he found seated a young man of very handsome exterior, dressed according to the fashion of the cavaliers of the time. His hat, with a plume of black feathers, lay upon the table. This personage continued in his careless and easy position without rising when Vanslyperken entered, neither did he ask him to sit down.

"You are the officer of the cutter?" inquired the young man, with an air of authority not very pleasing to the lieutenant.

"Yes," replied Vanslyperken, looking hard and indignantly in return.

"And you arrived yesterday morning? Pray, sir, why were not those letters delivered at once?"

"Because I had no time," replied Vanslyperken, sulkily.

"No time, sir; what do you mean by that? Your time is ours, sir. You are paid for it; for one shilling that you receive from the rascally government you condescend to serve and to betray, you receive from us pounds. Let not this happen again, my sir, or you may repent it."

Vanslyperken was not in the best of humours, and he angrily replied, "Then you may get others to do your work, for this is the last I'll do; pay me for them, and let me go."

"The last you'll do! you'll do as much as we please, and as long as we please. You are doubly in our power, scoundrel. You betray the government you serve, but you shall not betray us. If you had a thousand lives, you are a dead man the very moment you flinch from or neglect our work. Do your work faithfully, and you will be rewarded; but either you must do our work or die. You have but to choose."

"Indeed!" replied Vanslyperken.

"Yes, indeed! And to prove that I am in earnest, I shall punish you for your neglect, by not paying you this time. You may leave the letters and go. But mind that you give us timely notice when you are ordered back to the Hague, for we shall want you."

Vanslyperken, indignant at this language, obeyed his first impulse, which was to snatch up the letters and attempt to leave the room.

"No pay no letters!" exclaimed he, opening the door.

"Fool!" cried the young man with a bitter sneer, not stirring from his seat.

Vanslyperken opened the door, and to his amazement there were three swords pointed to his heart. He started back.

"Will you leave the letters now?" observed the young man.

Vanslyperken threw them down on the table with every sign of perturbation, and remained silent and pale.

"And now perfectly understand me, sir," said the young cavalier.

"We make a great distinction between those who have joined the good cause, or rather, who have continued steadfast to their king from feelings of honour and loyalty, and those who are to be bought and sold. We honour the first, we despise the latter. Their services we require, and therefore we employ them. A traitor to the sovereign from whom he receives his pay, is not likely to be trusted by us. I know your character, that is sufficient. Now, although the government make no difference between one party or the other, with the exception that some may be honoured with the axe instead of the gibbet, you will observe that we do: and as our lives are already forfeited by attainder, we make no scruple of putting out of the way any one whom we may even suspect of betraying us. Nay, more; we can furnish the government with sufficient proofs against you without any risk to ourselves, for we have many partizans who are still in office. Weigh now well all you have heard, and be assured, that although we despise you, and use you only as our tool, we will have faithful and diligent service, if not your life is forfeited."

Vanslyperken heard all this with amazement and confusion: he immediately perceived that he was in a snare, from which escape was impossible. His coward heart sank within him, and he promised implicit obedience.

"Nevertheless, before you go you will sign your adherence to King James and his successors," observed the young cavalier. "Lazarus, bring in writing materials." The Jew, who was at the door, complied with the order.

The cavalier took the pen and wrote down a certain form, in which Vanslyperken dedicated his life and means, as he valued his salvation, to the service of the exiled monarch. "Read that, and sign it, sir," said the cavalier, passing it over to Vanslyperken.

The lieutenant hesitated. "Your life depends upon it," continued the young man coolly; "do as you please."

Vanslyperken turned round; the swords were still pointed, and the eyes of those which held them were fixed upon the cavalier awaiting his orders. Vanslyperken perceived that there was no escape. With a trembling hand he affixed his signature.

"'Tis well:—now, observe, that at the first suspicion, or want of zeal even, on your part, this will be forwarded through the proper channel, and even if you should escape the government, you will not escape us:—our name is Legion. You may go, sir;—do your work well, and you shall be well rewarded."

Vanslyperken hastened away, passing the swords, the points of which were now lowered for his passage. Perhaps he never till then felt how contemptible was a traitor. Indignant, mortified, and confused, still trembling with fear, and, at the same time, burning with rage, he hastened to his mother's house, for he had brought on shore with him the money which he had received at Amsterdam.

"What, more vexation, child?" said the old woman, looking Vanslyperken in the face as he entered.

"Yes," retorted Vanslyperken, folding his arms as he sat down.

It was some time before he would communicate to his mother all that happened. At last the truth, which even he felt ashamed of, was drawn out of him.

"Now may all the curses that ever befel a man fall on his head!" exclaimed Vanslyperken as he finished. "I would give soul and body to be revenged on him."

"That's my own child—that is what I have done, Cornelius, but I shall not die yet awhile. I like to hear you say that; but it must not be yet. Let them plot and plot, and when they think that all is ripe, and all is ready, and all will succeed—then—then is the time to revenge yourself—not yet—but for that revenge, death on the gallows would be sweet."

Vanslyperken shuddered:—he did not feel how death could in any way be sweet;—for some time he was wrapped up in his own thoughts.

"Have you brought the gold at last?" inquired the old woman.

"I have," replied Vanslyperken, who raised himself and produced it. "I ought to have had more,—but I'll be revenged."

"Yes, yes, but get more gold first. Never kill the goose that lays

the golden egg, my child," replied the old woman as she turned the key.

So many sudden and mortifying occurrences had taken place in forty-eight hours that Vanslyperken's brain was in a whirl. He felt goaded to do something, but he did not know what. Perhaps it would have been suicide had he not been a coward. He left his mother without speaking another word, and walked down to the boat, revolving first one and then another incident in his mind. At last, his ideas appeared to concentrate themselves into one point, which was a firm and raging animosity against Smallbones; and with the darkest intentions he hastened on board and went down into his cabin.

What was the result of these feelings will be seen in the ensuing chapter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken sees a ghost.

Before we acquaint the reader with the movements of Mr. Vanslyperken, we must again revert to the history of the period in which we are writing. The Jacobite faction had assumed a formidable consistency, and every exertion was being made by the latter for an invasion of England. They knew that their friends were numerous, and that many who held office under the ruling government were attached to their cause, and only required such a demonstration to fly to arms with their numerous partizans.

Up to the present, all the machinations of the Jacobites had been carried on with secrecy and dexterity, but now was the time for action and decision. To aid the cause, it was considered expedient that some one of known fidelity should be sent to Amsterdam, where the projects of William might be discovered more easily than in England: for as he communicated with the States General, and the States General were composed of many, secrets would come out, for that which is known to many soon becomes no longer a secret.

To effect this, letters of recommendation to one or two of those high in office in Holland, and who were supposed to be able to give information, and inclined to be confiding and garrulous, had been procured from the firm allies of King William, by those who pretended to be so only, for the agent who was about to be sent over, and this agent was the young cavalier who had treated Vanslyperken in so uncourteous a manner. He has already been mentioned to the reader by the name of Ramsay, and second in authority among the smugglers. He was a young man of high family, and a brother to Lady Alice, of course trusted by Sir Robert and his second in command. He had been attainted for non-appearance, and condemned for high treason at the same time as had been his brother-in-law, Sir Robert Barclay, and had ever since been with him doing his duty in the boat and in command of the men, when Sir Robert's services or attendance were required at St. Germain's.

No one could be better adapted for the service he was to be employed upon. He was brave, cool, intelligent, and prepossessing. Of

Vanslyperken heard all this with amazement and as a firm mediatly perceived that he was in a snare, from The letters impossible. His coward heart sank within him, the utmost implicit obedience.

"Nevertheless, before you go you will and others, he had King James and his successors," observed most likely to enforce zarus, bring in writing materials." The complied with the order.

The cavalier took the pen and wr so much of a coward to threaten it. It was the Vanslyperken dedicated his life ar a passage over with him in to the service of the exiled mo vessel would add still more said the cavalier, passing it c he had in contemplation.

The lieutenant hesitated Vanslyperken, whom we left boiling with the young man coolly ; " better humour at this moment. He re-

Vanslyperken turned his wrath upon, and that victim he is re-eyes of those which his orders. Vansly-

a trembling hand the corporal, and next ordered him to bring him a a trembling hand which the corporal has complied with. Vansly-

"Tis well : the corporal a further confidant, but he has his zeal even, or he is on the watch. Vanslyperken is alone, his hand channel, a he loads the pistol which he has taken down from the escape r where it hung, but he is nevertheless determined upon the well, a he has laid it down on the table, and goes on deck, waiting till

V- the completion of his project. He has now arranged wh and descends ; the pistol is still on the table, and he puts it fr the blanket on his bed, and rings for Smallbones.

"Did you want me, sir?" said Smallbones.

"Yes, I am going on shore to sleep a little way in the country, and I want you to carry my clothes ; let everything be put up in the blue bag, and hold yourself ready to come with me."

"Yes, sir," replied Smallbones ; "am I to come on board again to-night?"

"To be sure you are."

Smallbones put up as desired by his master, whose eyes followed the lad's motions as he moved from one part of the cabin to the other, his thoughts wandering, from the recollection of Smallbones having attempted to drown his dog, to the more pleasing one of revenge.

At dusk Mr. Vanslyperken ordered his boat to be manned, and as soon as Smallbones had gone into it with the bag, he took the pistol from where he had hid it, and concealing it under his great-coat, followed the lad into the boat.

They landed, and Vanslyperken walked fast ; it was now dark, and he was followed by Smallbones, who found difficulty in keeping pace with his master, so rapid were his strides.

They passed the half-way houses, and went clear of the fortifications, until they had gained five or six miles on the road to London.

Smallbones was tired out with the rapidity of the walk, and now lagged behind. The master desired him to come on. "I does come on as fast as I can, sir, but this here walking don't suit at all, with carrying a bag full of clothes," replied Smallbones.

"Make haste, and keep up with me," cried Vanslyperken, setting off again at a more rapid pace.

They were now past all the buildings, and but occasionally fell in some solitary farm-house, or cottage, on the road side; the sky was cloudy, and the scud flew fast; Vanslyperken walked on, and in his state of mind he could feel no bodily fatigue, and the wind astern,

the lieutenant found a spot which afforded him an opportunity of executing his fell purpose. A square wall, round a home, was built on the side of the footpath. Vanslyperken looked for Smallbones, who was too far behind to be of any security. Satisfied by this that the lad could not see him, Vanslyperken secreted himself behind the angle of the wall, and waited for Smallbones to pass. He cocked his pistol, and crouched for the arrival of his victim.

A minute or two he heard the panting of the lad, who was quite weary with his load. Vanslyperken compressed his lips, and held his breath. The lad passed him; Vanslyperken now rose from behind, levelled the pistol at the lad's head, and fired. Smallbones uttered a yell, fell down on his face, and then rolled on his back without life or motion.

Vanslyperken looked at him for one second, then turned back, and fled with the wings of the wind. Conscience now appeared to pursue him, and he ran on until he was so exhausted, that he fell; the pistol was still in his hand, and as he put out his arm mechanically to save himself, the lock of the pistol came in violent contact with his temple.

After a time he rose again, faint and bleeding, and continued his course at a more moderate pace, but as the wind blew, and whistled among the boughs of the trees, he thought every moment that he beheld the form of the murdered lad. He quickened his pace, arrived at last within the fortifications, and putting the pistol in his coat pocket, he somewhat recovered himself. He bound his silk handkerchief round his head, and proceeded to the boat, which he had ordered to wait till Smallbones' return. He had then a part to act, and told the men that he had been assailed by robbers, and ordered them to pull on board immediately. As soon as he came on board he desired the men to assist him down into his cabin, and then he sent for Corporal Van Spitter to dress his wounds. He communicated to the corporal, that as he was going out in the country as he had proposed, he had been attacked by robbers, that he had been severely wounded, and had, he thought, killed one of them, as the others ran away; what had become of Smallbones he knew not, but he had heard him crying out in the hands of the robbers.

The corporal, who had felt certain that the pistol had been intended for Smallbones, hardly knew what to make of the matter; the wound of Mr. Vanslyperken was severe, and it was hardly to be supposed that it had been self-inflicted. The corporal therefore held his tongue, and heard all that Mr. Vanslyperken had to say, and was very considerably puzzled.

"It was a fortunate thing that I thought of taking a pistol with me, corporal, I might have been murdered outright."

"Yes, mynheer," replied the corporal, and binding the handkerchief

round Vanslyperken's head, he then assisted him into bed: "Mein Gott! I make no head or tail of de business," said the corporal, as he walked forward; "but I must know de truth soon; I not go to bed for two or three hours, and den I hear others."

It is needless to say that Mr. Vanslyperken passed a restless night, not only from the pain of his wound, but from the torments of conscience, for it is but by degrees that the greatest villain can drive away its stings, and then it is but for a short time, and when it does force itself back upon him, it is with redoubled power. His occasional slumbers were broken by fitful starts, in which he again and again heard the yell of the poor lad, and saw the corpse rolling at his feet. It was about an hour before daylight that Mr. Vanslyperken again woke, and found that the light had burnt out. He could not remain in the dark, it was too dreadful; he raised himself, and pulled the bell over his head. Some one entered. "Bring a light immediately," cried Vanslyperken.

In a minute or two the gleams of a light were seen burning at a distance by the lieutenant. He watched its progress aft, and its entrance, and he felt relieved; but he had now a devouring thirst upon him, and his lips were glued together, and he turned over on his bed to ask the corporal, whom he supposed it was, for water. He fixed his eyes upon the party with the candle, and by the feeble light of the dip, he beheld the pale, haggard face of Smallbones, who stared at him, but uttered not a word.

"Mercy, O God! mercy!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, falling back, and covering his face with the bedclothes.

Smallbones did not reply; he blew out the candle, and quitted the cabin.

(To be continued.)

FAREWELL BEQUESTS.

BY MRS. ADY.

ERE the last fleeting ties of life are broken,
While those I love around me weeping stand,
Let me dispense to each some parting token
Of one fast hastening to the spirit-land:
Language and gifts but feebly can impart
The deep affection of my ardent heart,
Yet, dearest friends, these last memorials take,
And prize them for my sake.

Father—thy high and stainless reputation
By the pure diamond well may imaged be,
Accept this ring—see how its radiation
Casts round its neighbourhood a brilliancy,
Within thy home I thus have honoured dwelt,
And when the world has praised me, I have felt
That in its homage I should not partake,
Save for my father's sake.

Mother—this locket thou wilt fondly cherish,
Not for its outward shrine of gold and pearls,
It guards a part of me that need not perish,
One of my lavish store of auburn curls ;
Methinks I could not to thy share assign
Aught that appeared so fully, truly, mine—
This relic of thy grateful daughter take,
And wear it for her sake.

Sister, receive this lute, its sprightly numbers
Once gaily sounded by our joyous hearth,
But when thou see'st me laid in death's cold slumbers,
Touch it no more to songs of festal mirth ;
Sing of the meetings of fond friends above,
Sing of God's wondrous grace and pardoning love,
These holy strains at peaceful evening wake,
For thy poor sister's sake.

Brother—my little brother—thou hast tended
Often with me my greenhouse plants and flowers ;
Take their sole charge—they safely are defended
By fostering walls from sudden blights and showers,
Thus is thy childhood in its tender bloom
Trained with fond care, and kept from storm and gloom,
Dear child, improvement daily strive to make,
For thy kind parent's sake.

I seek in vain one absent, erring brother,
Alas ! he wanders on a foreign sod,
Yet when thou next shalt see him, give him, mother,
This sacred volume—'tis the word of God :
Tell him his sister asked in constant prayer,
That he in its blest promises might share,
Bid him from sin's delusive trance awake,
For his soul's precious sake.

Loved ones—why gaze upon these gifts with sadness ?
My worldly wants and wishes are at rest.
Dost thou not know I go in trusting gladness
To take possession of a vast bequest ?
That heritage was by my Saviour given,
When he descended from his throne in heaven,
Sorrow and suffering on himself to take,
For man's poor sinful sake.

Not mine alone those treasures of salvation,
The precious boon extends, dear friends, to thee,
Then mourn not for our transient separation ;
But when I leave thee, think and speak of me,
As of a freed one mounting to the skies,
Called from a world of snares and vanities,
Her place amid the blessed saints to take,
For her Redeemer's sake.

LETTERS TO BROTHER JOHN.—No. IX.

*Whitechapel Churchyard,
October 15th, 1836.*

Très cher frère.

MY DEAR JOHN,

In my last letter I stated to you that I believe sanguineous congestion in the ultimate tissue of our organs constitutes that morbid and multiform disease usually denominated indigestion, or dyspepsia.

The immediate cause of this congestion I believe to be a sleepy, feeble, and inefficient circulation, occasioned by the peculiar habits of artificial society, and the lazy life we lead.

Indeed, when one considers the amazing exertions which the human body is manifestly constructed for the purpose of undergoing—when one sees every day the extraordinary powers and wonderful activity which it is capable of exerting—and then, when one reflects upon the comparative sloth in which the lives of those are passed who are the victims of this disease—I mean the upper and middle orders, and such of the lower whose occupations are sedentary,—when one considers all this, I say, one is astonished, not that the health of the machine should suffer, but that it should continue to exist at all. It seems really wonderful that a machine of such elaborate and delicate workmanship should be able to perform its functions at all under circumstances so diametrically opposite as those of action and inaction. Which of these two conditions, however, is the better suited to the body, daily and hourly experience shows us; since robust health and great physical strength are only to be met with in the ranks of those who earn their livelihood by bodily exertion, and since that sickly habit of body concerning which I am speaking is solely incident to those whose lives are inactive.

Who ever heard of a bilious post-boy, or dyspeptic ploughman? It is not amongst carpenters, and bricklayers, and sawyers, and agricultural labourers, that you will meet with the dyspeptic, but in the halls and saloons of the great, the dusky counting-houses, and gas-illumined shops of the trader, and in the ghost-like and dwarfish ranks of the pale and spectral silk-weaver. Indeed, of the many hundreds of those who have come under my observation during the last thirteen years, I never remember to have seen a single silk-weaver, who was not more or less dyspeptic.

Another important cause of languid and inefficient circulation, is the manner in which we surround ourselves with what are called comforts. We clothe ourselves in flannel, and envelope ourselves in great-coats when abroad; and when at home we close the doors, let down the window-curtains, draw a chair to the fire, bury our feet in the wool of the hearth-rug, and make our servants wear slippers, that they may not disturb us.

¹ Continued from p. 318.

Now these same comforts have a directly opiate influence on the system—an influence directly lulling and somniferous. I surely shall not be called upon to prove this. Who has not himself experienced that almost irresistible disposition to sleep which an easy chair, a warm room, a good fire, and silence, induce? And who will not sleep more soundly in a darkened room, on a down bed, surrounded by curtain drapery, and well covered with blankets, than on a straw mattress, scantily covered, uncurtained, in a garret.

Those, therefore, who surround themselves with these seductive "comforts," place themselves precisely in the situation of opium-eaters. They submit their bodies to the same influence, and suffer the same evils, although the cause be different. "Comforts" are opiates—anodynes—narcotics—as certainly so as opium itself, although not to so powerful a degree. The lover of "comforts," therefore, must neither censure nor ridicule the eater of opium—he is himself guilty of the same fault, and will certainly reap the same harvest. I say their fault is the same—they both are producing the same effect, only by different means. They are both travelling to the same point, only by different roads.

Like hemlock, then—like the deadly nightshade—like opium and other poisonous narcotics, "comforts," as we are pleased to term them, have the direct effect of lowering the tone and lessening the activity of the living actions, and of inducing that condition of the body called sleep, which, when too frequently or too much indulged, is highly, most highly injurious to the health.

Light, and wet, and wind, and cold, and noise, &c. &c. are what are enumerated among the discomforts of life. But these, and the like of these, are the natural whips and spurs which keep the living actions, as it were, awake—they form a part of man's natural condition—they form a part of the means which nature has contrived to keep up the activity of the machine—to prevent its going to sleep, like a lazy horse, when he no longer hears the whip, or feels the spur. These discomforts, as they are called, are to be considered as so many incentives to exertion; for by exertion they not only (at least many of them) cease to be discomforts, but become real pleasures. What, for instance, can be more delicious than the bright and frosty freshness of the air to the active skater? What more luxurious than water to the athletic swimmer?

These discomforts are component parts of the system of this world, and man was made and expressly fitted to inhabit this world. In his construction nature intended that his system should be adapted to the system of the world, and not that the system of the world should be altered in order to be adapted to his own. Yet this is what we are perpetually labouring to do in surrounding ourselves with these same comforts. For every comfort is in fact, no more than the absence of some supposed discomfort. But, as I have shown, these discomforts form a component part of the general system of the world, and therefore to get rid of them, is to alter that system from its original order. But as the system of man was adapted to the system of the world at the creation, it follows that to alter the system, or rather, circumstances of the world posteriorly to the creation is, in fact, to de-

stroy the adaptation then made and effected by the Author of our existence—to destroy the relation then instituted between ourselves and the things and circumstances wherewith we are surrounded. But thus it is—instead of being satisfied with nature's adaptation of our system to the world, we seek to alter the world, and the order and circumstances of things, in order to adapt them to our system. Thus the sweet breath of heaven is carefully excluded by windows, and shutters, and curtains; and the cold most assiduously dispelled by fire and flannel. The rain must not wet us, the wind must not blow upon us, cold must not approach us. Thus we surround ourselves with new circumstances in the place of those, in order to exist among which we were expressly constructed and contrived.

Nature always husband her means, and ever produces the greatest possible number of effects from the fewest possible causes. Accordingly, seeing that the system of man was destined to inhabit the world, she seized upon certain parts of the system of that world and made them subservient to the existence of her new creation. Thus air is absolutely necessary to the existence of man. She might have constructed him so as to live without air, but then some other contrivance must have been adopted; and to have instituted a contrivance which did *not* exist in order to effect a purpose which might be well effected by a contrivance which did *already* exist; (viz. air,) would have been to waste her means, and unnecessarily exhaust her energies, which she never does. And as air, which is one of the component parts of the system of the world, is absolutely necessary to the *existence* of man, so the other so-called discomforts of life, such as cold, wet, hard fare, hard lodging, which are also component parts of the system of the world, are absolutely necessary to the *perfection* of his *HEALTHY* existence.

As in the case of air, so in the case of the other discomforts of life. Nature, it is true, could have fulfilled her task without them—she might have contrived *other means* to preserve the health of the human machine—but these were ready made to her hand, and, as she always does, she made use of them at once, rather than waste her energies by the invention of new ones.

Thus are all the systems of things, animate and inanimate, dove-tailed into one another. Each supports others, and is by others itself supported. This is the invariable conduct of nature. If she had to prop two houses from falling, she would not get a prop for this and a prop for that—no—she would make one house prop up the other.

It is this propping and dove-tailing of one system with another which constitutes what I mean by the relation of one system to another—as, for instance, our own to the system of the world—and which makes it so impossible to destroy, or in any way interfere with that relation or adaptation without mischief to the individual system, which is thus, as it were, withdrawn from the support of the rest, and without injury to the beauty and harmony of the whole.

Now what we are accustomed to consider “discomforts,” are the very dove-tails by which our system is dove-tailed to the system of

the world which we inhabit, and are absolutely necessary to our secure connexion with it. I will explain this.

You will, I hope, remember that there are four conditions absolutely necessary to the existence of all living things, viz. organism, contractility, sensibility, and stimuli. The principal of these stimuli is the blood. But this is by no means the only one—there are many others, such as light, heat, electricity, and the excitement produced through the medium of our organs of hearing and seeing, &c.; but besides these, there are also others—and what are these others, my dear John? Why precisely these very circumstances of our natural existence which are now under discussion—I mean, these very self-same “discomforts” aforesaid. They form a part of the necessary and natural stimuli. As “comfort” (that is, the absence of all “discomfort”) has the effect of lulling the system to sleep and sloth, so “discomfort,” which is the opposite of “comfort,” produces an opposite effect, viz. that of rousing the system to energy and action. He who sleeps on the hill side unsheltered, is not likely to sleep too long.

It was necessary that the human heart should continue to pulsate for a certain number of years. In order to accomplish this it was necessary to afford it a perpetual supply of stimulus to a given amount. If the blood alone were capable of supplying this necessary given amount, then when the being to whom this heart belonged came to be placed in the world which he was destined to inhabit, and within the operation of these *other stimuli*, he would immediately suffer by *excessive stimulation*, being sufficiently stimulated by the blood before he became submitted to the action of these additional stimuli. But, foreseeing this evil, nature has so ordered it, that the stimulating properties of the blood alone are *insufficient*, and this insufficiency of stimulation is *made up* to the necessary amount by the adventitious stimuli afforded by the nature of the circumstances with which he is surrounded, and which he is pleased to denominate “discomforts.” To remove these circumstances, therefore, is to remove a certain number of the stimuli which are absolutely necessary to the healthy activity of the living actions.

You will now clearly understand what I meant when I said that our so called “discomforts” are the necessary whips and spurs which keep the living energies awake. You will also now see how it is that what we call “comforts” operate upon us like opiates—since to acquire a “comfort,” is only to remove a “discomfort,” and to remove what keeps us awake, is the same thing as to administer what will send us to sleep.

The indulgences, therefore, wherewith even young and healthy men indulge themselves; the “comforts,” as they call them, of flannel, warm clothing, closed doors, carpeted rooms, soft beds, hot food, are infinitely worse than absurd, because the opposites of all these luxuries, so far from being injurious to the health, are absolutely *necessary* to it. We actually *kill* ourselves with “comforts.” It is absolutely disgusting to see the excessive care and caution with which great big fellows, with great rough beards on their chins, and with fists big enough to fell an ox, and legs long enough to bestride the

Thames—I say, it is, neither more nor less than, disgusting to see these lackadaisical women in the likeness of men, or, rather, these monsters, which are neither men nor women;—I say, it is literally disgusting and degrading too—degrading to our nature, to our being, degrading to the physical energies of nature's master-work, to see the care and painstaking with these abortive monstrosities, the progeny of a morbid and excessive refinement, protect their delicate and precious persons from a few drops of rain, or a little mist, or a little unusual inclemency of the weather of whatever kind. I got into a coach, a mile from London, the other day, because there was no room outside. The weather was dry, but cold and sharp. In the corner of the coach there sat a mighty combination of bone, and muscle, and thew, and sinew, all assisting in the formation of what *should* have been a man. He was, at least, six feet high, and “bearded like the pard,” and seemed as well able to carry the coach as the coach was to carry him. As soon as I entered the coach I let down the window: but no sooner had I done this, or, indeed, before I had quite succeeded in doing so, there issued from amidst the cloaks, and coats, and shawls, and wrappings, and muffings in which this great thing had enveloped itself, a voice of supplication and woe; “For God's sake, do not let the window down: I am *so susceptible—so extremely susceptible!*” I thought I must have been sick out of the coach-window.

Look at the delicate and fragile plant in your garden—see how it is buffeted by the wind, and alternately scorched by the sun, and deluged by the rain, and frozen by the frost, and spattered by the mud, and brushed and bruised by the passenger's foot, yet how greenly and healthily it grows! Take it into your parlour, and warm it by the fire, and curtain it with flannel, and defend it from the cold, and the wind, and the rain, and the rude contact of the traveller's foot, and the other “discomforts” of its out-of-door existence—what think you? Will it continue to flourish as greenly and healthily as before? “Oh! but,” say you, “there is a difference between a man and a cabbage!” A difference! why I know there are many differences. A man does not bear leaves and look green, and a cabbage has neither arms nor legs, and though it has as good a heart as many who rejoice in the name and nature of man, still that heart contains no blood—but what of all this? To constitute an analogy, it is not necessary that there should be agreement in every particular. At this rate, there would be no analogy between man and woman, nor even between man and man; for there are, probably, no two men in existence exactly alike. But in all that concerns our present purpose, the man and the plant are perfectly analogous; they are both living beings destined to exist under certain circumstances,—living systems, destined to occupy a certain position on the circumference of that circle of existences which constitutes the universal whole. We have seen, and we know, that we cannot remove the one, that is, the plant, from its prescribed position without great injury to its health; why, then, do we presume that we may, nevertheless, remove the *other* with impunity? Those who are not conversant with animal and vegetable physiology will be astonished, upon examination of the subject, to find how little, indeed, is the real and essential difference between

plants and animals. Man, like the latter, more or less complex, but still the same, consisting, in all, of a number of effects resulting from, and depending upon, the four grand conditions of matter before men—*solidity, ORGANISM, CONTRACTILITY, SENSIBILITY, and STIMULI.*

Another prevalent cause of indigestion is the depressing influence of anxiety. In the present day, with men engaged in business, the mind is scarcely ever free from care; for business is not now, as formerly, a simple matter of buying and selling, and living by the profits; it is now rather a matter of speculating gaming. Every trader almost is a speculator, and his mind is consequently kept perpetually vibrating between hope and fear, for he knows and feels that the rubbing of a straw may make him or mar him for ever. Never was the maxim, "Habe rem," &c. more religiously observed than in the present day. No man is satisfied to *live* and rear his family to tread in his own steps. Every man is striving to be wealthy. Men seem to have forgotten that the end of existence is happiness. They appear to have adopted the belief that they were created for no other earthly purpose than the accumulation of money. They seem content to pass through life without enjoyment; to exist in any way, no matter how miserably, so long as they can but achieve this, apparently to them, the sole object of their existence, thus utterly losing sight of the *end* in the eagerness of their pursuit after what is, in reality, only the means to that end.

Another cause of that degenerate state of health of which I have been speaking is *eating too much*. All other animals eat because they are hungry, and drink because they are thirsty. Man eats because it is dinner-time, and, having eaten to satiety, drinks stimulating drinks in order to enable him to *eat more*, and then feeling himself uncomfortably distended, drinks again with a view to relieve the sense of oppression under which he finds himself labouring. Man, I believe, is the only animal who eats in order to induce himself to drink, and drinks in order to induce himself to eat. No other animal than himself requires any *relish*, saving only that of hunger and thirst.

I believe I have now enumerated what I consider the principal causes of that disordered condition of the health, called indigestion. In my next letter, I shall point out what I believe to be the only means of avoiding and remedying it.

I am,

My dear John,

Yours truly,

E. JOHNSON.

THE VANISHED SEASONS.

WHEN first the snow-drop told of flowers
 Of Spring, what busy hopes were ours,
 Whilst yet fair nature's folded powers
 Were silver-cold:
 Of April-sweets in sunbow-showers,
 And May's flower-gold.

The violet and the primrose fleet,
 In their old stations did we meet,
 As travellers, passingly who greet,
 Just seen and fled:
 And then was Spring, that maiden sweet,
 A beauty dead.

Then Summer came, a matron fair,
 Showering June's roses on the air;
 With field-flowers waving everywhere,
 In meadows bright;
 With blissful sounds, with visions rare,
 A large delight.

How rich the woods! how loud with song!
 How glad was nature's heart and strong!
 With beams that might not linger long
 The Summer shone;
 A scythe was heard—a sound of wrong—
 And she was gone.

Next sunburnt Autumn trod the plain,
 With ruddy fruits, and rustling grain;
 And labouring steed, and loaded wain;
 And mirthful cheer:
 Then vanished she with all her train,
 From stubbles sere.

The light upspringing from the ground,
 The light of flowers no more is found;
 Nor song of birds, nor stream's glad sound,
 May longer flow:
 Now Winter with dead leaves is crowned,
 Where shall we go?

Where gleams the fire on Milton's bust,
 Gold-bronzing Time's insidious rust:
 And in strong Shakspeare's light we must
 Our joyance take:
 And, to the past and present just,
 Fresh summer make.

It shall not be a time of gloom!
 Gathered from nature's endless bloom,
 With happy light will we illumine
 The season sad:
 And nightly make our winter-room
 An Eden glad!

RICHARD HOWITT.

POSTHUMOUS RECOLLECTIONS OF LADY ELINOR —.

" Whether this be or be not,
I'll not swear."

SHAKESPEARE.

It was certainly beyond human endurance,—there was no possibility of bearing it longer. I had, by kicking and plunging, night after night, so greatly disturbed the economy of the bed-clothes, that I had before me all the prospects of colds, coughs, and consumptions, with the vista of death, and I swore so as to leave Mr. Shandy and Dr. Slop at an immeasurable distance "toiling after me in vain." Still, somehow, I was as far from obtaining relief as ever: so, all things considered, I took the wisest course the circumstances admitted of, and magnanimously determined to have the tooth extracted. It is true, the plucking out a tooth, even though "it offend you," is at all times a matter to "give us pause." But, then, what was life enduring what I endured? Night came, but no rest; "Tired nature's sweet restorer" visited not my eyelids, and each day was but a re-acting of the fable of Tantalus. The choicest viands were within my reach and I did not dare to touch them, or if compelled by exhausted nature to do so, why, like mine ancient Pistol with the leek, "I cursed and ate." I say I thought on all this, and I was fixed in my determination, and having so determined, I turned my face towards the east and fell fast asleep, or, in the language of the circulating library, "Sunk gently into the arms of Morpheus." My sleep, however, was anything but tranquil:—"I dreamt a dream, which was not all a dream."

Methought I was in Spain,—how I came there Heaven knows,—and that the familiars of the Inquisition were making themselves a considerable deal too familiar with me. They commenced by trying some experiment in hydraulics, by pouring a continuous stream of water upon my pericranium. It felt precisely as if they were boring a hole with an auger, and a most decided *bore* it was, too. They then tried a problem respecting caloric, not a bit too pleasant. I bore them, however, with exemplary patience: but when they began to tear out my teeth with red hot pincers, I thought they were carrying the joke a little too far; so I struggled, I screamed, and kicked, and struggling and kicking, I "burst the bonds of sleep asunder," and found that my jaws ached worse than ever. Having arisen, shaved and dressed, I proceeded to make two or three wry mouths at my tea and hot rolls, according to my diurnal custom, and then immediately steered my course towards Oxford Street. The author of the tragedy of "The Earl of Essex" has described in humorous verse the difficulty he experienced before he could muster up resolution sufficient to enable him to knock at the door of his patron, the Earl of Chesterfield's mansion, and Barry Cornwall has as graphically in prose delineated a similar embarrassment felt by Edmund Kean, ere he could summon resolution to enter the stage-door of Drury Lane Theatre. Certain am I that neither of them felt a greater degree of embarrassment than

I did at the door of Mr. S——. I passed and repassed, at the very least, a dozen times: it was true, the pain I suffered was enormous; yet to lose my tooth, or, haply, my teeth,—the thought was terrific. Well did I know that if once I entered there was, "no pause," the very gate looked frowningly, reminding me forcibly of the legend over the portal of Dante's "Inferno."

"Lasciate ogni speranza—Voi ch' entrate."

But my meditations were cut short by a terrible twinge, so "screwing up my courage to the knocking-place," I gave a rap, and was ushered into the presence of the professor.

It is not my purpose to write either a puff or a panegyric; therefore I'll say nothing about the instantaneous relief which I experienced by the operation of filling my teeth, (which were not extracted, as I had anticipated,) and I'll be equally silent about the gentlemanly urbanity and high professional knowledge by which Mr. S—— is so greatly distinguished. Gratitude, however, compels me to say, and this may, most probably, meet his eye, that his treatment was most efficacious and satisfactory, and greatly exceeded my expectations. Thus much by way of parenthesis,—now to my tale. After some few visits to the dentist, I suffered myself to be persuaded to have a rather unsightly gap in my mouth filled up by the insertion of a couple of mineral teeth, the former members of that ilk having accepted the Chiltern Hundreds some time previously, and in furtherance of that intention, I called one afternoon at Argyll Street, on my way home from the city, to have them fitted to my mouth. Mr. S—— was engaged rather busily, and I was shown into the drawing-room to await his leisure. It was very full; and as one patient was ushered into the operation room, or surgery, "another and another still" succeeded. I had meanwhile seated myself at the table, and was fully occupied in turning over some of the many books which the literary taste of the owner has caused to be as thickly strewn "as the autumnal leaves in Valambrosa" about the room. Well, the time wore on as I, with a politeness which, I fear, lacks imitation in this degenerate age, permitted each new arrival, provided it were a lady, to have preference in obtaining an interview with Mr. S. The room got gradually empty, and I was eventually, like the "last rose of summer," left blooming alone. I "gan to grow a weary," a most impatient patient, and threw away my book. I walked up and down the room, looked (for the forty-fifth time) at the pictures, trying to amuse myself, or, rather, to beguile the time. All these things, however, grew "weary, stale, and flat" enough; so I threw myself on the sofa and began to ruminate. The past, the present, and the future, passed before my mental vision "as in a glass darkly." I thought on "fate, foreknowledge, and freewill:" I likewise thought upon my dinner.

"And chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us."

Old Chronos, however, did not much mind my chiding, but my

stied the noiseless tenor of his way, as if there had been no such being as myself in the world: at length, casting my eyes carelessly around, to my no trifling astonishment, I beheld seated nearly opposite and with her eyes fixed intently on mine, one of the strangest figures I had ever in my life beheld. How she had come there I could not even surmise, as her approach had been quite unmarked by me, and I sat at no great distance from the door; but there she sat nevertheless, and seemed not in the least disconcerted by my rather ardent gaze. I have said that she was a strange figure, and have a strong desire to describe her personal appearance; but really am at a loss in what manner to begin. I am at all times a bad hand at the descriptive; and assuredly a more curious subject it would be hard for the most fertile fancy to conceive. She was tall—remarkably so—with a pale, or rather ghastly-looking countenance, as devoid of mobility as if chiselled out of Parian marble, or indeed more nearly resembling wax in its appearance, “life-like, but lifeless;” but her eyes! I know not what on earth, or in the waters under the earth, to compare them to. I would call them “glassy,” but they were not quite like glass either,

“Alike, yet, ah! how different.”

There was something in them unlike anything that I had ever seen: in a word, the only description which I can give, is the Hibernian one, that they were indescribable; but somehow or other they affected me with a strange sensation. I did not exactly feel comfortable, though I should have been puzzled to tell why. Then her dress was even more extraordinary than her person. I am, I regret to say, ignorant of the terms of art by which ladies’ habiliments are denominated; and though I read the pages of “*La Belle Assemblée*,” and other recondite works, they convey to me nothing but words without ideas. I sahl, therefore, content myself with saying, that her appearance exactly resembled one of those figures which are engraved to illustrate the novels and magazines of some century ago. She wore powder, and a hoop, and many other things equally unsightly and antiquated; but, in fact, this which I have narrated in such a multiplicity of words, occupied but a very brief space in the observation; for feeling rather ashamed of the rudeness of which I was guilty in so intently regarding a perfect stranger, I started up from my recumbent posture, and stammered out some few apologetic sentences.

I had, I said, been rather deeply abstracted, and therefore was inattentive to her entrance; but I trusted that she would excuse my apparent want of politeness.

“Sir,” said she, without however moving a muscle of her countenance, “sir, I want my teeth.”

“Madam,” I replied, “I will, if you will allow me, ring the bell.”

The lady with the indescribable eyes looked at me, but she said nothing.

I have already intimated that I am a polite man—such is the fact. Of course, therefore, I could not let the lady sit without one more effort to engage her in conversation. Accordingly, putting on one of

my blindest looks, and lowering my voice to the tone of a sucking dove, I requested to know if she had seen the professor.

"What," replied she, slowly and emphatically, "what has the dead to do with *him*? what has he to do with one who has ceased to live?"

I was thunderstruck—there was *that* in the tone of her voice that thrilled to my very marrow, and yet I could hardly comprehend what she could mean.

"The dead!" I repeated, "did you say the dead? your words sound strangely."

"Aye," cried the ancient lady, "the dead—the buried—the, alas! almost forgotten dead. You are surprised—you tremble—and your face grows pale, and your lips livid. Listen while I recount the events of my life, and tell you who I was and why I am here. You may have heard in your youth, and doubtless *have* heard, as my name was no obscure one, of the Lady Elinor ———, the leader of fashion—the gayest in an age remarkable for gaiety—the arbitress of elegance—and the goddess of taste. I—start not—I am *she*. In my youth I was, as, if they write our annals truly, you, I suppose, well know, remarkable for personal beauty. Each feature of my countenance has been a theme for poets, whose names confer an honour on the land of their birth, and a subject for painters, whose reward is immortality. Think not that I am guilty of exaggeration in what I have said; vanity descends not to the tomb. But though I was necessarily proud of the various beauties with which I was so eminently gifted, still there was one thing, the possession of which I valued far, very far above all else—I allude to a set of teeth more beautiful than words can describe, or imagination conceive and 'body forth.'

"Talk of ivory—speak of pearls—no elephant that ever made the forest vocal with his roar, was adorned with ivory so white—the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean' never produced such gems—pearls beyond price. Heavens! how beautiful they were! I could expatiate on them—I have expatiated on them for hours—they were my religion—the very gods of my idolatry—and even the grave has not chilled the warmth of my affection. I have said that I was proud of their possession—how feeble is the word to express my feelings! I absolutely regarded myself superior to the rest of my species, a being *sui generis*—the 'observed of all observers'—and yet, will you believe me? in spite of my teeth, I was not happy. A favourite, it is said, has no friends. Of the truth of the saying I was an exemplar. I was the favourite of nature, 'dear goddess,' and had the whole world for my enemies. They began by admiring, (as who could refrain?) proceeded by envying, and ended by hating me; and yet, Heaven knows, I bore my faculties meekly—I assumed no airs of superiority, whatever I might feel. Only one thing did I resolutely determine, and that was, that I never would unite myself in marriage with any man who was not equally gifted with myself—who was not.

'Above them all—in form and feature
Proudly eminent.'

"In vain did poets sigh at my feet, uttering such things as only 'youthful poets utter when they love,'—in vain did nobles, the magnates of the land, breathe forth their passion in 'words that burn,'—I was 'deaf' as the deaf adder to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely,"—I saw none worthy to possess such a being as myself, and so I did reject them. Meanwhile I was, as I said, far from being happy. I wished—I ardently longed to meet with one formed like myself by nature's masterhand; but, alas! I wished in vain, none such did I behold. I still continued to be the admired of all who saw me, and whole reams of paper were expended in sonnets to my teeth: they all, however, fell beneath the subject. It was worthy of an epic, and I would have given worlds, had I had them, to have lived in ancient Greece: then would my beauties have been rehearsed in verse, which ages would but have hallowed and made sacred, verse all worthy of such an inspiring theme; but such was not my destiny—destiny, do I say? alas! my destiny was indeed a calamitous one, to minds like mine a 'terrible example;' but let me not anticipate—you shall hear. Well, then, the whole world of fashion was in commotion, the Prince Royal of ———, the hope of Europe, was in England on a visit to the court of St. James's. Dinners were given and eaten—fête succeeded fête, and balls and masques were plentiful as blackberries; in a word, 'gaiety ruled the hour,' and of course I could not but be in great request. I was a sample of English beauty, of which all were proud, and therefore not very likely to be neglected; it will of course excite no wonder that I was the chief attraction at the grand ball at St. James's, given but two days prior to the departure of the prince. His highness solicited the honour of my hand, and was decidedly struck with my appearance. We walked a minuet to the loudly-expressed admiration of the gentlemen, and the hardly less apparent envy of the fair part of the assembly. The prince, a most fascinating and accomplished gentleman, though not handsome, paid me many elegant compliments. One I shall never cease to remember. He had made some observation, the purport of which has entirely escaped me, and I smiled. 'Pray your highness,' said I, 'pardon my smiling.' 'Madam,' said he, and he touched my mouth with his glove gently, 'I entreat you'll make no apology, as I am sure no human being ever had so handsome an excuse for smiling as you have.' Well, all things, however brilliant, must come to an end—the ball was not an exception—it concluded. I waited some time to rest from my fatigue, and let the throng of company abate. On taking my departure, I found, to my mortification, that the rain poured down in torrents, while my chair was nowhere to be found. The greater part of the company had departed. I had to wait for some time before a conveyance could be found, and when one was found, I was wet and shivering with cold. The day following, although the prince himself condescended to inquire personally respecting my health, I could not see him, for I was confined to my room with a most severe cold, and not alone a cold, (that I could have borne,) but with a dreadful, horrid toothache to boot. That day, that fatal day was but a precursor of many months of pain and agony—sufferings 'which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,' and of which the very recol-

lection harrows up my soul. No martyr at the stake, no criminal at the wheel, ever felt a pain greater than that I daily felt—my whole face was one perfect and entire agony—intense and torturing.

"In vain were the most skilful physicians summoned. Consultation followed consultation, and all sorts of remedies were tried, and all were equally unsuccessful. At length, after various discussions, they all, with an unanimity which was quite wonderful, pronounced the final decision, and that—how can I speak it?—was, that I must inevitably lose two of my front teeth, my cherished, my beautiful, my by-all-admired teeth. I prayed, I entreated, I resisted as long as I possibly could, the pain meanwhile raging more fiercely, till at length subdued by its intenseness, I submitted in total despair. My teeth were extracted, and lo! I was healed. From that moment my whole nature, physical as well as moral, underwent a strange metamorphosis. I was now but as other mortals—a sylph without her wings—Prospero deprived of his wand. I felt stunned by my fall, I shunned the light of day, I stirred not, I enclosed myself within my chamber, and even there I heard the

‘Shouts of fiendish laughter,
Which on the winds came roaring after’

it penetrated through the walls of my chamber, and turned it to a hell. I thought I should have gone mad, nay, I should have done so, but for one consolation which I discovered just as my reason tottered on its throne. I had the teeth which had been extracted put in a case, rich and rare, and of a curious workmanship, and from ‘morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve,’ did I feast my eyes upon their wondrous beauty. I never suffered them to be taken from my sight—even sleeping they were cherished next my heart, and I dreamed of their excellling whiteness. But notwithstanding this sad amusement, the shock was greater than I could bear. I gradually pined and wasted away; I ate no food, I took no exercise. In vain did friends entreat—in vain did doctors prescribe—I grew worse and worse, and ere six months had elapsed, the ‘fell serjeant death’ made his captive, and released me from the world.

"It is hardly necessary to say that my friends gave me a very handsome funeral, or that the legitimate number of tears were shed. Be sure, nothing was omitted which was usual in such cases; they consigned me to the family vault, and then all but my name was nearly forgotten. I said that I was dead—I was so, but strong love will conquer even death. They rifled my sepulchre—they—I felt them—tore with no gentle hand the teeth from their sockets, and I could not resist the desecration, nor move, nor speak, nor make a sign; but my disembodied and enfranchised spirit burst forth from the grave—it hovers over the spot which contains all that it ever loved—here, under this roof—here, near the spot to which you are rivetted—here are the objects of my love—yourself shall see them—earth shall not hide them from me. Come."

Gracious powers! she seized me by the arm!—I shrunk back in horror—she pressed upon me—I could not shake her off—her grasp was on me—I struggled with a more than mortal power—I aroused

all my might—I shook her from me—I started up—heavens! she was gone—a face, met mine, but it was not hers. No look of the grave, was there—no horrid eyes, but the gentlemanly form and intelligent countenance of my good friend, Mr. S——. I could scarcely believe my eyes. Was it a dream? He wished, and still wishes, to persuade me that it was. I do not argue; but, though I say not what it is, I have my own peculiar opinion. Verily, there are things in the world beyond the reach of our philosophy.

MARCUS.

LAMENT FOR JUDEA.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Oh! where is the city the living God honoured?
And where is the temple that stood in his name,
Secure as a rock, till, defiled and dishonoured,
His glory went out, and resign'd it to shame?

Oh, fallen Judea! the scoff and the wonder
Of nations, that never were favoured like thee,
Nor received from Jehovah, in lightning and thunder,
The law that made man but more happy and free.

The curse is upon thee thy children entailed,
When the blood of the Lamb, by their fiat, was shed,
When the arm of the flesh against Jesus prevailed,
And darkness came over the sun, as he bled.

Thou hurled from thy throne, every remnant of glory
Departed* from out thee, thou fallen of earth!
Thy greatness extinct, but in record and story,
Thy sons led in chains from the land of their birth.

All scattered, all broken, the ties that had bound them,
In bonds they went forth to be slaves to the free;
Yet the arm of Omnipotence still was around them,
Though the eye of the flesh not its shadow could see.

Nor famine, oppression, nor gold could unmake them
A people distinct, as in ages of grace,
Till the voice of Jehovah again shall o'ertake them,
And gather them all, every one to his place;

His place in the land, where the fiery Crusader
Believed that his sword could pluck pardon for crime,
And honour Religion by deeds that degrade her,
And strip her meek spirit of mercy sublime.

* This was the very point of time when the sceptre might be said to depart from Judea: when the theocracy ceased: when the whole body of the Jewish nation rejected the divine Messiah prince, and God their immemorial governor: when they allowed no one but an heathen monarch to be their king; the apostate nation was then alienated from the Deity, and no longer a peculiar and a chosen people.

Lament for Judea.

Yes ! Judea shall rise from the bed of her slumbers,
 Awaked by the voice of an angel of light—
 Proclaiming the tribes, that are flocking in numbers,
 To build up the city again in its might.

And the daughters of Zion, their dark tresses wreathing
 With pearls, that in exile they mournfully strung,
 Again shall be heard by the sweet waters breathing
 To the harps that so long on the willows have hung.

One feeling shall run through the nation of nations,
 One temple to him, e'en the Lamb that was slain,
 Shall bind but more closely all human relations
 In one blessed bond, never broken again.

And God shall be in it, that temple of brightness,
 The "holy of holies" shall dwell in its walls ;
 And the dove of the Spirit shall hover in lightness,
 And spread its white wings, when the mighty One calls.

Ye sons of the holy land ! wake from your slumber ;
 Burst the chain of your doubts, and be free to adore
 Him the bright-liveried angels, in songs without number,
 Shall hail as the Saviour, till time is no more.

Even now, while the dawn of your Sabbath is breaking—
 That Sabbath that waits ye far over the sea ;
 I say, even now from your slumbers be waking,
 There's much to be done, ere Judea be free.

That ray of the Godhead, that light of the lightness,
 That springs to the soul, like the sun to the wave,
 Stealing on, stealing on, till it mount in its brightness,
 And fling back to heaven the glory it gave.

That light must be in ye, the lamp of salvation,*
 Ere ye dwell in the land that your fathers once trod,
 As a mighty, an honoured, a glorious nation,
 The crown of the world, and the chosen of God.

* "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled." At what time this final prediction will be accomplished, can only be known by the all-wise God. In the meantime this widely-separated people must remain a continued miracle ; even as they have remained for ages—a lasting monument of prophetic veracity. Wherever their fortune has driven them, they have been an astonishment, a proverb, and a by-word among the nations. We have nothing similar in the annals of time, to the history of the Jews, and their dispersion. They are admitted, and fixed, but never incorporated with any nation under heaven. They are everywhere distinct and unconverted ; and, consequently, enemies to the light of the gospel. Rivers run downwards through many outlets to the sea, and are soon blended and lost in the vast ocean. But the Jews are like the waters of the Styx, which remain unmixed, wherever they flow, and retain their bitterness to the last. Yet, that they will one day bow their stubborn necks to Jesus, we have the warranty of holy writ.

OUR ACTORS!¹

THEIR ORIGINALLY INTENDED TRADES, CRAFTS, AND CALLINGS.

"After your death you were better to have
A bad epitaph, than their ill report
While you live."

HAMLET.

YATES :

"Rien ne peut arrêter sa vigilante audace :
L'été n'a point de feux—l'hiver n'a point de glace."

BOILEAU.

Mr. Frederick Yates—this now popular manager of the very popular little Adelphi Theatre, was not, like many of his contemporaries, (Wallack, Kean, Macready, *et cum multis aliis*, of the histriones,) born and reared to the profession of an actor,

"Under a father's or a kinsman's eye."

No, before he devoted himself to Thalia, he had been for a long time a sort of hanger-on of Bellona's, though only in her commissariat department.

The father of our mimic was a highly respectable gentleman of small independent fortune, and a resident in an obscure and distant quarter of our immense metropolis. Frederick was the youngest of three sons, and came into this bustling world early in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven. He was soon found so precociously volatile, that the old gentleman thought it prudent to withdraw him from the care of a somewhat too indulgent mother, and submit him to the sterner but more beneficial discipline of a celebrated suburban academy; and it was in that rural retreat that he first met with our now celebrated disciple of Momus, the ever-to-be-laughed at, and never-to-be-forgotten Mr. John Reeve, who was his little schoolfellow, classfellow, and fidus Achates, in all the thousand and one little schemes of boyish mischief which their young imaginations framed in that happy, careless period of the human existence. They then had no inklings of their future destiny—the one as manager of the most popular little theatre in this modern Babylon, and the other as the most universally favourite comedian of the ready-money million, who pay cash to laugh, without criticising the quality of the article that tickles their cachinnatory nerves. As boys, 'twas Yates *invenit*, Reeve *fecit*; for Frederick Yates had the head to invent mischief—but, at the same time, the calculating prudence to leave the executive part of each wicked prank to poor John Reeve—the whimsically disastrous consequences of which we have somewhat broadly hinted at in our memoir of

"The immortal and Glenlivet-loving John,"

in the October number of "The Metropolitan."

¹ Continued from page 140.

Even at that early period Yates was Reeve's *Monsieur le Directeur*. He then managed the boy, as he now manages the man—though not with so much profit to either party. They then played the fool as “Young gentlemen amateurs,”—now they are regular professors of the art—and a very lucrative business they make of it—for their patron, John Bull, pays very liberally for every laugh the Momus-like rogues elicit from him.

But to return to the schoolboy days. Yates, in due course, left Reeve and the suburban academy, and was regularly installed as a scholar in that ancient seat of monkish learning, the *Chartreux*, (which the cockneys vulgarise into the common-place of “The Charter House.”) As this once-celebrated place is situated in a *quartier de Londres* which we dare say is a complete *terra incognita* to nine-tenths of our readers, we will describe it and its *locale*. Almost within pistol-shot to the N.E. of that great London nuisance and disgrace, to our march of civilisation and cleanliness, ‘yclept Smithfield, stands enclosed within most venerable walls, an extensive pile of gothic and other buildings, to which appertain many acres of land, well planted, (with trees in their senectitude.) This was formerly the monastery of *les Chartreux*—once celebrated for the learning, and the bold daring of its fraternity. A remnant of its revenues is still appropriated to the monkish purpose of instructing youth and sheltering old age! It is under the control of a body of noble and gentle governors, who have the power of *presentation*, that is to say, of giving an excellent classical education to the sons of their friends or dependents, with plain, wholesome viands, and cleanly, well-ventilated dormitories.

These governors have also additional patronage, in installing a certain number of old and decayed bachelors, (who must live within the walls, *a la Moine*,) where they are amply provided for, *durante vita*. Each has his cell, as in days of yore. They dine *en masse* in the gothic refectory; but they are not admitted to table unless wearing the gown and hood. These ancient shepherds have the privilege of locomotion without the walls between their meals; and to the curious in “*strange animals*” it is almost worth while to venture on a walk through the villanous defiles of Smithfield, to see the old codgers scenting the roast and boiled—hobbling, (in their peculiar would-be-double-quick-time,) to their several dormitories, to encase themselves in their hated “*Mysteries-of-Udolpho*” looking robes and hoods, to proceed to the dining-hall,

“Where smokes the mutton on the board.”

But amongst the singular-looking “*brethren of the cowl*,” there are some respectable men, whom adverse circumstances have reduced to poverty, and the *Chartreux* cell.

“The devil was poor, and the devil a monk would be,” &c. &c.

The sons of the celebrated Mrs. Siddons were educated here, and were men of some erudition—and here did Yates, for some years reside; here he divided his studies between the classics and the drama, for which latter reading he had thus early acquired a strong taste.

When young Frederick arrived at what he then thought the *toiga* *offici*, the manly age of eighteen, he requested his now time-honoured but somewhat stern papa, to allow him to enter upon some glorious profession, and hinted at the army. Maternal solicitude cried no, for the matron in her mind's eye saw her darling Freddy "clef from the nave to the chaps," by the sabre of some tremendous cuirassier. In this dilemma the stern old father settled the point to the satisfaction of all parties, by immediately procuring the beloved of mamma an appointment in the commissariat. And the first time that our youthful hero smelt powder was on, or rather near, "The field of glorious Waterloo;" but as gentlemen of the commissariat department need not fight "except upon compulsion,"

"Yates gain'd no laurel—and he lost no blood."

The piping times of peace left the gentlemen of the commissariat at full liberty to embrace any other profession that inclination or necessity prompted. Yates's early Charter House studies had been divided between the classics and the drama—'twas Virgil and Homer, *versus* Shakespeare and Sheridan. Yates mused at the desk, as he totted up his last commissariat account, with Joseph Hume-like precision, and muttered between his white teeth, "Othello's occupation's gone. I must seek another. What am I fit for? shall I turn player, and murder poets?" Aye, cried ambition, and inclination echoed him.

From the field of Waterloo to the boards of Auld Reekie, what a stride! but it was one immediately taken by our hero, and Frederick Yates, Esq., late of the commissariat department, soon strutted his hour as Mister Frederick Yates, comedian, of the Theatre-Royal Edinburgh. "*Sic transit gloria Waterloo*," he came out under the fostering eye of his esteemed friend and theatrical idol, the then popular but now lamented Matthews, (*the Matthews*;) he became a great favourite with the most frigid and forbidding of all audiences in the empire—that of Edinburgh. But his stay was not long there—for his inclinations travelled with his fame—they both reached London; while their owner was sighing and serving Thalia, and courting her sister muse, in the cold north—for Yates was not only the Sylvester Daggerwood, but the high tragedy actor of the Caledonian metropolis.

He had some private interest with the London management, which, coupled with his well-trumpeted northern fame, procured him an engagement at Covent Garden, where he made his salaam as Iago, with but indifferent success. The theatrical critics of that period said, and very justly, that "there was nothing to offend, and less to praise;" he was therefore comparatively put upon the shelf of neglect for a considerable time, till, by dint of perseverance, and the application of private friends, he was announced to perform that soul of whim—the happiest of our immortal bard's comic conceptions—the oily rascal, Jack Falstaff. In this arduous undertaking, and against the expectation of those sapient gentlemen, the professional critics, he made so great a hit with the audience, that there was a general call for his repetition of the part, and the actor whose duty it was to announce the next night's performance, was obliged to promise that Yates should again assume the fat knight in the next week.

The first serious novelty in which he appeared, was a condemned tragedy from the pen of that lamented child of genius, poor Matrim, who had bestowed much literary talent upon a worthless subject; and he suffered most fatally for his folly, both in reputation and in profit. Though the play was "damned," it showed the public that there was much dormant tragic power about the comedian Yates.

In the summer of 1822, as a seeming act of desperation, he issued an *affiche* for a monopolologue performance at Vauxhall Gardens, in which he professed to do more wonders in the mimic and Protean line, than had ever before been achieved by mortal man. He was to out-Matthews Matthews! and even out-Proteus Proteus himself! he was to "take off the whole world;" but, unfortunately for his comfort, though perhaps fortunately for his fame, an accident caused Yates himself "to be taken off;" for while rehearsing his various strippings and changes, he, through the carelessness of a carpenter, fell down a trap, and broke his leg, and was carried from that scene of gaiety to a sick bed and the surgeons. "*Sic transit gloria Yates and Vauxhall!*" It took the leisure of the whole summer to cure the hurt limb, and the next October saw Yates again treading the boards of Covent Garden, of which corps our hero continued a member, without any distinct cast of characters, but he was always ready to fill up any vacuum that illness or the sheriff's officers might cause, in which unenviable situation of convertibility, he was, on various occasions, called upon at a minute's notice to personate Macduff, Glenalvon, Earl of Leicester, (as the previous possessors of these rôles were, on the several occasions, attending the invitations of the sheriff—though not to his dinner of inauguration,) Rob Roy, and even Leperello—(Macready and Liston, being, for those nights only, on the sick list;) and the last, not least in his dear love—Shylock, for his own benefit.

But Yates was a man not to be depressed by circumstances, and he therefore struggled on against comparative neglect, till the Reverend George Croly, (that splendid writer, and high Tory politician,) favoured the world with his genuine and legitimate comedy of "*Pride shall have a Fall*," which was most admirably acted by the Covent Garden company.

Why does not the Reverend Gentleman write another such comedy—delight the town, and pocket the thousand pounds so vauntingly offered by the patent managers for a production equally successful?

In "*Pride shall have a Fall*," the part of Cornet Carmine, (a military dandy, and a palpable hit at the officers of a certain cavalry regiment, who had rendered themselves obnoxious to the ridicule and contempt of the spirited and well-conducted civilians of Dublin, by their extreme puppyism and ultra-exclusiveness,) a part very admirably drawn by Croly, was as admirably acted by Yates. Cornet Carmine brought our hero at once into that position of strong public favouritism which he has ever since most ably maintained.

He was (we date back, and write was) rather susceptible of the charms of female beauty, and extremely fond of "whispering a soft tale in a fair lady's ear," and he had a very fair excuse for becoming passionately in love with the beautiful Miss D——, who had, under

the auspices of Mr. Charles Kemble, made a theatrical debut at Covent Garden, and then retired to the provinces for practice; that is to say, she very injudiciously commenced where she should have left off, and left off exactly where she should have commenced. This lovely girl liked not the labour of provincial practice, neither did she admire the protestations of honourable and eternal love sighed forth by our hero. She quitted the histrionic profession for the quiet comforts of private life, and gave her hand and heart to an accomplished and highly-talented surgeon, to whom she has made a most exemplary wife. But Yates was not a man to pine at defeat; no, he rejected suicide, and determined on matrimony. He flattered himself it was the fair maiden's want of taste, therefore turned his attentions to another charmer, in whose bosom he found a heart to pity his unblest singleness, and who soon became Mrs. Frederick Yates; and, if the report of partial friends may be believed, the happy pair have as good a right to claim "the Dunmow fitch of bacon" as any couple in "the theatrical profession."

Having now an amiable and highly-talented wife, and the promise of a family, he thought it time to employ all his well-known energies to achieve a fortune; therefore he, in conjunction with the late Mr. Terry, made a conditional purchase of the Adelphi Theatre, then rising from comparative obscurity; and both being reputed gentlemen, and popular actors, they carried with them that patronage from the higher order of play-goers, which promised to make their fortunes. Their first season was very productive: they had a powerful company of well-known *artistes*—Yates, Terry, Wrench, Reeve, T. P. Cooke, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, &c. &c. They produced the drama of the "Pilot," a paste and scissors composition, from the American novel by Cooper, the poet of the sea.

This drama had a run of one hundred and fifty nights to crowded houses, by which Terry and Yates were supposed to have realised a pretty fortune; and the paste and scissors compiler of another man's ideas—the now monopoliser of the British stage—the Lopez de Vega—the scribe—the Shakspeare—Sheridan—Colman—the everybody in one emphatic name—Fitzball, received from the Adelphi treasury, for his "cut out and paste in" drama, ten times as much money as Milton received for his "Paradise Lost." How fortunate for Shakspeare and Milton that they died before the Fitzball era!

On Mr. Terry's death, Matthews purchased his share of the Adelphi Theatre, and became Yates's partner, both in fame and profit; but they soon verified the old adage, that two of a trade, &c. &c.; for the mimic, and the mimic of the mimics, were very soon the opposite of cordial friends.

Next to Matthews, Yates was certainly the best *public* mimic we had, though he was excelled by many in *private*—(even by some of the actors, who only indulged in the propensity for the non-professional entertainment of select friends at the convivial board.) Mr. James Wallack, for instance, is allowed to be the best imitator we have; but he has always declined to exert this questionable talent on the public stage, considering it as derogatory to any gentleman

received and acknowledged as a genuine actor. *Ombres, ombres !*

On Mr. Matthews's death, Mr. Yates refused to manage the theatre for his late partner's executors, therefore the *Junior Matthews* was installed as director of this pretty little establishment. This young gentleman, from want of experience we suppose, made a sad losing affair of it; so much so, that the executors were glad to let the house (*corps dramatique* and all) to some Jew speculators, who lost much money without doing any good to the character of the theatre, in the estimation of the respectable part of the public. We are glad to see that Mr. Yates has this season resumed the directorship, with a company strong in talent. Amongst the principal *artistes* are Mrs. Yates and Mrs. Sterling, with the ultra-comic John Reeve, and quaint little Buckstone.

Matthews's executors have sold their share to the *ci-devant* treasurer of the theatre, Mr. Gladstone. (by-the-bye, the treasurership must be a lucrative situation to enable Mr. G. to buy a ten thousand pound share, when Matthews died very poor,) and the friends of the parties are sanguine of their success. Yates is one of the most industrious and spirited of our London managers: he had the misfortune to rupture a blood-vessel some short time since during some "violent exertions," and his medical advisers request him to act as seldom as possible. His own anxiety frequently causes little ebullitions of passion that may prove fatal, unless he follow the advice of the poet—

"Si vis incolumem, si vis te reddere sanum,
Curas tolle graves, irasci crede profanum."

BARTLEY.

"Par negotiis neque supra."—TACITUS

Mr. George Bartley, now of Drury Lane theatre, and formerly of the Covent Garden corps, is one of those persons who, by their private conduct, do credit to any profession that necessity or inclination induces them to embrace; that is not only our opinion, but that of our great English poet—

"A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod,
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

About the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty-two, Mr. Bartley was born in the famed city of etiquette, scandal, and hot water, Bath—a city which has native more actors and actresses than any other in the empire, (London excepted.) The father of the subject of our present memoir was, for more than a quarter of a century, the well-known and much-respected box book-keeper of the Bath theatre. The worthy old gentleman had several daughters and two sons. Edward, the eldest, was the far-famed "*Jouer des billards*," the dashing youth who challenged all Europe, and who realised a handsome fortune by beating French, Dutchman, and Spaniard, at the noble game; for, like a good actor, Edward Bartley was always ready at his cue.

George, the second son, whose life we are about to describe, was apprenticed, in his early teens, to learn the gastronomic art under the celebrated head professor at the York House hotel in his native city: and we candidly confess that he "embodies the part to the life": he seems the very beau idéal of the commander-in-chief of an amply-furnished larder. Not only does he look like a man who could superintend the well-cooking of a good dinner; but the man who could eat it after it had been well cooked. There is roast venison in the blandness of his smile—turbot and lobster-sauce peep through each twinkling grey eye—and calipee and calipash are exhibited in every step he takes.

His father's official situation of course gave young George the *entrées* to the Bath theatre, both before *le Ridout* and behind *les coulisses*, when either leisure or inclination prompted him to take an hour's relaxation from the severe studies of Hannah Glasse, and the renowned Doctor Kichener. Those lounges at the theatre, though

"Like angels visits, few and far between,"

decided the fate of the intended gastronomic professor: for long before his term of apprenticeship had expired, he was inoculated with the theatrical mania; and when honourably emancipated from the parchment shackles, he showed O'Reily, his head cook, the York House, and even his dear native city, a fair pair of heels, and commenced the precarious but merry avocation of "an ambulating Thespian."

It was in his very early career, when, with little experience and less cash, he was seized with a dangerous malady, while acting with a wandering company of comedians in one of our channel islands. His situation was lamentable in the extreme: he was alone, in poverty, without a friend to close his eyes, had the expected stroke of death fallen upon him. In this unfortunate dilemma, a woman—

"Oh! woman in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A minist'ring angel then art thou."

An actress of the company felt compassion for the desolate condition, and administered to the necessities of the dying and deserted youth, brought medicines to him, and her soothing voice of pity did more than the pharmacopœia towards the convalescence of the *poor* *malade*.

If pity be akin to love, as the poet writes, gratitude will sometimes engender it in a worthy bosom—at least it did so in young George Bartley's. The good female Samaritan, who had so kindly aided him, was by many years his senior in age, and rather the reverse of handsome, yet the grateful young strolling actor, like Brabantio's daughter, saw the lady's visage in her mind. As soon as he was convalescent, he married her, and she shared with him, through life, all the little pleasures, as well as the unpleasantries, of the precarious pursuit of "an ambulating Thespian."

This circumstance was related to the then popular actress of the day, the celebrated Mrs. Jordan, while starring in the provincial company to which the poor, but contented pair, were attached. We say poor and contented, because

“ Adversity but serv’d to bind
In closer union mind with mind;
Bade each from each the pang remove,
And drew from grief the balm of love.”

Mrs. Jordan had the soul to admire, and the will to patronise, such a man; she had merely to hint to the Drury Lane management that she wished her worthy *protégé* to be engaged, and their reply to the favourite daughter of Thalia was this—“To us, your wishes always are commands.” And at the commencement of the ensuing season Mr. Bartley became a member of the Drury Lane *corps dramatique*, under the command of the veteran Bannister, in which situation he remained for many years. He was the original personator of the sighing lover, Count Montalban, when the popular comedy of the “Honey Moon” first delighted the town, and enriched Richard Brinsley Sheridan’s almost empty treasury.

At length our hero grew ambitious; he thought (and justly thought) that men of less talent than himself were advanced, while he was doomed by the management to remain stationary. He quitted the Drury Lane company of comedians, and, resolving that his histrionic abilities should not meet with any further managerial neglect, he went to Scotland and fairly turned manager himself. It was in the good city of Glasgow, bonny Dundee, and the renowned town of Perth, that he embarked his little, but hard-earned capital. Here he made a few annual circuits, and proved to his admiring, but rather limited auditory, that he was a legitimate and sterling actor. This was all very pleasant to personal vanity, but the very reverse of profitable to the theatrical treasury; and he began seriously to reflect with the renowned Sancho Panza, that “solid pudding would be better than empty praise.”

He gave up theatrical management and the cold north, and returned to England. At Liverpool he enlisted in the ranks of the *corps dramatique*, and became a great favourite with the liberal patrons of the drama in that spirited and populous emporium of wealth and luxury.

About this period death deprived him of the kind-hearted woman to whom gratitude had, for so many years, firmly attached him. He deeply felt his loss, though he did not obtrude his grief upon the world’s notice: he could smile even in his bereavement, yet did he not feel the less, for

“ Many a stoic eye and aspect stern
Hide hearts where grief hath little left to learn,
And many a withering thought lies hid—not lost—
In smiles that least befit the man who wears them most.”

Mr. George Bartley soon felt that he needed the domestic comforts

of which fate had so suddenly deprived him, and quoting his early Scotch friend, Campbell,

“ The world was sad—the garden but a wild—
And man, the hermit, sigh’d, till woman smil’d,”

he very wisely looked through the world for a being capable of supplying his late loss: he fixed on the celebrated Miss Smith, the then acknowledged legitimate successor of the great “ Siddons.” Mr. Bartley soon summoned resolution enough to tell his soft tale, and became a thriving wooer. After a somewhat brief courtship, she was saluted as Mrs. Bartley, and under that title, resumed her station on the London boards; here they remained a few years, when, seduced by splendid pecuniary offers, the happy pair crossed the Atlantic, and in the several states of America, realized, in a comparatively short period, a comfortable independent fortune. They returned to England with the true John Bullish opinion, that it is the only country in the world in which wealth can be enjoyed in the true good old English taste.

They soon found that inactivity both of mind and body would have killed them; therefore, Mr. Bartley was engaged at Covent Garden, of which theatre he was, for many years, the stage manager, giving general satisfaction both to the public and his brethren in that troublesome office; but when the whole establishment passed into the hands of the *ci-devant* director of the Surrey Theatre, Mr. Bartley declined the acceptance of a reduced salary, and went over to the enemy at the Drury Lane establishment.

Mrs. Bartley, on her return from America, declined acting altogether, but devoted herself to teaching young ladies “ the art and mystery,” and as her fair pupils pay rather highly for their instruction, she must nett a very pretty addition to an already independent property.

Mrs. Bartley has launched into the ocean of theatrical life an immense number of young lady pupils, who are preparing for anticipated London laurels, by practising in the various counties of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and some of them are even in the United States of America; they are to be met with from New Orleans south to Buffalo in the north.

Miss Taylor (now of Drury Lane Theatre) is the only lady pupil of Mrs. Bartley’s that has made anything approaching to a stand in public favour on the metropolitan boards; though Mr. Bartley, in his official situation as stage-manager, could give them every facility of introduction if talent could be found to avail itself of opportunity, but we fear that parroting a girl will never make her an actress.

Mr. and Mrs. Bartley have always been highly respected in private life, as well as admired in their professional capacities. They have a splendid house in one of our north-western squares, and to all appearance enjoy the wealth which their untiring industry has amassed by acting and pupilizing.

Rem, facias rem,
Si possis rectè; si non, quocunque modo rem.

НОВАЯ.—hem!

KEELEY, maximus in minimis.—Mr. Robert Keeley is, perhaps, the smallest actor on the stage, but when any of his particular friends are so ill-bred as to make an allusion to his want of altitude, he, whimsically observes, that "nature, like a knowing workwoman, always puts her finest goods in small parcels,"—the observation proves that the little actor is not troubled with that alleged bane of Englishmen—*mauvaise honte*.

It is now about forty years since Mr. Robert Keeley honoured the famed parish of Saint Clement Danes, by entering into this world of doubtful pleasures and certain pains. The important event occurred in a short court off Carey Street, in the above-named parish, where, as Shakspeare observes,

"Chamberers hear the chimes by midnight."

Carey Street! (renowned for bailiffs and their followers,) and within fifty yards from the grave of the most frequently quoted author in all our British literature—honest Joe Miller! Whether the spirit of "honest Joe" hovered over little Bobby's birth-place, we know not, but from his primitive pantaloons up to his last loose Macintosh, Little Bobby has always been fond of attempting to say what are called "good things."

He was the son of very ingenious and industrious parents. His father manufactured watches, and his mother manufactured children; our little hero was the smallest of sixteen; eight only of them liked the world well enough to remain in it! Little Robert, as a child, was thought to possess much more beauty than his remaining seven brothers and sisters, and his honoured mother, therefore, made him her "pet."

So little was he allowed the indulgence of athletic exercises by his too partial parent, from fear of accidents, that it certainly curtailed his growth and marred his fair proportions. So much maternal solicitude was bestowed on his pretty face that his limbs were left to take care of themselves as they pleased, and his nether ones pleased themselves by indulging in the seemingly lazy propensity of halting; the excellent advice of the inspired writer of "train up a child in the way he should walk" being neglected in the case of our hero, he has been doomed to a sort of limp, which, though very comic in the step, is rather unseemly in the Regent Street promenade, to which our hero is addicted.

After the usual attendance at a day-school, when the weather was not "too cold," or "too hot," or "too wet," little Robert was thought, by his fond mother, to be sufficiently educated and fit for professional pursuits. She resolved that her favourite son should be "a man of letters," therefore he was apprenticed to Hansard, the then celebrated printer. It was in this office that the elder Oxberry had preceded him in the arrangement of type, and it was that circumstance which led his inclination towards the histrionic profession. "Oxberry became an actor, why should not I?" mused aloud the little typo. "The day may come when the name of Keeley may sound as great in Momus's chronicle as that of Oxberry."

In short, he had taken the fatal disease, and resolved to be an actor; and, unknown even to his dearest friends, he visited the dirty

dén of one of those nuisances to the profession, called theatrical agents; fellows who are the cause of much misery and disgrace to the stage and its would-be votaries, by intruding, regardless of talent, any unfortunate noodle who fancies he can act, and has the usual fee to bribe "the agent," and cash enough for coach-hire, to some wretched strolling company, where the poor tyro is soon laughed at for his folly and sent to the right about in double quick time for his want of knowledge. To this theatrical agent did little Keeley, in the fourth year of his apprenticeship, present the usual fee, and requested a provincial engagement, with the express understanding that he was to enact Hamlet and Macbeth as his probationary characters: nothing less would suit the ambition of the little printer. The theatrical agent pocketed the aforesaid fee, and pledging his honour for the integrity of the engagement, despatched our hero into the country, where, instead of Hamlet, *mirabile dictu!* he was required to perform the wretched part of the second gravedigger; and when he hoped to strut and fret as Macbeth, his services were demanded (on pain of non-payment of salary) as the very convenient gentleman who cuts the throat of "The blood-bolter'd Banquo."

Here was a check to proud ambition!—but what could the little actor do? He knew that he had passed the rubicon, (which meant the threshold of Hansard's printing-office,) and there was no returning home, for what home could a broken-indentured apprentice dare to claim? therefore, like the great Cæsar, on he went in his career, but instead of being laughed at in tragedy, he found it much more pleasant to be laughed with in comedy.

Elliston was then manager of the Birmingham and other provincial theatres, where Keeley, in due course of time, was offered an engagement, which he readily accepted. Elliston, who prided himself on discovering theatrical genius, thought that he saw much quaint and quiet humour in Keeley's style of acting.

Elliston brought his little *protégé* to London, and allowed him to make his *début* at the Olympic, then opened under his management as a dramatic theatre. Here Keeley was the original Leperello in the extravaganza of "Giovanni in London;" the same piece which Madame Vestris, a few years afterwards, made so very popular at the national theatres, by her admirable personation of the amorous don.

When Elliston became lessee of Drury Lane, he transferred the services of Keeley to that establishment, but not thinking him of sufficient calibre for that more extensive area, he placed the little gentleman, with many others, on the shelf of neglect, which shelf proved so uneasy a resting-place, that our hero quitted it for the more active duty of Sadler's Wells and the Adelphi Theatres, where his quaint acting in some peculiar cockney characters gave him so much celebrity with the gallery audiences, that the managers of Covent Garden Theatre were induced to make him an offer of an engagement with a good salary, which salary was to increase annually; this he, of course, accepted, and no sooner was the opportunity given him than the *ci-devant* despised and neglected actor of Drury Lane became one of the greatest favourites at Covent Garden. *Palma non sine pulvere!*

Here, after a lapse of several seasons, the little man took unto him-

self a little wife. This matrimonial alliance originated in a joke, but proved a very pleasing earnest to both the parties. There was a conspiracy entered into by some wags in the theatre, (both male and female,) to bring about a marriage between our hero and little Miss Goward. It was a sort of Benedict and Beatrice affair. The little couple had generally to act together as man and wife or buffo lovers: he was the comic serving man and she the *soubrette*: they were always bickering and quarrelling about trifles when off the stage, each seeming absolutely to dislike the other: this attracted notice, when the lady wags contrived to persuade the little gentleman that the poor girl was almost dying for him, yet would not declare her love! In the meantime, the gentlemen wags were equally busy in convincing the little lady that she alone could wean him from dissipation and thereby save his life, insinuating that her cruel indifference, nay, her apparent dislike, had driven him to seek with Bacchus consolation for the frowns of Venus; and, strange as it may appear that two experienced actors should be so acted upon, yet it is a fact known and often spoken of by the waggish conspirators,—that they actually married, (*credula res amor est!*) each believing that by so doing it was to save the other's life; and it was a salvation to one party, for it certainly reformed the little gentleman, who immediately deserted his bacchanalian companions, for the joys and cares of a domestic fireside, and was willingly transformed into a most exemplary husband.

Though both great favourites with the London public, yet such has lately been the uncertain state of the theatrical profession, that the liberal offer of Mr. Stephen Price, the New York manager, has induced the little pair to cross the Atlantic, and try their talent in the American market. They have been received in New York in a manner that bids fair to insure them a handsome income in traversing the various states of the republic, as well as in a trip to the principal towns of Canada, Quebec, and Montreal.

Mr. Keeley is fond of driving, but he has the oddest taste in horse-flesh;—he purchased for the healthful recreation of his little wife and rising family, a small phæton, to which he annexed one of the tallest horses that London could produce, which raw-boned animal did the double duty of the traces and the saddle; and, certainly, no exhibition of Ducrow's, in his most *outré* mood, ever equalled Keeley's when "doing a bit of Regent Street," (as he proudly calls it,) mounted on this colossal Rosinante, with his little legs dangling O. P. and P. S., with his feet scarcely reaching half-way down the animal's immense sides.

In the early part of his career, Mr. Keeley was much too gay and improvident to save money; but now, under the guidance of his prudent and talented wife, he is very likely to realise a handsome independent fortune, long before old Time gives him a hint to retire from the theatrical profession, or the public tire of his exertions; and, we believe, that he has garnered the maxims of Rochefoucault, and amongst them he has found that, "*Il-y-a des gens qui ressemblent aux vaudevilles, qu'on ne chante qu'un certain temps.*"

(*To be continued.*)

THE MOTHER'S WARNING.

FOUNDED ON A TRUE STORY IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

SWEET Agnes played her vesper hymn,
 And breathed the prayer of grace,
 Then turned her from the taper dim
 Her soul-illuminated face :
 Her bosom, white as mountain snow,
 Was veiled with covering meet ;
 Her bright locks parted from her brow,
 Showed eye as vestal's sweet.

And now she seeks her holy rest,
 And lays her cheek, as bright
 As roses in their sunlit vest,
 Upon the pillow white :
 Yet slumber came not to her eyes ;—
 Fair thoughts of happy days,*
 Like trooping angels round her rise,
 And as they rise, she prays.

When suddenly the chamber shone,
 With unaccustomed light,
 And Agnes trembled, as alone,
 And at the dead of night,
 The silken curtains of her bed
 Some hand unseen withdrew,†
 And a low voice of sweetness said,
 " I wait, my child, for you."

* She was on the eve of marriage with Sir William Perkins.

† In the year 1662, an apparition is related to have appeared to the daughter of Sir Charles Lee, immediately preceding her death. No reasonable doubt can be placed on the authenticity of the narrative, as it was drawn up by the Bishop of Gloucester, from the recital of the young lady's father. " Sir Charles Lee, of Billislee, by his first lady, had only one daughter, of which she died in childbirth, and when she was dead, her sister, the Lady Everard, desired to have the education of the child, and accordingly she was by her well educated, and when she was marriageable, a match was concluded for her with Sir William Perkins, but the bridal of the young couple was prevented in an extraordinary manner. Upon a Thursday night, Miss Lee, thinking she saw a light in her chamber after she was in bed, knocked for her maid, who presently came to her, and she asked, ' why she had left a candle burning in her chamber ? ' The maid said, ' she had left none, and there was none but the one she brought with her.' Then she said, it was the fire, but that, her maid told her, was quite gone out ; whereupon she composed herself again to sleep. But about two of the clock she was awakened again, and saw the apparition of a little woman between her curtain and her pillow, who told her she was her mother, that she was happy, and that by twelve of the clock that day she should be with her. Whereupon Miss Lee knocked again for her maid, called for her clothes, and when she was dressed, went into her closet to pray, and came not out again till nine, and then brought a letter sealed for her father, and took it to her aunt, the Lady Everard, and told her what had happened ; and desired that, so soon as she was dead, it might be sent to him. The Lady Everard thought she was suddenly fallen mad, and thereupon sent away to Chelmsford for a physician, and sur-

The Mother's Warning.

Then Agnes knew her mother's tone,
 Long hushed within the grave,
 And, bold, at that sweet music grown,
 Looked up :—" Now Christ me save !
 Oh ! mother dear ! what errand brings
 Thy blessed form to sight ?
 And why are those maternal wings
 Spread o'er thy child to-night ?"

" I come from everlasting bliss
 To warn thee of thy fate,
 Lest, unprepared, thou shouldest miss
 To share thy mother's state.
 To-morrow, when the clock shall chime
 The twelfth hour, thou wilt be
 Called from the things of earth and time,
 To dwell in light with me."

So saying, the bright spirit fled ;
 Then Agnes, to prepare
 Her soul, rose from her sleepless bed,
 To pass the night in prayer.
 That night was short : she saw the sun
 In golden beauty rise,
 And thought before his course had run,
 Her home would be the skies.

Anon she called her page, and gave
 A billet to his hand :
 " When I am dead, and laid in grave,
 Perform my last command.
 Give this sad token to my friend,
 With many a greeting fair,
 And tell him I my soul commend
 To his unceasing prayer :

" And though he wed another bride,
 Yet still to think of *me*,
 As one in heart to him allied,
 As much as heart could be."
 And now, with looks composed and sweet,
 She joins the morning meal,
 With early friends, that loving meet,
 Her vision to reveal.

geon, who both came immediately ; but could discover no indication of insanity, or any indisposition of body ; and when the young lady had patiently let them do what they would with her, she desired that the chaplain might be sent to read prayers. When prayers were ended, she took her guitar and psalm-book, and sate down, and played and sang so melodiously and admirably, that her music-master, who was also there, admired at it. And near the stroke of twelve, she rose and sate herself down in a great chair with arms, and presently fetching a strong breathing or two, immediately expired, and was so suddenly cold, as was much wondered at both by the physician and surgeon. She died at Waltham, in Essex, and the letter was sent off to Sir Charles, at his seat in Warwickshire, but he was so afflicted, that he could not come till she was buried. She was afterwards taken up and buried with her mother, at Edmonton, as she requested in her letter."

But they but laugh, and treat it all
As virgin fancy, wrought
By idle tales in bower and hall,
That nurse romantic thought.
The gallant knight, Sir William, came
With love's adoring gaze ;
But Agnes met not now his flame
As in the by-gone days.

A holy fear had chastened love,
To friendship's calmer state ;
Her glorious spouse she sees above ;
Such bridegroom may not wait :
And, O ! it seemed, as if the thought
To meet her Saviour dear,
Such saintly peace of mind had brought,
As made death nought to fear.

She took her pleasant lute, and sung
A strain so passing sweet,
That all upon her accents hung,
And wept in concert meet :—
But, hark ! prophetic strikes the hour !
The *fated hour* is come !
And now the Lord of grace and power
Calls her sweet spirit home.

She lifted up her praying arms,
She spoke not word again,
But gave up all her plighted charms
To death, without a pain :
And, O ! the maiden was so rare
Of beauty, while below,
Death seemed but as a cloud of air,
That shrouds the planet's glow.

Thus like the dying swan she sung
Her requiem, ere she died,
And the last music of her tongue
Her Maker glorified :
And long, I ween, when she was cold,
And years had past away,
Fond lips of that sweet music told,
Her passing spirit's lay.

TEMPER :

OR, AN EXTRACT FROM AN OLD MAID'S ALBUM.

THE idea of an Album is a complex, but certainly not an innate, idea. Let us analyse it, as the philosophers say. Sanguine shades of murdered roses—myriads of forget-me-nots, as blue and flat as if cut out of a china plate, each particular blossom staring at you with its one yellow eye—Indian ink imitations of the maid of Athens—pencil sketches of incredible mountains and unattainable cottages—sublime effusions arranged in lines, each commencing with a capital, and which, according to the definition given in *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, "*tout ce qui n'est point prose est vers*," may be conscientiously styled verse, since most assuredly they are not prose; and which according to the degree in which long words, love or brimstone, predominate in them, may be classed into Miltonic, Byronic, or Satanic. Add to these the fair mistress of the treasury, with blue eyes, upturned beseechingly, and red lips softly supplicating, "Do, pray, write something—anything, in my album!" and you have the beau real, if not of an English, at least of an Irish, album. The contributors to these precious perennials are, for the most part, promising young gentlemen, who never keep their promises further than by enunciating a few flaming speeches in a debating society, or penning a few sweet verses for the corner of a newspaper, and fledging geniuses who "own the soft impeachment" of flirting occasionally with the old maids of Parnassus, or as Denis O'Shaughnessy calls them, the "nine female Heliconians."

But an old maid's album! What a strange production must that be! What hope that any clever young gentleman will woo his coy, and too often cruel muse, at the instance of any mortal maiden of sixty-three? There is none whatever; and therefore will I fill mine own album, and I may say without vanity, (a phrase which, as in the present instance, generally indicates a superabundance of it,) that it will be better worth a reading than that of any young lady of them all.

There is not in the world a more romantic creature than an old maid who has preserved even a tolerable share of good-nature. Her "side intelligencers" are ever agape to catch any current tale of true love crossed or crowned, and having herself passed without the pale of rivalry, she is made the confidante of many delicate distresses, especially if she be a discreet person such as I. It will be seen that I have had more opportunities for seeing life and human nature as they really are than are usually afforded to the ladies of the creation. I have been long among my fellow-creatures "taking notes," and am determined to "prent them," publishers permitting, and public approving. To this bold step I am urged neither by "hunger, nor

request of friends," but by a notion, new-found, though somewhat of the latest, that I can make better stories out of the raw material of real life, than some that I see in type; nay, I confess I should not be very much surprised, some short time hence, to find myself a very remarkable woman, possessed of talents of a high order and the sought for by all publishers.

Under the spell of the *afflatus*, (by which term our poor ignorant ancestors doubtless meant to indicate an unusually protuberant bump of self-esteem,) I feel inclined to prose a little before I tell my story. Indeed I have always remarked that an author bestows his tediousness most abundantly in the first volume; but so soon as the last skein of the plot is unravelled, he hastens off, conscious that he has no longer a peg on which to hang the reader's attention. Tale-readers, to use an old-maidenly illustration, very much resemble my sleek brown cat. So long as I hold in view, but out of her reach, some tempting morsel of flesh or fish, she patiently watches all my motions; but as soon as she has swallowed my dainties, the ungrateful quadruped turns her back on me, coils herself up, and takes unto herself a comfortable nap.

As, however, I have unwillingly acknowledged that there cannot be a matrimonial catastrophe to the tale of which I am the heroine, I must not hold my gentle reader too long by the button or bracelet, but proceed to solve its only mystery, namely, how I, living so long among the brisk and gallant Emeralders—once young and pretty—still rich and witty—and having had suitors *ad libitum*, should, in this present year of grace, write myself an old maid, instead of an old wife.

To begin. I will first give a brief sketch of my birth, parentage, and education. I was born in the lovely city of Dublin. My father was an eminent physician and a benevolent man. My mother and he had been taught different roads to heaven, and as neither would quit the accustomed track, they entered into a compromise, which was made the more readily, as our family contained equal portions of the fair and the unfair sex. In consequence of the said treaty, my mother and her two daughters rolled safely and easily along the loyal rail-road of the Establishment, while my father, with his two sons, crept stealthily along the Pope's proscribed by-paths. At an early age my sister Julia, who was two years my senior, and I, were sent to Mrs. Primer's boarding-school, to receive what, fifty or sixty years ago, was considered fashionable education. In those days of samplers and spinets, setting up a piano was considered as strong a step as setting up a carriage in those who were not born to the manner. Dustmen and coalheavers were not then esquires, nor were their daughters pianistes, nor their sons poets. The mamas of that age might go to school to the babes of this. There were then no infant universities, there were no astronomers in swaddling clothes, no mathematicians in petticoats. There were no albums, no nerves, no writing made easy; there was more knitting and fewer blue-stockings, more spinning and fewer spinsters, more love and less learning, much fun and no philosophy; in short, as the old ballad says,

"Now is now, and then was then."

When I recal the happy years I passed under Mrs. Primer's dull and gentle reign, I feel a strong temptation to become lackadaisical, and run into the style of young gentlemen labouring under the first access of poetic fire and fury, as thus:—"Days of my youth, ah! whither have ye fled? Why am I left alone and broken-hearted in the cold, hollow, cruel world? 'Tis true I smile and mingle in their sports, and shallow worldlings deem that I am even as they. They know not that my heart is blighted—withered—crushed—they know not that the light laugh rises from despair."

I have often thought that if these miserable smilers were closely questioned, they would be brought to reply with the old hypochondriac in the farce, "O yes! I eat well—drink well—and sleep well; but that's all—that's all, I assure you." But how well soever the pathetics may suit a young gentleman with a fine roman nose, a *brow*—(forehead is a term too gross to indicate the summit of his ethereal countenance)—a brow of marble whiteness, and locks of raven darkness; yet an old woman ordering her wings, and soaring off to cloudland, would be more absurd than picturesque; besides, I must take care to avoid getting on stilts, from which, in the progress of my narratives, I should be often obliged to hop down with more agility than gracefulness. The natural footing on *terru firma*, is the best on which to mingle in the varied dance of life, whether the measure lead us through the merry jig, the graceful waltz, or the solemn minuet. My pen has many tales of many moods to tell, each of which shall have a separate chapter, long or short, in my album, and be distinguished by a suitable title; but I must hasten, if I can, over those introductory portions of it which relate to myself and my own family.

I shall not dwell on my school days. Every one calls them the happiest of his or her life; but does not the chief part of that happiness arise from delighted anticipation of the untried pleasures of the world? Mrs. Primer's school was a large one, and contained many pretty, interesting girls, some of whom I met in after life; but of others I soon lost sight in the intricate mazes of society. Two only, of all these companions, I will particularly mention here, as their subsequent histories are worthy of record, and were, in some sort, connected with my own.

The first of these was Jessie Logan, a lovely little Scotch girl. When she came to school she was dressed in deep mourning for her mother. She was very pale and fair, and her almost incessant tears betokened an affliction much deeper than is usually felt at her age, which was about nine years, the same as my own. Every child in the school was interested by her sorrow, and loaded her with kindness; but I was her selected comforter, and in a short time her confidante. I shall never forget the sadness and surprise I felt on hearing Jessie's simple tale. It was to me the very first revelation of the darker and rougher passions of mankind. Reared amid caresses and domestic harmony, I knew nothing of hatred, still less of family discord and violence, and the tears that I mingled with Jessie's, sprang not only from pity, but from terror, at this, the first glimpse I had as yet had of the hideous aspect of wickedness.

For almost as many years as Jessie could remember, she and her mother, though living in the same house, kept apartments secluded from the rest of the family, and never saw her father's face, except in anger. They trembled to hear his step; for he never came that he did not revile, and seldom that he did not strike, his unfortunate wife. On such occasions he accused her of some crime, the nature of which the child could not comprehend, but which the unhappy lady always denied with solemn words and tears. About a month before her death the cruel husband came to her apartment late one night, highly excited with wine. Jessie had been asleep, but awoke at his entrance, and lay tremblingly still. Every word of the short but bitter dialogue was repeated to me by the child, whose acuteness had been prematurely developed by painful sympathy with her mother's sufferings.

"So, madam, I trust time passes pleasantly in your solitude." Then, gnashing his teeth, "Ah!—wretch—wretch—what a ruin have you made of my peace!"

"O Richard, do not be cruel to me! I am very weak and ill. I shall not trouble you long, and I would fain part in peace."

"Ay, that is your cant. Always pretending that you are dying. Vilest of women, it is my death you hourly pray for."

"Never, unkind husband, never did I wish the death of any living creature, except indeed my own; and for that, may Heaven forgive me, I have longed, O how earnestly!"

"Ay, since you lost your pet; but not before. Deception that you are, and always were, I loved you better than soul or body, but you—— Tell me truly," and he approached her with menacing gestures, "was not your whole heart another's when you married me? Speak, or I will murder you."

"Alas! the day, it was—it was."

"Fiend, in the likeness of an angel, is that my answer?" and he grasped her small throat in his nervous hand, nor did he relax his fatal hold, till Jessie's appalling cries had brought Mrs. Logan's favourite attendant to her assistance. She was then conveyed to bed, from which, in less than a month, she was carried to her grave. Her death, and a letter which she wrote him a few days before, converted the rage of the wretched husband into remorse. In compliance with her mother's dying request Jessie was sent to Ireland for her education; and her father added his strict orders that she should wear the deepest mourning until he should send for her home, which he did not propose till she had reached her fifteenth or sixteenth year. I mention these particulars here, because, a few years afterwards, I unexpectedly received an elucidation of the causes of Mrs. Logan's domestic unhappiness.

My other favourite school-fellow was eight years younger than myself. Our affection, which was more like that of a mother and her child, than of school-mates, commenced in this manner.

One day, during school-hours, as I was in the reception parlour, singing and practising on the guitar, a lady and gentleman entered, accompanied by a little girl, and desired to see the principal of the school. The gentleman was a tall, noble looking person, his wife

a very young creature, of exquisite, but of evidently foreign beauty, and the child a most charming fairy of about five years, more like the sister than the daughter of her youthful mother. Her fair brown hair, long, silken, and elaborately curled, hung, graceful as a veil, round her plump little shoulders; her delicate fairness seemed drawn from her father, and her singularly dark and brilliant eyes were miniature copies of her mother's. Her infant cheek had the soft, rich pink of the moss-rose, and so engaging a figure did the little cherub present, that I could not avoid kissing her little merry, cherry lips, though the next moment I blushed at my own forwardness. But the proud, fond mother was pleased, and addressed me in Italian. I pleaded incapacity, for, though I had an Italian master, my progress had been as slow as a fly-coach in the seventeenth century. She then spoke broken English mixed with French, inquired if I were a *pensionnaire*, and recommended her *cher enfant*, Melanie L'Estrange, to my kindness. Mrs. Primer coming in, I was obliged to withdraw, but when, a few days after, Mrs. L'Estrange brought the little Melanie to reside among us, she asked to see the school-room, and taking me apart, begged a few minutes private conversation with me in the garden. She then informed me that her husband, who was in the army, had been ordered abroad; that she was to accompany him, but that they were afraid to expose their child's health to the vicissitudes of climate which they must themselves expect to undergo. Then turning suddenly to me, she said, *Vous êtes Catholique, Mademoiselle O'Donnell, n'est ce pas ?*

I, of course, replied in the negative.

"*Ah, quel dommage ?*" sighed the gentle bigot.

"But, madam," I rejoined, for I saw she was about to withhold the expected confidence, "I trust you will not, therefore, hold me unworthy your esteem."

"*Non, chère demoiselle*, but you will not do this which I wish. *Ma chère Melanie* has so much of youth, that she will forget *les prières de notre sainte église*; many young misses will mock her, and *ma pauvre petite* will become a *hérétique*." She then asked whether there were not some "*bonne demoiselle Catholique*," who might become the keeper of the little Melanie's conscience. I told her that there was not one such in the school, but promised myself to guard her religious liberty.

In consequence, I took the little papist under my protection; but, indeed it was little required, for Melanie's religious observances, to which she adhered with a strictness remarkable in a creature so young and so vivacious, excited curiosity rather than ridicule. Sometimes, indeed, they would smile, but always with good-nature, when the infant penitent would smite her breast with her tiny hand, and confess herself a most grievous sinner, or when, on any surprise or alarm, she would cross herself and ejaculate, "*Sancta Maria !*" or "*Sancta Anastasia !*" Every evening she used to sing the service of the Virgin, "*To procure*," as she said, "*her papa and mama a safe voyage and happy return.*" The foreign words, and the sweet music, caught all our ears, and many a young scion of Protestantism joined the little siren in warbling strains that Luther never sanctioned.

Dear Melanie! what an interesting, what a noble creature she was, whether as child or woman! A person in which "nature's own sweet, and cunning hand" had blended the best of Irish and Italian beauty, and a heart and soul to which one country contributed mirth; and both tenderness and genius. Her story will be found worth the telling, and it will be a penance to me to record her trials; they were nobly borne, and, therefore, I may not call them bitter:—but this is not the place or period to detail them, and I must not anticipate.

When I had attained my fifteenth year, I left Mrs. Primer's with a light heart and unstuffed brain, equally guiltless of sin and grammar. Julia being by so much my senior, had left school two years before, and was now a reigning *belle* and beauty. She had already made me her confidante in an *affaire du cœur*, which I thought so very interesting that I determined to have one of my own the very first week I should emerge from the school-room.

In the interim, however, a cross old bachelor uncle, Mr. George Hannan, arrived from India with a large fortune, and insisted on having me to live with him. My mother, who knew his temper, and did not yet know mine, hesitated, from a fear that he would spoil my disposition, but was at last prevailed upon by his promise of making me his heiress, and by his taking a house in M—— Square, next door to her own. I had often heard my mother speak of this brother as a being spoiled by early indulgence—possessing the warmest heart and loving all in whom he was interested with wild fervour, but the slave of a passionate temper, often inspiring fear where he most wished for love. She said his early manhood had been clouded by an unfortunate attachment, which, after embittering many years of his life, at last drove him into exile. He had been my sponsor in baptism, and, at his request, I was named after his beloved mistress. I often tried to learn who this lady was, or why my uncle's attachment to her was unfortunate, but my mother replied, "that I was too young to understand the story." This only sharpened my curiosity, and I determined to learn it, if possible, from my uncle himself. Certainly it appeared for a long time highly improbable that I should ever do so. He was, indeed, the very crustiest old gentleman I have ever met with; and you were obliged to penetrate through a husk as rough and strong as that of a cocoa-nut, before you could discern the overflowing milkiness of his innermost heart. I was very happy, but often very angry, while I lived with him. There was something very flattering to so young a girl in the pomp with which I was surrounded, and in the unlimited command of money which I possessed. But then, it was very provoking to be scolded vociferously for such nightly crimes as snuffing out a candle, pinching his monkey's tail, or leaning the weight of a rose leaf too heavily on his gouty toe. His grandatory organs were certainly strongly developed, and many a rebellious toss I gave my saucy head while they were in full diapason. I soon began, indeed, to find that I had a great taste for liberty, and a natural abhorrence of tyrants, among the first of whom I mentally classed my respectable uncle. I was, besides, a little bit of a Tartar myself, though in a quiet, lady-like way. Accordingly, I espoused the cause

of the oppressed, vindicated the offending menials, and sagely attempted to convince an angry man of the unreasonableness of his anger; but I only succeeded in drawing down the lightning on my own daring head. At last, he threatened to rescind his testamentary dispositions in my favour, but I was invulnerable, armed in proof by my contempt of money. It would be well if all the champions of liberty could say so much. I became eloquent with lofty scorn of the vile yellow dross. "No, sir; to weakness, to age, or to sorrow, I might and would bend, but before my own interest—never! I shall leave you, sir, since I cannot please you. You will find many who will fawn, and flatter, and tremble at your frown, but I will not be one of them. Were I rich and you dependent, the case would be different; then, indeed, I would strive to bear with your humours."

The rich and desolate love to find a disinterested heir: thus they often disappoint their toad-eaters, and reward those who have neglected them. My uncle saw that if I could be brought to bear with him, it would be for his own sake. He was also afraid of losing me, and from henceforward evidently struggled to restrain the turbulence of his temper in my presence. My occasional absences, however, served as so many safety-valves, which prevented the pent-up choler from absolutely choking him; and I sometimes caught him bestowing certain very energetic pedal and manual commentaries on negligent or impertinent servants. The constant forbearance which was requisite to keep this resolution I found a most salutary discipline for my own temper, and as my uncle's good qualities became gradually known to me, I formed a very warm attachment to him. When, however, I looked upon the burly proportions of his figure and his wrinkled and often fretful countenance, red with other redness than of beauty, I often thought, "Cato's a proper person" to be the hero of a love-tale.

"I have been thinking, Lily, that had I always encountered spirits as resisting as yours, I might this day have been a happier and a better man. My poor, lost Lily, could she have been firm as you, soft as herself, what a perfect creature she had been!"

I eagerly seized this opportunity of soliciting his confidence, and drew my chair closer, in expectation of his compliance, but he declared that he could not enter into a *viva voce* detail of his faults and sufferings, but promised to write it for me; and, as I knew from his letters, that he possessed a fluent and ready pen, I was even better pleased to have it in this form. As I am upon the subject of my uncle, I think I had better transcribe his manuscript here, lest, should I defer it, the gentle reader might require to be reminded of the old gentleman's existence.

UNCLE GEORGE'S STORY.

Oh, Waly, Waly, gin love be bonny,
A little while when it is new;
But when its auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades awa' like morning dew.

Experience, though the most valuable, is the most despised product of human labour. Our friends and neighbours offer us theirs

gratis, though they have themselves suffered long in its acquisition ; but we will accept of none that is not the purchase of our own toil and tears. Still it is not wholly useless to record these instances where human passions and faults, not fate, have wrought out human misery. In this belief, I will recal sorrows which time has softened, without obliterating any, even the minutest trace.

I will not commence the confession of my errors by imputing any share of them to my beloved mother, who strove, though with too feeble and too fond a hand, to check that impetuosity of temper, which has been the main cause of every sin and every sorrow of my life. There is little in my existence to interest, except that period of it in which I acted as the evil genius of one far dearer and more worthy than myself. To this period, therefore, I shall limit my details.

I met Miss Montgomery, for the first time, at a subscription ball in the Rotunda. She was chaperoned by her aunt, a lady with whom I was slightly acquainted. I would fain indulge myself in a description of her charming face and person, but I know that when finished, I should turn from a commonplace catalogue of eyes, hair, height, and shape, which might delineate fifty other women as well, but which would not convey the slightest image of the picture in my heart. Words can no more describe the varying shapes and shades of beauty than they can explain to one born blind how "star differeth from star in glory." Alas! it had been well for poor Lily Montgomery if her mild and modest beauty had never met my gaze or won my heart. On that, the very first evening of our meeting, I devoted myself to her worship. Worship I may call it, for my love soon became a wild and passionate idolatry, and as such I doubt not it was punished. I resolved, with all the vehemence natural to me, that she, and none other, should be my wife. I neither knew nor cared what were her rank, circumstances, education, or who her relatives. I saw that goodness and loveliness were legible in every lineament, and these were all I valued. There was, indeed, one consideration that made me pause and tremble: this was the fear that the pearl of price, her virgin heart, might be already bartered. Her tender age, however, (she was scarce seventeen,) and the blushing bashfulness of her general manner, re-assured me; for I have always remarked, that women whose affections have set up their rest in some chosen haven, regard all other men with an abstracted indifference equally remote from timidity and boldness. My almost extravagant homage could not escape the charming Lily's observation. I danced with none but her. When she danced with another, I stood by and gazed my soul away; and when she sat I hovered near, like an attendant spirit. The gay and numerous company flitted before me like a gallery of moving pictures, but my eye still sought the one pure, fair face, that alone seemed to me to bear the impress of the "hand divine."

The cheerful, social intercourse maintained in this pleasant city between young people, facilitates a gentleman's introduction to any young lady whom he may admire. By the exercise of a little ingenuity, I became a guest and frequent visitor at Mr. Montgomery's, a prosperous silk mercer in Dame Street. This man whom, were I not a Christian, I should hate with all the bitter fervour of which my soul

is capable, was upright in his dealings, but of a gloomy, tyrannical temper, and an inflexibility of will which had never been known to yield. His stern features never softened, except when gazing on his child, whom it was his pride to adorn with a magnificence that, in any place but Dublin, would have been considered above her rank.

Mrs. Montgomery was a kind, quiet woman, the mere echo of her arbitrary husband. By his command she underwent the fatigue of accompanying his daughter to places of amusement. He never went himself, but he loved that Lily's beauty and rich apparel should be seen and admired. He seldom discouraged any tolerably eligible admirer. The possibility of his daughter's disposing of her heart without his sanction, never even occurred to him; and it seemed to me that he gloried in the adulation which so many fine young men paid him for the sake of his fair child. Had not my heart been surprised by love while pride was asleep, I should have scorned an alliance with a mercer's daughter. I ranked in the higher class of merchants, and had a long struggle between false dignity and necessity, before I could prevail on myself even to enter that class. My family was as honest, and almost as poor, as that of a Spanish *hidalgo*; but as I was beginning to prosper in business, I was gradually shaking off that silly dislike of trade which is too prevalent among the Irish gentry. Such petty distinctions are always lost in love's republic. Lily was not to me the mercer's daughter, she was the queen of my fate, the mistress of my happiness, and the slightest symptom of even her indifference would have been more terrible to me than the heaviest sentence of any earthly tribunal. The demonstrations of my sincere and lively passion were in time repaid by a deep, but silent attachment on her part. It seemed impossible for her to give her feelings voice, and it was not till grief had destroyed timidity that passion found a language. When I spoke of applying to her father, she anxiously implored me to defer it, as I now believe from a fear of my failure, and a desire of watching a favourable opportunity, but, as I then feared, from wavering affection.

I had been seized with a sharp and dangerous indisposition, which confined me for a week. Mrs. Montgomery had every day sent her servant to inquire for me, and this politeness I fondly imputed to Lily's solicitude. Impatient to see her, I hastened to Dame Street, the very first day I was able to leave my bed. She was alone in the drawing-room when I entered. Surprised out of her reserve by grief at the paleness of my countenance, she ran towards me, both hands outstretched, and yielding to a tenderness deepened by my danger, burst into tears. Transported by this strong, involuntary proof of love, I pursued my advantage, and obtained her consent to an immediate application to her father. That hour, which I became assured that I possessed her undivided heart, was, I need not say how joyful. I looked on it as the beginning of happiness—alas! it was almost the end of it; first doubts, then fears, and lastly, a wretched, wretched, certainty succeeded. That very day I laid my proposals before Mr. Montgomery. He stopped my professions of regard by an inquiry into the amount of my capital. I thought this but reasonable, and made a candid statement of my circumstances and prospects. The

latter were better than the former, but neither had much attraction for cupidity. Mr. Montgomery's manner was cold and unsatisfying: he did not accept, but neither did he reject my suit. He spoke of me, though, to my face, in the depreciating style of a bargain-maker. I had embarked in some brilliant, but hazardous speculations, the fate of which a year would determine. On their success his consent to my marriage with his daughter was to depend. Meantime I was permitted to visit as usual. Only conceive the cruelty of suffering his daughter to become attached under such circumstances. But I verily believe it was only a pretence, for I had not been so blameably absurd as to risk the stability of my regular business on these contingencies; even in case of failure, I should have enough to satisfy moderate desires. But I saw, with scorn I saw, that I was to be caressed or spurned in proportion to the low or high fortunes of succeeding suitors. Relying on Lily's disinterested love, I consented to wait the probationary year, and, careless of consequences, gave myself up to the enjoyment of the halcyon days of courtship.

After a few months had elapsed, a formidable rival, at least in Mr. Montgomery's eyes, appeared. He was a young and wealthy Scotchman, who visited Ireland three or four times a year on business, and of whose commercial worth Mr. Montgomery was well assured. He had manifested unequivocal admiration of Lily, but I took care to pay her such attentions as should lead him to believe her pre-engaged, and he returned to Scotland without declaring himself. The hope that he would do so, however, had already caused Mr. Montgomery to look askance upon me, a caprice which I bore with much impatience.

One evening I had obtained permission to attend Lily and her mother to a public assembly. By agreement I went before tea, in order to spend the early part of the evening with them. My dear girl was already adorned for the ball when I entered. Her dress was, I remember, a pale blue brocaded silk, her ornaments pearls and white roses. I was in high spirits, and rallied her on the depression of hers, so little accordant with the gaiety of her attire. Ah me! they were truly prophetic, although the result of superstition. I believe I have not mentioned that she was of a most imaginative temperament, the veriest thrall to her own fantasies, a dreamer of dreams, and an observer of omens. I had often rallied her on this peculiarity, but warm and solemn fancies derive so much pleasure from superstitious feelings, that they often wilfully encourage them. In her, however, they were combated in some degree by firm religious principles, and she seldom, as in the present instance, suffered them to prey upon her spirits.

"O George, I have had such a strange, such a frightful dream!"

"And what was it, my queen of lilies and roses? A frightful dream must indicate something pleasant; for dreams, you know, go by contraries."

"It is not so much the dream itself, as the strange presentiment of evil it has left upon my mind, that affects me. I am sure you will think me weak, but perhaps when I have told it, I may be able to shake off the impression it has made. I thought I was in St. Patrick's

cathedral, alone, and at midnight. I heard unearthly voices whispering, 'Poor thing, poor thing! she is coming among us.' And I knew that they were ghosts, telling my doom, and looking up I saw, through the gloom, the wafture of their white robes as they passed the narrow apertures in the friar's walk. Suddenly at the farther end of the long aisle appeared a huge mirror, shining, as it were, by its own light, in which I saw my own figure from head to foot, dressed in long, black garments, my hair streaming loosely over my shoulders, and my face pale as ashes. Then I thought I fell upon my knees to pray, but instead, found myself borne along with inconceivable swiftness, and when the motion ceased, I was standing beside you, at the foot of a lofty altar. My father was standing at the top, and was, I thought, about to unite us, when, instead, he came towards me, and began to bind my hands and feet with black cords. Looking back, I saw a deep, dark grave close to me, and called to you for help, and you came nearer, but instead of releasing me, you assisted my father to throw me into the horrid grave. My struggles and dreaming grief awoke me, but I cannot recal the terrible vision without a shudder."

Such was the solemn earnestness of eye and voice with which she spoke, that I, for a moment, shared the infection of her visionary fears, but unwilling that she should perceive it, I said gaily, "This is a charming dream, dearest. It shows that you will be too cruel in delaying my happiness, and that your father and I will join in binding you with the sweet and snowy bonds of Hymen. Why, Lil, I thought you better skilled in dreamer's lore, than to be ignorant that death means marriage, and black white."

She smiled incredulously, and hearing her father's step, moved, as it were, instinctively away from me, and busied herself about the tea-equipage. Mr. Montgomery had this evening learnt the failure of a Dublin house, by which he was a considerable loser, and was in consequence in a very bad humour. As, however, his general manner was somewhat morose, I, not observing him closely, perceived no change. He talked as much as usual, and the conversation by some mischance led to the national character of the Scotch and Irish. One would think that this was not a very dangerous topic between two Irishmen. Almost, however, before I was aware, it became a masked battery on either side; under cover of which he vented his dissatisfaction with his daughter's Irish lover, and I my jealousy of her Scotch one. Poor Lily, who saw the biting sarcasm evident in both our countenances, joined playfully in the conversation, supporting now one, and now the other party, endeavouring to turn it into jest.

"Now, I am sure, papa, you do not like to deal with the sawnicks, coming back perhaps a dozen times before they will buy anything, saying 'Weel, sir, will you no throw off the odd shullins?'"

He did not even smile at her playful attempt to mimic the Scottish dialect, but replied, "Yes, child, I do like to deal with them, for at least, they pay what they promise. Our gay Dublin gentlemen would scorn to haggle. They are off-hand, clever fellows, little solicitous about the price of goods for which they never intend to pay. I wish we had fewer fine coats, and more hard honest men than are to be

found among our Dublin popinjays, from whom the Lord deliver me and mine !”

I was deeply stung by this manifest sneer at me, and at the elaborate elegance of my gala dress. My quick temper was already in a flame. Lily, who saw the angry flush overspread my features, and who knew by the tinge of ghastly white stealing over her father's cheek and lip, that his dark spirit was slowly rousing itself to some act of tyranny, glided unobserved behind his chair, and raising her white arms, stretched her clasped hands towards me, while her eyes said more eloquently than her words, “For my sake, forbear !”

I was a wretch to disregard her mute prayer. But what is so selfish as anger? Secure of her love, and despising her father's gold, I indulged my temper at the cost of her peace. I replied tauntingly, and with marked emphasis, “Yet I trust, that even under these despised fine coats, we should find few hearts base and mean enough to traduce their father-land.”

“Doubtless they will, Sir Knight Errant, do nothing so base as tell the truth. They will only drink, and dress, and cheat their creditors, and swagger, and bully, and beat out the brains that shall dare to think that they are swindlers and spendthrifts. They will not give their country a bad name, but they will sell their countrymen. Our much-lauded Hibernians have not earned even the poor praise of standing by each other; we all know the adage, ‘Put one Irishman on a spit, and you will find another to turn it.’”

“And I vow to Heaven !” said I, with ungovernable transport, “that did all Irishmen deserve it as well as you, I would myself become a turnspit.”

I rose as I spoke, and so did he. “I think,” he said, with treacherous mildness, “that you, Mr. Harman, some time since proposed honouring my daughter with your hand. Since, however, your regard for me is of so fiery a nature, I beg in her name to decline now and for ever the proffered condescension. Permit me, sir, to request that you will now leave my house, and never again enter it.”

“Your house I shall certainly leave with all alacrity, but my right to your daughter's heart and hand I will assert in face of heaven and earth.”

“As you please, sir. And, let me tell you, the sooner you assert your rights in heaven, the greater my content.”

I had reached the door, choking with rage, when I heard Lily murmur low and brokenly, “Oh, most unkind, most cruel George, you have destroyed us both.”

I looked back. Our eyes met, and my heart sank with an ominous foreboding, as I encountered her wild upbraiding glance. Her father seized and shook her violently, exclaiming in hoarse, suppressed accents, “What ! minion, do you dare to weep for the insolent wretch who could so grossly insult your father ?”

I returned to rescue her from his grasp; but before I could reach her, she screamed out, “Leave us instantly, if you would not have me hate you.” I obeyed her then, when my obedience was of little avail. The fatal mischief was already a-foot. Reason soon returned under the sobering influence of the cool night air, but I strove to deaden

the growing sense of self-blame, by persuading my conscience that all was for the best, and that passion had, once in my life, befriended me. For I did not doubt my power to persuade Lily to a clandestine marriage, in which case, my happiness would be much accelerated; while, but for the pain I knew it would give my bride, I would have rejoiced at the breach between her father and me, as it promised to free me from his society. Thinking it possible that her father might insist on her fulfilling her original intention of going to the ball, I went there to seek her, but she was absent. Her aunt, however, was there, to whom I related the circumstance, and implored her to procure me an interview with Lily at her house the ensuing day. This she promised.

When, however, I hastened there at the appointed time, instead of Lily, I found a brief note, written in faint unsteady characters. It ran thus:—

“I am made miserable for life. An awful impediment is placed between us. My aunt will give you particulars. I will not reproach you. Your sufferings will, I fear, be cruel as my own. As soon as I can go abroad I will see you at my aunt's; but, O! dearest, dearest George, it must be for a last farewell.”

Agonized by apprehension, I learnt from her aunt that, as soon as I had left his house on the preceding evening, Mr. Montgomery walked quietly up to his own room, and returned in a few minutes, bringing with him the large family Bible, upon which, with shocking impiety, he vowed the most appalling curses upon his daughter, should she ever, either before or after his death, unite herself to me. His unfortunate child fell into a long and death-like fainting fit, and had since continued very ill; but my informant added, that such was her brother-in-law's inflexible obstinacy, that he would see his child die by inches rather than revoke his horrid imprecations. This I did not doubt; but I could not believe that Lily would sacrifice her own love and mine to a few words of wicked breath. I was sure I could convince her that curses recoil upon the heads of the guilty utterers, and cannot reach the innocent. I could not, however, avoid owning to myself that there was something shocking to human nature in the idea of a parent's curse, and I vainly wished that I had restrained my turbulent temper.

It was an entire fortnight before I again saw the gentle girl, and then how wan, how wasted, yet how more than beautiful she looked! Never before was she so kind, so tender. Her soft and uncomplaining love overflowed in tears and words of eloquence; but never shall I forget her gaze of horror when I proposed to her to elope with me, and brave her father's baneful curse. She needed not to speak, that one glance told me I had lost her for ever. My reliance on her yielding nature was misplaced. She was indeed wax in the hands of her stern father, and of all who sought their own will at the price of her peace; but from what she considered crime, she revolted with irresistible strength.

But, although compelled to resign all hopes of bringing her to my views, I determined that no earthly power should prevent my seeing

and conversing with her. Accordingly, by her aunt's connivance, I occasionally met her there. Things went on in this state of hopelessness for a few months, when I was one day stunned with a report that Miss Montgomery was about to be married. I flew to her aunt, and learnt, to my utter consternation, that the detested Scotchman had returned; and perceiving that I no longer visited at her father's, had made his proposals, and was strenuously supported by her father. "And he will force her to accept them!" I exclaimed, in a frenzy; "he has only to curse her into compliance. And is she then not only lost to me, but given to another? O! that I should have given my happiness into the keeping of a creature so tame and unresisting!"

I had not seen Lily for some weeks, and I found it almost impossible to procure an interview; while, on every side, I heard of the eligible match which the beautiful Miss Montgomery was about to make, and several of my own intimates unconsciously tortured me with such observations as, "Why, Harman, I once thought you would yourself be the happy man—but *mutabile fœmina*."

At last, maddened by uncertainty and jealousy, I wrote to Lily, demanding, rather than entreating, an interview; and threatening, in case of refusal, to brave all hazards, and visit her at her father's. This had the desired effect. She came. I addressed her with constrained calmness, "Is this true, Lily, that I hear of you? Are you faithless, and is all our hapless love forgotten?"

"O! that it were forgotten, or that it had never been, or might from henceforth cease to be!"

"Cruel girl! And can you wish that our great love should cease?"

"Can I do otherwise when, a week hence, I must be the wife of another?—when a week hence, even the dark remembrance of that love will be a crime?"

A dizzy faintness seized me at this stunning intelligence; I sank back in my chair speechless, tearless, almost unconscious. I was first roused from this torpor of affliction by seeing Lily cast herself at my knees. She took my chill, motionless hands in hers, and her bright tears fell fast and heavily upon them while she spoke. "O! dearest George, do but hear how I have been wrought upon. My father declared (and none who knew him could doubt that he would keep his word) that if I did not marry Mr. Logan, he would sell all that belongs to him; and leaving my mother and me to our fate, would go to some foreign land where we should never see him more; and this he would also do if, by any confession of reluctance or of prior attachment, I should induce the gentleman to withdraw his proposal. I withstood this threat—O! George, indeed I did withstand it, for my inmost soul loathed the thoughts of marriage with another than you; but my good, my tender mother, knelt to her unworthy child. Yes, with tears and anguish she knelt to me, and prayed me not to part her from the husband of her youth—the father of her child. She adjured me not to put asunder those whom God had joined."

"And, Lily," I replied, "has not God joined us? Have not our hearts been united in his sight?"

" Ah! what is our imaginary union, who, eight months since, were strangers to each other, compared to the sacred nuptial bond cemented by the joys and sorrows of twenty years."

" Then I am to understand," I said, my temper again rising, " that, of your own free will, you cast me off, and marry with another."

" Surely you do not call it free will to be reduced to an alternative so frightful. Heaven knows how gladly I would exchange lots with you. You need not wear a mask. You are not obliged—— O! my heavenly Father," she added, casting her streaming eyes upwards, " how shall I go through this dreadful—dreadful task?" My fierceness melted before her overwhelming grief, and I in turn attempted to comfort her. After a short pause she said abruptly, " George, *my dream is accomplished*. This fatal marriage is the grave of the vision, and O! is it not too true that you have helped my father to cast me into it? Had your ill-temper not caused the breach, he must have waited the result of your speculations; and had you retained your place near me, Mr. Logan would never have addressed me. Your speculations have been fortunate you tell me, but it is now too late—too late! *The dream is accomplished*." Conscience, " the solitary seer in the heart from whose eye nothing is hid," pleaded guilty to every word of the indictment. I was silent, and she proceeded. " I would not heedlessly reproach you, but you must feel that you owe me some atonement. Let it be this. Give me back my promise, forgive and bless me, and I may yet know a melancholy peace on this side the grave."

Distracted at the thought of losing her sweet presence and society for ever, I stipulated, as the terms of my consent, that she should promise to receive a visit from me, once each year of her life. She refused this strenuously, until I protested that I would attend at church and forbid the banns, even should the consequences be death to me and ruin to her. She then reluctantly consented: I wrote out the promise that she might conceive the higher idea of its solemnity. She wept bitterly as she signed it, saying, " These violent spirits sway me at their will: but I tell you, George Harman," she added, rising with dignity, " I tell you, in the spirit of prophecy, that days will come when you will mourn and repent in your heart of hearts for this act of tyranny." Alas! alas! she did indeed speak in the spirit of prophecy.

Despite her displeasure, she parted from me with lingering tenderness and assurances of everlasting friendship,—she would not say love.

I did not see her again till I saw her in her bridal dress, a decorated victim. I had discovered the church in which the ceremony was to be performed, and could not resist the morbid desire I felt to witness it. By bribing the sexton, I was suffered to screen myself behind the curtains of the organ-loft, from which I had a full view of the bridal party. In thinking of the scene since, or, rather of Lily's appearance in it, for I saw none but her, I have always recalled a verse of an old ballad describing a bride.

"And when she cam into the kirk,
 She shimmered like the sun ;
 The belt that was about her waist
 Was a' wi' pearles bedone."

I strove to catch the bride's responses, but the silvery tones were lost in weeping. Once, when all was over, I saw her fixed and lifted eye gleam with an expression of unutterable misery, and for a moment I lost all consciousness of my own bereavement in painful pity for her unmerited affliction.

It was in the month of June, just one year after Lily's marriage, that I embarked for Scotland. On arriving there, I hastened to the neighbourhood of Mr. Logan's summer villa, where Lily was then residing. I put up at a small inn in a neighbouring village, and wrote to her, reminding her of her promise, and requiring to know when and where it would be fulfilled. Her nurse, whom she still retained about her person, brought me her brief and indignant answer.

"Unrelenting persecutor ! I see you are determined to exact the full penalty of your bond. I thank you for thus changing my former regard into fear and resentment of your conduct. You shall not cross my husband's threshold in his absence, and without his knowledge. Since I must meet you, it shall be on the beach between seven and eight o'clock."

I repaired to the sea-shore long before the appointed hour. It was a lovely and secluded scene. A broad firm beach of yellow sand edged the blue, boundless ocean, which was the only object visible, the view of the surrounding country being shut out by shelving rocks. The distant hum of rural voices, and the low dirge of the everlasting waters hushed my warring passions, and lulled me into a dreamy patience while I awaited the arrival of her whom I still madly loved. Towards eight o'clock she appeared at the upper extremity of the little bay, accompanied by her venerable nurse. Leaving her seated on a rock at a little distance, she advanced towards me with an ease and loftiness of carriage I had never before seen in her. The descending sun shone on her bright pale features, "severe in youthful beauty." I felt that she was changed and sanctified since I had seen her last. New and holy hopes had dawned upon her. Though still a child in years, she was now a mother and a matron, the mistress of a family, and the guardian of its peace and honour. I felt that I dared not address the offended wife as I had the tender and tearful virgin, and for a moment I repented that I had disturbed the serenity which she had evidently attained. She spoke first, and without any courteous greeting.

"Let me know in brief, Mr. Harman, what you propose to yourself by such an interview as this."

The coolness of her tone and manner thrilled every nerve with anguish, and I exclaimed bitterly, "Heartless, unfeeling girl, why did I squander my affections on such a mere automaton ? Is then one hour, out of the many thousands the year contains, too much to give to pity for the misery you have caused ?"

"That I have caused ! but I will not recriminate. I will show you the state of my heart, in hopes that when you know it, you will cease

to torture me. I will reveal it to you, as clearly as it is revealed to Heaven. I will go back to my wedding-day. My husband imputed my wild grief to my separation from my parents. All that the most considerate tenderness could suggest was done to solace me: still no answering tenderness repaid his care. Often, in the very height of my selfish indulgence of sorrow, my heart smote me when I saw the cloud of disappointed affection steal over his honest countenance. The pang of conscious ingratitude is a dreadful pang. I could not endure it. I prayed incessantly that God would tear from my heart the sinful love so deeply rooted there: I seconded my prayers by my own best endeavours, and I succeeded. It is my firm belief that none ever so strove in vain. Now I do indeed love my husband as, before Heaven, I promised to love him; and but for your persecutions, I might enjoy a calm and happy conscience."

Maddened by the irresistible conviction that she no longer loved me, my passion was, if possible, increased by mingled adoration and envy of the angelic mind that could so nobly reconcile inclination to duty. Exasperated by her praises of her husband and censure of me, I was deaf to her urgent and even humble entreaties that I would cease to molest her. Then, finding petitions vain, she declared that she would no longer consider her promise binding, wrung from her, as it was, by terror, and that she would never again meet me. But I knew too well how to subdue her gentle spirit: I vowed that, if she would not willingly meet me, I would visit her openly at her house in her despite and in her husband's, and bade her beware, lest by such a step she might be made a widow or her husband a man-slayer. Aware of my resolute and restless character, she submitted to necessity, and the hour being expired, she parted from me in anger and in tears. Would to Heaven she had rather braved the utmost my vile temper could inflict!

For a long time these annual meetings continued, and every year during that time poor Lily lost one of her beloved infants. Before they had learnt to lisp her name, almost before they could distinguish her by the first sweet recognitory smile that gladdens a mother's heart, they were successively cut off. These repeated bereavements her superstitious fancy ascribed to a deserved judgment on her clandestine interviews with me. In vain I represented that our conversations were such as might be published to the world with honour to her, and that they were all that enabled me to endure a miserable being: still, the mystery, the secrecy with which they were attended, wounded her tender conscience. Her youngest and only child, Jessie, I think it was called, had lived several months, and gave promise of a healthful constitution, when, at the usual time, I paid my visit. Anxiety and fear had thrown the fond mother into a low nervous fever as the period of my coming approached. She was confined to her bed when I arrived, and sent her nurse to inform me of her inability to see me, and to intreat my forbearance, at least, this year. I complied, and the event seemed to justify her former fancies, for her child continued to live. I myself began to fear that uneasiness of mind, fostering an inherent delicacy of constitution, might be the remote cause of her trying calamities. Touched with compassion,

and doubting the permanence of my favourable dispositions, I resolved to put it out of my own power to harass her further by going to India. Accordingly, I wrote to her, stating my determination to quit these kingdoms on condition that she would permit me to take a last farewell of her. I received her joyful, grateful assent, and we again met, for the last time on earth.

She sat beside me in a small recess formed by the rock, considerably above the beach, and almost on a level with the adjoining valley. As I gazed on her faded cheek and altered eye, I rejoiced that I had agreed to her wishes before it was too late. Misjudging fool! it was already too late. She spoke to me more kindly than she had ever done since her marriage; yet I perceived that she was solicitous to shorten the interview. When about to leave me for the last time, she held out both her hands to bid me farewell. I seized and pressed them to my lips and heart, shedding sadder, but purer and sweeter, tears than any I had ever known. Suddenly a sharp tread rung upon the rocks above us, and, before I could look round or recognize the intruder, I received a pistol-shot in my right arm.

"Base villain!" shouted the infuriated Logan, "has it not reached your wicked heart? Oh, for another weapon!"

The wound I had received rendered me faint but not insensible. Lily remained motionless as the rock on which she sat. I saw with horror and ineffectual remorse the fatal effects of my passionate and selfish conduct. I valued not my life, could I but restore my hapless victim to her husband's confidence. I attempted to explain, to state the simple truth: as well might I have talked to the raging sea. Some officious, but, perhaps, well-intentioned person had acquainted him with our correspondence. He had hastened up from town and witnessed what he thought an assurance of his wife's attachment to me. He knew I was once her admirer; he had heard that we had met often since, and he found me now at her feet, her hands clasped in mine. These things had an aspect black as guilt could wear.

He furiously demanded instant satisfaction. I refused it: I submitted to be called *coward*: I was patient now, when patience availed so little: inexpressible contempt for me seemed to restore his self-possession: he turned from me as from a reptile unworthy hatred, and folding his arms, looked sternly into the face of his mute, heart-stricken wife. "For you, fair serpent, you shall live as long as Heaven will let you. From this day I devote myself to your punishment. The world shall not know your shame, for your shame is mine and my child's: you shall live under my roof, but you shall neither know peace nor rest: my ears shall be deaf to your prayers, my eyes shall be blind to your beauty. I divorce you from my heart henceforth and for ever. Penitence may serve you in another world, but I am no God, that I should forgive so black a wrong as this."

The mistaken but not, therefore, less miserable man, after uttering these words with almost maniacal vehemence, rushed down the rocks towards the beach. Lily rose to follow him, saying to me in a changed hollow voice, "Are you much hurt, unhappy man?"

"Ay, to the heart's core with vain remorse. How you must hate me!"

"No, oh no, indeed, you are not more guilty now than you were five minutes since, when I called you my friend. Be still my friend, and to prove it, leave these kingdoms instantly. You have my pity, for your misfortunes have far outweighed your crimes: farewell, and may God bless you! My prayers shall follow you to the ends of the earth."

Ah! noble and tender heart that never yet was pierced, but it gave forth balm.

She hastened after her husband, fearless in her innocence, and in her noble simplicity convinced that truth had but to speak and be believed. Her low but clear tones were borne to me by the balmy evening breeze.

"Dear Richard, what frenzy is this? Am I not your own loved and loving wife?"

"Fawning hypocrite, begone! Dare not to touch me!"

"Richard, as I hope to meet my heavenly Judge, I am innocent in thought—in word—in deed."

"Devil! but I will not kill you. I will not put you out of pain. My revenge shall be as deep and lasting as my torments." He threw her slight, clinging form, from him with a violence that prostrated her on the sand; then raising his hand menacingly towards me, cried, "Pitiful poltroon! if Scotland holds you to-morrow, the earth shall be rid of you or me before to-morrow night."

Having said this, he strode out of sight. Faint with grief and loss of blood, I sat listening to Lily's convulsive sobs as she lay on the spot where her unhappy husband had cast her. I dared not approach to offer assistance. At last she arose, and waving her handkerchief to me in adieu, pointed to the sea in intimation of her wish for my departure, then proceeded slowly towards her changed and melancholy home.

In less than a month after, I was on my voyage to India. I had been there five or six years, when I read in an old newspaper that—"Lily, wife of Richard Logan, died of a lingering disease, esteemed and lamented by all who knew her."

I wrote to my sister, requesting her to learn from her nurse the particulars of Lily's death, and of her husband's treatment of her. She did so, and the intelligence infixed still more deeply the deadly arrows of remorse. Logan kept but too fatally his vow of vengeance. His incomparable wife, loving him sincerely, and compassionating a mistake which, with her usual heavenly indulgence, she considered an ample apology for his worst harshness, tried every feminine, every affectionate art, to win back his esteem and love. With trembling solicitude she adorned her lovely person, in hopes to catch one favouring glance, she sent humble and loving messages by the lips of their only child, but he was immovable—nay, savage. Doting on her as he had done, he was stung to madness by the fact, which she could not deny, that she had married him while her heart was mine; and he laughed to scorn her assurances of after love for him, knowing, as he did, that she had privately continued her former acquaintance with me. Still he was careful of her reputation, and perhaps it was with the intention of accounting to the world for his

changed conduct to her, that he rushed at once into habits of intoxication. Perhaps he might have originally encouraged them as a refuge from painful thought, but they gained strength; and when, shortly before her death, his once loved wife wrote him a long, exculpatory letter, imploring forgiveness and a last embrace, he was incapable of reading or comprehending it. She died (and terrible to her it must have been so to die) unpitied and deserted; and the love and justice which she had so long and vainly craved were lavished without measure on her memory.

There is no need "to point the moral" of my tale. All may read it in my childless, hopeless, and unhappy old age. It was perhaps more the fault of another than my own that I lost the object of my early affection, yet even then happiness was not placed beyond my reach. When the impassable barrier was placed between my lost love and me, had I left her alone with her destiny, she would soon have made it a happy one. For myself, absence, and the death of hope, would have been the death of passion, and I might, in time, have made another and more fortunate choice. But I spent the prime of manhood in madly cherishing an attachment which finally drove me into exile, haunted by a remorse which left no space for gentler passions.

It may seem strange that being so conscious of the source from which my misfortunes have sprung, I should still yield to the transports of a temper which render me a plague to myself and to my friends. To this I can only reply, that age, and sorrow, and disease, are sorry sweeteners of a temper that was not sweet even in the "morn and liquid dew of youth."

Youths and maidens, if you would choose a wife, if you would choose a husband, let temper be your first—second—and third consideration.

Π. Ἡ σοβαρὸν γέλασας, κ. τ. λ.

I, THAIS, whose coquettish smile
 Could once have robbed all Greece of ease,
 Whose porches lovers used to fill
 In clusters, like thick swarms of bees,
 My glass to Venus dedicate,
 And that at no such mighty cost;
 For as it *is*, my face I hate,
 And as it *was*, *that* face I've lost.

THOUGHTS ON POVERTY.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

"Poverty parts good companie."—JOANNA BAILLIE.

WHAT is so much dreaded, so much ridiculed, or so much misrepresented by the world, as poverty? And yet, after all, what is this same poverty that so many fear even more than death, seeing they often fly to death from it? 'Tis a phantom, that scares only the weak, the proud, and the worldly; for cannot peace of mind, health of body, vigour of intellect, sweet affections, and holy hopes, become the indwellers of an humble roof, giving relish to the unpampering viands of a scanty board, and sleep to the rude pillow of a couch as rude? By poverty, I do not mean a state of abject want or mendicity; but such a modicum as can afford nothing beyond the common necessities of life, and those of the commonest kind; and with such, who ought to complain? None ought, and none would, but, as I have before said, the weak and the worldly-minded.

To those who have never left the state of poverty in which a wise Providence first placed them, the trial is not so great. Yet I do hope, for the honour of human nature, that there are those who could, step by step, descend from the temple of fortune, into the low valley of humility. 'Tis hard, at first, to give up what we have long enjoyed, so long, perhaps, that we had ceased even to acknowledge the blessing, either by our lips or our actions. To be deprived of noble mansions, lofty and elegant chambers, dainty living, and fine apparel, is a trial. Such things are desirable, and we esteem them in proportion to the esteem they beget in others, our fallen nature and faulty education giving the stamp of gold to base metal. Methinks if I were fated to exchange the home of prosperity for the lodging of adversity, I should thus reason with myself:—If my soul has been so long contented with its poor habitation, this frail and often diseased body, that frequently shuts out the light of enjoyment—if through the "ragged loopholes" of this miserable tenement, for ever out of repair, from the storms of passion or the neglect of reason, my immortal soul can breathe,—shall my heart repine, make childish lamentation, and send tearful messengers to my eyes to shut out the glorious face of nature and the wide field of rational enjoyment, that belongs even to the poor? If my dwelling is mean, my garments coarse and homely, and my board but scantily provided, yet if I am sheltered, clothed, and nourished, am I not better off than thousands, and better, ah! far better than my deserts? Am I really indeed an object of contempt, because the world may deem me such? O falsely judging world! I will answer thee in words better than my own:

"Ill hath he chosen his part, who seeks to please

The worthless world—ill hath he chosen his part;

For often must he wear the look of ease,

When grief is at his heart;

And often in his hours of happiest feeling,
 With sorrow must his countenance be hung ;
 And ever, his own better thoughts concealing,
 Must in stupid grandeur's praise be loud,
 And to the errors of the ignorant crowd,
 Assent with lying tongue.
 Thus taught by many a melancholy proof
 That those whom fortune favours it pollutes,
 I, from the blind and faithless world aloof,
 Nor fear its censure, nor desire its praise,
 But choose my path through solitary ways."

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Yes, through "solitary ways," where nature and nature's God speak music to my heart, never heard in the stir and "din of the great Babel," let me pursue the pilgrimage of life.

Welcome, then, poverty! honest, clean-hearted, uncompromising poverty, that bringest independence of mind, and freedom of action! Welcome thy thatched roof and russet weeds, coarse loaf and crystal draught! Welcome all, as the pledges of my security from the world's fatal friendship, which, Judas-like, betrays those it kisses, to the crucifying of all that is beautiful and holy in our nature. Away, then, with the pride of appearance, the pride of little minds—away with the paltry ambition of possessing fine houses, gay equipages, and costly apparel—of giving great dinners, grand fêtes, and splendid banquetings, to figure in the *paid* paragraph of the next day's paper! True happiness has nothing, true wisdom will have nothing, true Christianity can have nothing, to do with all these things. They are the desiderata only of the weak and the little-souled. Poverty, or rather a scantiness of means to enjoy the world, as it is called, can be no real evil to those minds, that, like the bees, have laid up store against the coming winter. The man of enlarged mind can have no sweeter home than in the boundless domicile of nature. There, like the poet Burns, though but the master of a rude hut, he may raise up an "altar to independence," and there, too, despite his poverty, he may sit him down, lord of all, with the guests of his own choosing, and at the feast of his own spreading.

Happy the man who can say with Sir Henry Wootton, that he is

"Lord of himself, though not of lands,
 And having nothing, yet hath all."

But where is that man to be found? that greatest of all heroes, who can win laurels on the field of poverty? Behold him at the footstool of the everlasting King! No lord in waiting ushered him to the royal presence, no external pomp of dress or equipage was required to make him (after the fashion of this world) fit for the honour. Robed, not in birth-day suit, but the lowly habit of faith, with the bright star, not of perishable earth's nobility but ever-enduring hope, burning on his true breast; he looks not for worldly riches, or human distinctions, contented to know, and to feel in his "heart of hearts," that his "sole wealth is in abeyance, in the mines of eternity."

Ye children of poverty, as heirs of immortal life, be content to live

upon your bright expectancy ! Like some hopeful heir to an ancient inheritance, who, satisfied with his father's allowance, draws not upon funds for which conscience must pay usurious interest, be ye also satisfied with your father's allowance. Looking forward with a patient hope to that time, when, as the sublime writer Aird* most beautifully says, "Mighty events have come round, and fearful changes have fallen upon us, and on all men ; when walled cities have tumbled down, when the crowns of emperors lie on the streets, and not one poor idiot of mankind left to play with the baubles ; and the worlds of men shall see and quail before this Jesus of Nazareth—him awfully reverend, the ancient of days, the judge of all, our immemorial king." Of him, the now despised poor, (if poor in spirit,) may then claim their birthright, and be introduced into that court where angels bow their wreathed brows to the admitted servants of the "King of kings."

* See "Religious Characteristics," by Thomas Aird.

WILT THOU REMEMBER ME ?

WHEN we have met no more to meet,
And years have parted me and thee,
Wilt thou remember once how fleet
We thought the hours—and yet how sweet—
Wilt thou remember me ?

When lone, at eve, within thy bower,
Thou sitt'st in silent reverie ;
Say—in the dream of that still hour,
When Fancy yields to Memory's power,
Wilt thou remember me ?

When friends are met, and mirth is loud,
And every tongue is praising thee,
One moment wilt thou quit the crowd,
One moment turn, thy looks to shroud,
Whilst thou rememberest me ?

And when they silence music's chord,
For whispered word and merry glee,
Will merry glee and whispered word
One moment be unfelt, unheard,
Whilst thou rememberest me ?

And when, to reach thy lip and brow,
Some happier lover hangs o'er thee—
While he is pouring vow on vow,
While he is praising, say, wilt thou
Remember only me ?

E. J.

REFLECTIONS ON THE SCIENCE OF PHRENOLOGY.¹

PART II.

ON THE NATURE OF THE PHRENOLOGICAL ORGANS.

WE have thus previously glanced at the impossibility of an estimate of individual character. Such a supposition had hardly existed till phrenology advanced its claims as a science. Philosophers had been satisfied with arranging the various *species* of our feelings, and this they did from innumerable reiterations of such feelings. They would have considered it as impossible to discover the nature of every individual mind, as they would consider it impossible to discover the minute and infinite variations in the structure of every plant or flower.

So varied is the structure of every object around us, that no two objects can be selected, though of the same species, of an exactly similar conformation. Man at once conceived the impossibility of individualizing every plant or flower; and his arrangement of them into classes, or species, partly evidences how grossly different two objects must appear, to be classed as different. It is but the evident difference in the shape of the leaf, in the number of the petals, or of the height of the plant, that induces him at all to make any distinction between them. So undiscerning is the extent of his keenness, that he does not presume to class them as different, because, upon the whole, he perceives them to *be* different in their nature; but because it is *convenient* that he should class objects as different, which appear so to his imperfect perception. Could he bare to his gaze the internal conformation, and the relative operations of objects which he classes as different, from his perception of some simple difference, he might rather be induced to associate them together: while many objects which are classed as the same, would be distinguished as different, were he able more subtly to bare their more intricate and remote developements of structure; or the relative action of their parts to each other.

Such, however, is the imperfection and feebleness of the proudest of sciences. Flowers are classed as different, because they have a different leaf, a height of a different number of inches—because they are of a different colour, emit a different fragrance, and a thousand other easily conceived differences, which man adopts as his knowledge, but which only seems to evidence the limited extent of his discoveries. By what a slow and tedious process does he make himself acquainted with the construction of the pillars of fibres which compose plants; and with the simple and evident action of the fluid within them. For years will he gaze upon their construction, and ponder on their varied appearances; and the simplest novelty which he may evolve from their nature, is carefully hoarded by him, and is

¹ Continued from p. 328.

hailed by the world as an added pride to science. Such is our ignorance of the nature, and inexperience of the functions of objects, which are always before our gaze. We cannot develop the variety of their structure, or the different relative actions of their parts: though from the definite continuance of their nature, they are always open to our inspection.

If objects so evident to our senses are yet so utterly inexplicable to them, how much more inexplicable must be the thoughts and emotions of the mind, of which we scarcely have any conception, when the consciousness of them has ceased to exist? If any class of existences could be individualized, surely it would be infinitely easier to detect the minute differences between every plant and flower, than to analyse the differences between every individual mind, the component perceptions and feelings of which, have altogether escaped the possibility of such an observation, when the consciousness of them has once ceased to exist.

Philosophers have not, however, so misplaced their investigations: they never conceived the possibility of estimating the nature and intensity of every feeling of their minds, otherwise they might also have conceived it possible to investigate the form and material of every atom of the world on which they tread; and instead of investigating the more evident relations of the objects amidst which they are placed, to distinguish the composition of every atom which composes them. They never, however, attempted such an impossibility; and were satisfied in arranging various objects, from peculiar differences, into different species, that they might afterwards more conveniently attend to the peculiar nature of each class: and horses, cows, goats, and sheep, were not placed in peculiar classes, because, from our intimate perception of their natures, we were persuaded of their ultimate difference; but because, by so arranging them by some peculiar characteristic, they may be more systematically investigated.

The process adopted in the arrangement of the component feelings of our minds is, however, different. From our own consciousness of such feelings, we may intimately reflect on their nature, and consequently do not variously class them from any minor difference it might be possible they should contain, but from the absolute difference which, from our own consciousness, we perceive to exist between them. Plants which are arranged in different classes, because they differ in a particular circumstance, may yet, upon the whole, be very similarly constituted; but our feelings are differently classed from the difference which, from our own consciousness, we perceive to exist between them. The desires, fears, perceptions, and sensations, as they arise in our minds, are perceived by us to be essentially different in their nature, and that otherwise than being alike states of consciousness referable to the same mind, they are utterly various in their natures. It is for this reason that they are variously classed; and long before mankind had ever pretended systematically to analyse the mind, they had yet their peculiar terms expressive of all the various orders of feelings of which they were conscious; and which they signified by such particular terms, because, from their infinite recurrence, they were intimately conscious of the nature of

each, and of their peculiar differences to each other. Were not our feelings so infinitely reiterated, we should never have been able correctly to reflect upon their several natures; but our consciousness of them is so universal, that we need only to reflect on such consciousness, that we may correctly estimate them.

Very different is the process of our conception of external nature. The properties which an object contains in itself may be so remotely developed, and the relations which may exist between it and other objects, as unknown to us, so difficultly evolved by the tests which we may apply to it, that the production of the sciences of external nature may perhaps have been facilitated, as much by an accidental discernment of the relations of its several parts to each other, as by any systematic investigation adopted to discover such existing relations between them. The accident by which one particular phenomenon accompanies another, may be viewed by us as necessarily resulting from it; and thus by increasing or lessening the degree of a particular phenomenon, which we imagine will *always* be accompanied in proportion to such a degree by a certain other phenomenon, supposed by us to be a *necessary result* of it, we may produce a totally different result. However different from our anticipations the result may be, we still imagine that it is not less the nature of such a phenomenon to follow such a certain relation of effects, though from the co-existing contra-influence of other objects, it may be prevented from developing itself.

So proceeds the historian of nature. He is continually observing phenomena which arise with other phenomena, though not as a *result* from them, but which he yet connects as precursor and result. No sooner does he discover his error in one instance, than a thousand similar assemblages mislead his attention, the investigation of which is to end as unsatisfactorily.

But he who reflects on his own mind, is in a situation so intimately to be acquainted with the various nature of its feelings, and the various routine in which they succeed each other, that he can always distinguish between an attendant and a necessary result. In gazing upon nature our eyes are almost distracted. Wherever we turn its forms are always shifting, or upon whatever we gaze, we see nothing but an assemblage of properties which are constantly resolving themselves into other phenomena. But the characteristics of the mind are ever before us in the most legible types. The classes of feelings which compose it are comparatively few, and, because we are ever feeling them, we readily recognise them, and from our experience of the relative order of their succession, we can easily reflect on the connexion which exists between them.

Though the feelings component of his mind are thus so explicitly developed to the view of the philosopher, he has yet to separate them as variously commixed with each other. He who reflects upon his feelings is like him who gazes upon the condensed glitter of rays reflected from a prism—the rays may be variously blended, but he can yet separate them according to their various colours. So the metaphysician, in reflecting upon the nature of his own mind,

does not reflect upon mere simple feelings, as in themselves definitely developed; but he abstracts a particular order of feelings from all other orders of feelings with which they may have co-existed. Perhaps the principal difficulty attendant upon the investigation of the various qualities of our mental nature, arises from the existence of its particular feelings, as commixed with others of a different kind, which, by diffusing a *mixed* state of consciousness, renders each feeling in itself less vivid, and less easily remarked. Yet, though his feelings in their associations with each other divert his attention from their simple nature, it yet requires but his scrutiny to separate such various component feelings, the perception of whose nature he derives from consciousness: and though each feeling may be less vivid from the co-existence of many feelings, he can yet by attention perceive their natures.

Thus, though with much difficulty, does he pursue his scrutiny into the mind; nor is he so presumptuous as to imagine that he can form any idea of the aggregate *amount* or *intensity* of his propensities, but he is contented simply to inquire into their *nature*, a process which does not require an estimation or account of *all* his feelings, but a mere abstract suggestion of their *nature*.

Even in an inquiry so comparatively limited, as that of the mere *nature* of his faculties, he finds attended with so much difficulty, as to require his most assiduous patience, and his most subtle attention, and this, not only, though from his own experience he has had so incessant a consciousness of the feelings he investigates, but also an equally incessant reflection of similar feelings from those around him. He who investigates the feelings characteristic of his mental nature, does not investigate them merely as they are produced to his attention in his own mind, but also as they are evinced and expressed from those of others. It is as if he had a thousand exemplars of his own individual consciousness. He reads in every mind so variously communicated to him, the same natural characteristics which are stamped upon his own. Were his feelings not similarly constituted with that of the society in which he is placed, he could not, for a moment, be connected with it. As the wild beasts who prowl about its precincts, he would never dare to enter its domains. His feelings, as peculiarly constituted, would be but his own feelings; but no society, whose nature was differently constituted, would either sympathize or associate with him. A society, indeed, is only a collection of those, who, from similar propensities, connect themselves together for their gratification. The child, on its first entrance into existence, finds a heart which beats in love as fondly as its own: in the progress of its existence, and the developement of its nature, it becomes connected with all the intricacies of political connexions and social ties; but its health needs no tutoring to that which is effected by a natural tendency in its own constitution, and the sympathies and propensities of the society in which he is placed it feels to be its own. From the most trivial conversation between two individuals, it might be inferred, that no such converse could be effected, were the nature of two such individuals different in their constitution. Such a conversation is the whole period of our existence, and our own nature is as easily recog-

pised in the reflection of it from those similarly constituted, as it is from our own experience.

But in the investigation of the *amount* of our *own* faculties, we could derive no assistance in our inquiry from a reference to the minds of *others*, any more than we could assist our estimation of the height of one nature by estimating also the height of another. Yet, though we have so many aids to the investigation of the *nature* of our feelings, which we should not have in estimating their *aggregate intensity*; and though an inquiry into the nature of our feelings does not at all require that we should either be acquainted with their number or be able to estimate their intensity, it is yet regarded by the advocates of phrenology as an easy matter for the most vulgar to estimate the number and intensity of all their feelings, when they yet do not deny that a mere investigation into their *nature*, which is infinitely easier, requires all the attention and subtlety of the most profound thinker.

The mental chemist, in separating into classes the various states of mind of which he is conscious, does not separate them; for the same reason that the botanist separately classes flowers, from a mere difference in the shape of a leaf, or the hue of a colour; but in classing the feelings of the mind, he classes them variously, because in their *natures* they are essentially different to each other. The same reason which induces him to distinguish sweetness from bitterness, white from black, or fragrance from stench, leads him to class one order of feelings separately from another, because he is conscious of the peculiar nature of each.

Thus he proceeds:—The mind which, as uninvestigated by him, seemed like the rude coast, which confuses in a wild discordance of productive luxuriance the inexplicable mass of disorder, which seemed in its very presence to elude his scrutiny, assumes under his gaze its native order and sublimity. He gazes upon the ponderous machine, and can distinguish nothing but a disorder of wheels, pulleys, and bars, but the evidenced relation of its several parts to each other evinces at once the curious adaptation of its construction, and he intimately perceives in the most minute and inconsiderable parts of its construction that nice connexion and adaptation which effects the design.

Thus the metaphysician proceeds in his investigation into the nature of the human mind, and this he does, not from the mere consciousness of its several component natures, as developed in his own, but also from the indication of similarly constituted feelings in those of others, which are the reflection of his own, and which attracted his attention more forcibly to them. He has, with them, the same principles of mental nature, as he has also the same development and functions of physical nature. The heart palpitates, the blood flows, the muscles contract and dilate in them as in us; and so in their mental nature, their desires, their fears, and perceptions, are of the same nature as ours, and succeed each other in conformity with the same laws.

But the phrenologist did not think it necessary to observe the simple operations of our mental nature. Observing in particular individuals particular propensities, accidentally accompanied by certain organic

developements, he always accepted such developements as indicative of the simple faculties of the mind. He does not consider of what complicated feelings such a propensity may be formed, nor does he in other cases inquire, whether the feeling he observes may not be analyzed into other feelings which he has before recognized. He does not detail the *faculties* themselves of those whom he investigates, but his attention is only attracted by the particular *associations* of feelings, as manifested by individuals, when by the accidental circumstances in which they are placed, or by the particular vividness of the feelings, thus associated, they force themselves upon his observation. Some peculiar form of the head *may* accompany such an apparent manifestation of character, and, fonder of theory than truth, he readily supposes that the form of the one occasions the manifestation of the other. It might have been by accident, that in connexion with such a manifestation of character, he noticed the formation of the *head*, or, perhaps, because it was more easily remarked than the minuter features; but with equal reason might he have remarked the conformation of the nose or mouth, and, relying upon the incapacity of the most subtle to estimate the degree of their character, he might have stated those features to be indicative of peculiar capacities, which others, from their ignorance of the extent of their capacities, would be unable to deny, but which, from the same reason, they could never consistently affirm. The speculation which produced a code of organs supposed to be indicative of a certain arrangement of propensities, and an incapacity to the estimation of their amount of peculiar characteristic faculties which induced those who were the subjects of their investigation to assent to the truth of their depositions, has been the support of a science which it would seem, from that very reason, should fall.

It will, therefore, be very necessary that we should investigate the peculiar character of the phrenological code of faculties, that we may ascertain whether they are a transcript of the mind, since the incapacity of man to estimate the amount of his faculties relatively to that of those of other individuals, which would seem alone to have supported the theory, would render us suspicious that the authority assumed in vindication of their depicted code of faculties, is not so much to be attributed to the aspect of individuals who have endeavoured to estimate the extent of their faculties, as, from the statement of the founder of the system, whose observations, however carelessly they might have been elicited, men, from the very constitution of their nature, possessed not the capacity to deny.

It must be remembered, that he who would depict the nature of the mind, must neither in his statement of it multiply or lessen its faculties, as also he who depicts an object must neither multiply or lessen the parts which that object contains, nor at all misstate the relation which those parts have to each other.

Further, it must be noticed, that if phrenologists have multiplied the faculties of the mind, they cannot proceed in their observations on the relation which those faculties have to the organs which they indicate them; since it would be necessary, before they noticed any connexion between mind and matter, to be able to comprehend first

what the mind is. If *many* organs indicate the same faculty, then with the existence of that faculty be denied and affirmed so many times; since the slightest variation in the size of these *various* organs, which indicate the *same* faculty, must prove that the degree of the faculty does not depend upon the *size* of the organ, since, though the amount of the faculty is of a *certain degree*, the organs which are supposed to indicate it are yet *various* in their sizes, and, consequently, the degree of the faculty cannot depend upon their size.

Having thus premised the objections which might be urged, on the supposition, that the phrenological code is incorrect, we will proceed to notice its nature.

FEELINGS OF RELATION.

Comparison—Causality—Concentrativeness—Ideality—Eventuality—Individuality—Locality—Weight—Colouring—Form—Size—Number—Time—Tune—Imitation.

Comparison.—Placed, as we are, amidst the developement of external existence, we could yet be hardly said to exist, did we merely derive our consciousness of such an existence from the mere indication of outward existence which our senses would afford. In gazing upon the insensate insect which crawls at our feet, which is a semi-developement of animal and vegetable life, we might naturally imagine that so rude a specimen of conscious existence could scarcely be composed but of the feeblest and grossest sensations. But a more attentive observer will notice, that it has a property of motion which must be induced by an acquaintance with the nature of that which supports it, and by a suitable exertion of the rude muscles which it possesses, which cannot arise but from a certain amount of intellect, which renders it capable of adapting to external objects the physical faculties evolved in itself, or from an instinct which renders it equally capable. But whether it evolves either, it is equally true, that the feeble senses it possesses would be utterly useless unaided by some species of intelligence which directs them.

Thus the most insignificant of the animal species would become infinitely more insignificant were it deprived of that portion of intelligence which alone affords reason for us to suppose that it exists at all. Without an intellect man would be equally degraded. So accustomed are we to consider his senses in connexion with the operations of his intellect, that we can hardly imagine what would be the nature of the one when separated from the other. From the commencement of his existence, the simplest exertions of his senses have been so habitually accompanied and assisted by his rational nature, that that which would seem to him the simplest and most unsophisticated sensation, is so intimately blended with intellectual feelings, which are associated with it, as to render him incapable of imagining the nature of the *mere sensation*, as separated from the intellectual result with which it is blended.

The mere appearance of a substance which would seem at once to be imparted to us, by sight, is the result of an innumerable series of intellectual feelings. It will be remembered, that our notion of a

substance does not merely evolve the perception of the rays of light which are imperfect upon our vision, and the series of latent sensations as combined with them, but of innumerable perceptions of relation, which we feel the several parts to have to each other, and of our relative notion of that substance as compared with other substances. The relative roughness or smoothness of that substance would never have been suggested to us by any process of sensation, and is only attained by the feelings of relation which arise in our minds of the disposition of the minute portions of matter arranged on its surface while passing our hands or other organs of touch over its surface. The same relative feelings which occasion our notion of it as smooth or rough, also occasions our notion of its form, in the more easily-remarked relation of its larger parts to each other. To know that an object is round or square, octagonal or triangular, is only to know that its more prominent parts have such various relation to each other. Such terms are only expressive of particular species of relation of the parts of a substance to each other, and in proportion as they approach their relative assortments of parts, they are so termed. But they are only terms of expression, and we may equally feel the relation of the various parts of substances to each other without any such mode of expressing them. If we had examined but one mass of substance, we should merely have felt the relative proportion and disposition of its own parts to each other; but as we are surrounded by many developements of substance, we have also various feelings of their relative proportion to each other. Our notion of its *extension* always remains the same, since we gain that notion by merely applying the extended surface to our organs of touch, and afterwards by the association of those tactual feelings with the visual perceptions which co-existed with them. But though the extension of the object is the same, our notions of its *relative size* are as various as the objects with which it is compared, and this object, as arranged with others, suggests a notion of proportion, or size, which we feel it to have to those objects which so surround it, and which notion, in gazing upon an assemblage of objects, we cannot but feel, and which we unconsciously blend with our notion of the object itself.

Such are our complicated notions of a mere substance which, by experience, is made so simple to us, that we can with difficulty imagine that there is any other faculty necessary to our notion of it, than the mere organ of vision itself, since such series of perceived relations are so intimately blended with the mere visual perceptions of those objects, that one cannot exist unaccompanied by the other.

Such is the intricate nature of our notions of the most simple developements of external existence. But as we extend our views, our notions of external nature are profounder. As various as every atom of external nature, are our perceptions of the relations of its various parts to each other; and as various as are the senses which we possess, are the inlets of impressions from outward existence, on which such feelings of relation arise. But the scene around us is not stationary. Vast as are the views which a mere development of outward existence suggests, the order in which its various component existences succeed each other, affords us views still vaster. There is a

certain incessant, successive change in everything around us. The appearances which at one time develope themselves, rapidly evolve themselves into others. The planets of a thousand systems are whirling through space; the appearances of the superficies of our own globe are diversified with the changing hours; and the construction and chemical combinations of every atom are continually presenting to us an interminable succession of varied developements.

If we consider the various ways in which the minutest atom acts, not only upon the globe of which it forms a part, but also upon that eternity of worlds, which wheel in majestic precision around it—if we consider this, not simply of one atom, but of every atom which constitutes those vast bodies—and that this atom exercises its influence not only upon the most distant planet which rolls through space, but exercises it also in a thousand ways upon every co-existent atom, and every proximate object by which it is more nearly surrounded, we may form some indefinite notion of the vast field of inquiry into which he is introduced, whose faculties, by the aptness of their relation to external nature, are only exceeded by the wonderful infinitude of design of which he is the investigator.

In proportion as objects vary in their relation to each other, so do they present a subject of novel contemplation; and such a vicissitude of rotation between such objects, often occasions a change in the nature of the objects themselves. A slight difference in the relative position of a collection of atoms to each other, produces a difference, not only in the strength or solidity of the substance which they compose, but by offering such a difference of construction to the various objects by which it is influenced, it may, by its difference of construction, be differently affected by such objects, and consequently may present a corresponding difference in its nature.

The mere presence of the sun in a certain relative position to the earth, diffuses, as if by enchantment, the gushing life and verdure which rises on every side amidst its delightful influence; and which is less remarkable in so diversifying the feelings of those, who from it reap their existence, and solace their happiness, than in the vastness and universality of the change which is effected, the proportionate attention of the identical and relative existence of the minutest particles which compose the various objects of such a vast scene, and the simple means by which such a change is effected.

The various ways in which the various stratae of the earth are affected by a certain degree of heat; the nature of that heat, and of its relative operations upon the infinity of congregated atoms which compose those vast layers of matter, which are stretched in sheets around the centre of our globe; the mode of action between this compounded matter, and the vegetable seed which is placed in it; the laws which regulate the growth of the plant, and the formation of all its various functions, of those of which we know a little, we are yet ignorant of infinitely more. The mere imperfection of our senses renders us incapable of observing only the most evident developements of the nature and relative actions of the objects of external nature, which affect us. By scrutinizing the nature of his own senses, he has been able artificially to assist them. And after a series of ages, he is

able to discern a few more of those bright specks which sparkle in the firmament, the ignorance of the nature of which, leads him complacently to suppose that they are worlds similar to his own—and by a small tube, he can discern in the insignificant portion of matter which he treads beneath his feet, a new world teeming with animal life; the varied nature and mode of existence of which, from his limited acquaintance with another certain species of animal existence, he is unable to estimate. Though his senses were so subtle that he might scrutinize the visible action of every species of material existence, he would yet be ignorant of the manner in which such a material existence affected the various species of animal existence; since, though by a particular constitution of his own perceptive faculties, he is influenced in a certain manner by outward existence, and this species of animals, by a constitution of faculties equally characteristic, may also, according to the nature of their various constitutions, be variously affected by the material developments amidst which they are placed; and to be acquainted with the various modes in which external nature affects the various conscious beings who are placed in it, it would be necessary that we should possess the consciousness of the various beings who are thus influenced. No two species of animals are perhaps affected by external objects in the same manner. That objects are imperfect in a particular manner upon our vision, is true—that certain particles affect our nasal organs in a certain manner, is true; and that certain substances occasion on our palate a certain sensation, and contain vibrations peculiarly affecting the machinery of our senses, is true; but true only to our own particular conformation and consciousness. But of the manner in which such modes of sensitive excitement to us, affect the various orders of conscious beings which exist amidst them, we are ignorant, because to remedy such ignorance, it would be necessary that we should possess their natures as well as our own. But we should not imagine that the nature of these various beings is limited to the faculties which we ourselves possess, or that because we possess five peculiar senses, that therefore all other existent beings must possess one or more of these senses, since as we perceive that in physical conformation they differ from us, we might also consider, that they may have organized faculties of sensation also different. But though man is ignorant of the nature of other conscious beings, and of the manner in which they are influenced by external nature, he has yet sufficient to investigate in that of which he is himself conscious; and without attempting discoveries which are beyond his capacities, he may find the sublimest gratification in eliciting those of which by their means he is capable.

Vast as is the field of discovery which he is to make, he has within him a simple faculty which is to solve such an universal enigma. He has a capacity for perceiving relations in general; and consequently the relations of every species of existence which is offered to him, is perceived by him. It is not wonderful that so vast a system of existence should be appreciated by a single simple faculty, since the same faculty in their Creator occasioned the development which we are able to estimate, possessing a similar faculty, and indeed by such a similarity in the nature of our relative perceptions, to those of our

Greater, we are able occasionally to combine that which he has peculiarly constituted. It is not less wonderful that we should see by a simple organ of vision, the varied exhibition of nature around us, than that by a simple faculty we should perceive the relations which exist between them.

The nature of the faculty which judges of the nature and combination of external objects, is not varied according to the various species into which these objects may be grouped, but it is because we possess one simple faculty, that we are able by the same process to assort them into so many species. Nor ought we to wonder at any of the modes by which the operations of nature are effected, but rather to inquire what such a nature is; and, being satisfied of the sufficiency of everything which exists for producing its effect, we should not wonder that that which is so sufficient, should produce that which from its constituted nature must result from it, but should rather admire the simple efficacy of the means employed by nature to effect its most intricate results.

The only mode by which we can attain to the knowledge of nature, is to study it; and if we would class the feelings which constitute the human mind, we surely must not class them according to the obvious differences of external objects, which are themselves only discovered to be different by such feelings of relation, but must class them according to the differences which are evolved in their own nature. It would surely be unreasonable that the natural historian should class a particular day in a distinct species from other days, because he had combined with the perception of the appearance of the day, the various commemorative suggestions of its own particular faithfulness and fidelity; and as unreasonable is it, that two feelings of a similar nature should be classed as different, because the perceptions of other circumstances, with which they may be accompanied, may be different. The sky is not variously a sky, according to the peculiar starry constellations which may stud it; but the sky is equally a sky, whatever may be arranged within it; and so, the groups of feelings which constitute our minds, are not to be differently classed, according as they may be differently blended with each other, or differently affected by external circumstances, but because they differ with each other in their own natures. The same faculty which perceives the relation between one height and another, one degree of sound and another, also computes the relative difference or relative succession of its own feelings. In all the curious products of our experience, it is this faculty alone, which from such experience, computes the relative capacity or incapacity of the objects of such experience to produce certain results. The same faculty that computes that a foot is two inches less than fourteen inches, also separates the most subtle union of the co-existent feelings of our mental nature, arranges them in the various classes which they characterize; and from the observation of the order of their relative succession to each other, predicts, with a species of prophetic vision, from a mere observation of existent feelings, the results which will follow in particular circumstances.

The same grand simplicity of design which characterizes external nature, is also developed in our own minds. One species of gravi-

tation connects together the minute atoms which compose every speck of matter—concentrates the ponderous globes which move through space, and by the same species of attraction, does an endless infinity of worlds perform their vast evolutions to each other—one species of light imparts to our vision the existence of all that beams around us, to the ponderous insignificance of vast worlds, which twinkle in the blue eternity—one principle of heat diffuses its chemical influence on the tiny particle of matter, and on the vast assemblages of globes: and so, in our own minds, one simple faculty* seems to impart order and congruity to every species of existence.

* By this all-embracing and all-absorbing "faculty," we presume that our ingenious and very metaphysical correspondent means, the soul, the glorious and imperishable emanation of the Deity within us, that, after all, directs our actions and constitutes our character. This is a noble doctrine, in direct opposition to the tendency towards materialism of the phrenologists, and, according to revelation, the true one. We are, however, heartily glad that we have done with a subject that is so fruitful in arguments and so barren in conclusions.—ED.

STATUTUM EST HOMINIBUS SEMEL MORI.

Though life we spend in sunny bowers,
 'Mid laughing meads and scented flowers,
 And bliss attend our tranquil hours,
 Yet we must die.

Though Love's bright torch may gladly blaze,
 Though teem with joy our happy days,
 Though beauty's smile delight our gaze,
 Yet we must die.

Though oft by fancy borne away,
 We bask in regions bright and gay,
 Where pleasure glows with constant ray,
 Yet we must die.

Though, circled with the pomp of state,
 Our word be law, our whisper fate,
 Our halls must soon be desolate,
 For we must die.

For we must part with love's bright ray,
 Our gayest dreams must flit away,
 Wealth, beauty, pleasure, all decay,
 For we must die.

SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

BY AN OLD STAGER.

LET geologists knock each other's brains out, whilst *coolly* discussing the merits of the Plutonic and Neptunian theories: (meaning, whether our poor earth was originally roasted or boiled into its present shape :) let mineralogists (lovers of *quartz*) pour their *vials* of wrath on him who doubts that mineral coal was ever vegetable cabbage; let astronomers ruminate on the component parts of a comet's *airy* tail; and electricians kill themselves with shocks from voltaic batteries; let zoologists puzzle their wits for proof of the existence of *bonâ fide* unicorns and mermaids; and entomologists spend their precious hours in treating beetles "as though they loved them;" (that is, by impalement;*) in short, let all the *ologists* and *icians* follow their bent as pleases them: as for me, I am content to take the true, but very trite remark of the poet for my text, occupying myself most pleasantly and energetically in making observations on the human race,† and maintaining, against all *savans* of the above species, that "the noblest study of mankind is *man*!"

But how and where to make these observations? That is the difficulty! Ask the question of kings and nobles, and they will tell you—"at court." But all the world are not courtiers! Ask the statesman, and he will say—"in cabinets;" but, thank Heaven, all the world are not protocol-spinners! Apply to the merchant, and he will send you behind the counter. Now, whatever truth there may be in Napoleon's character of us English, it is certain that *all the world* are not shopkeepers. Go to a beggar, and he will point to Bartlemy-fair or the purlieu of St. Giles's; but, in spite of Malthusians and other alarmists, who, taking a false assumption (the frightful arithmetical and geometrical proportions) for their guide, inform us that we shall be feeding on one another in a few centuries, it is clear that *all the world* are not yet beggars! Lastly, inquire of the "poor player," and he will tell you, "in the green-room and on the boards," and will quote a well-known dictum of his immortal bard in support of his position. But as it would seem that every one may criticise and comment upon Shakspeare, I also shall take the liberty; and, pointing to the many wise and brilliant comments and notes on the Shaksperian text, submit, that when the swan of Avon said, "All the world's a *stage*," he evidently referred to a *stage-coach* and its cargo, which brings me round to the point for which I am contending, viz. that *all the world* (the civilised portions) do occasionally travel in stage-coaches, *ergo*, those vehicles are the best positions from which

* See Isaac Walton's directions for baiting a hook with a live frog.

† I have to quarrel with an expression too commonly used by writers, viz. "human species," as if man were really, according to the insolent and ignorant Monboddio theory, only a sort of monkey without a tail. See some interesting and conclusive remarks on the distinction between man and beast in Prichard's "Researches into the Physiological History of Man."

to observe all varieties of human character. The fact is, that in them you meet with men of all ranks and under all aspects of character and circumstance: "Stop a moment!" exclaims some rustic, home-sitting John Bull, "you don't mean to say that his Majesty or the *quality* ever travel in stage-coaches?" I mean to say, that if his Majesty does not, some other majesties do; and that it is not many years since, a friend of mine encountered a princess royal of France in a public omnibus! And, as to the *quality*, all travellers know that, on the eve of a parliamentary division the coaches are *teeming* with noble peers, and, on other occasions, not a few sprigs of nobility are accustomed themselves to superintend the *tooling of the teams*. "I dare say many of the uninitiated have sat through many a stage, side by side with a duke, and taken him for a common inside fare, just from want of observation, and from not having studied the "*genus homo*," as I have done all my life in stage-coaches. Then, for the other extreme of society; who has not seen the refuse of our race, the unfortunate convicts in chains shipped off for the hulks outside of a heavy Portsmouth or Plymouth stage? Here is a wide field for studying the science with a vengeance!

"*Sunt quos curriculo*," &c. says Horace, informing us, that the knowing ones of his time were fond of going it in a curricule and pair. I wish he had told us something more about public conveyances for long distances; as curricule travelling evidently relates only to short morning airings and pleasant weather; and would be clearly unsuitable to a winter's journey from Land's End to Johnny Groat's House. Horace knew well enough what was comfortable; and had he lived in these days, and seen our light post-coaches, four bloods, four inside, and eight out, ten miles an hour including stoppages; a duke, to a ducat, but he would have written a dozen odes to them!

His Majesty's mails are all very well—I have nothing to say against their running; but there is one insuperable objection to them—they will not allow you to feed in comfort: there is no getting a good dinner in the mail; and eight or ten minutes for breakfast! It is too bad! Now, when I travel, I make a point of eating, drinking, and sleeping, as comfortably as if I were at home. Then there are those obsolete machines called post-chaises! Who can think of their dull solitude without inducing an attack of the megrims? As for travelling in a private carriage, though luxurious enough, physically speaking, (especially when one is blessed with a valet or master of horse to take the trouble of arranging everything,) it amounts, after all, to little more than dozing on a sofa in one's own drawing-room. Besides, there is no possibility of coming in contact with man or anything else, in such a style of *locomotion*. That word compels me to say a word of locomotive engines and their trains, which threaten to render my favourite stages as obsolete as post-chaises, and that speedily. I honestly confess that there is something to be advanced in favour of railway steam-coaches, where rapidity is the grand object; and, for myself, I like their smooth motion: it favours conversation: but the worst of it is, that you no sooner begin to get an insight into the character of a pleasant fellow steam-passenger, than you find he or you have come to your journey's end. Perhaps the

system cannot be said to be fairly tried yet, for I believe there are not fifty miles of continuous railway laid down in England; and I for one do not consider less than two hundred ought to be dignified with the names of "travelling" or "journeying."

Some of my readers, young roadsters, may perhaps be thankful for a few hints as to conduct in travelling, culled from the experience of one, who, in the thousands of miles of road he has passed over, has never suffered from accident, and rarely met with discomfort. To attempt anything in the shape of minute advice would be an endless task, I shall therefore only touch on generals. In the first place, I recommend them to call up all their powers of observation, to use their eyes and ears, and bring all their common sense into play, and to make themselves comfortable at all hazards, saving at the expense of gentlemanly behaviour—an exception which I am compelled to insist on from the prevalence of an ignorant and vulgar idea, that in order for a man to travel with ease and comfort, he must kiss all the chambermaids (however ugly) and call them "my dear," whilst he must as religiously damn all the coachmen, guards, porters, waiters, and boots—that he must at an inn always ring the bell three times as often as necessary, and find fault with everything he meets with. I encountered a disciple of this doctrine some years ago at the ——— Hotel, Worcester, who will do very well as a specimen of his class. The hotels of that city are very well kept: or were at the time to which I allude. The coach stopped, to dine. An outside passenger, with bear-skin cap, red comforter, two great coats, two cloaks, and thick leggings, almost precipitated himself from the roof, and rushed into the house. I was the only one who followed, and the waiters ushered us into a handsome room where the table was laid, and inquired if we intended to dine. I nodded assent; whilst the youth with the leggings vociferated authoritatively, "Yes, to be sure!" The door closed, and the waiters had certainly not had sufficient time to reach the bar, when our outside passenger rang the bell with violence, and a waiter returned.

Passenger. D—n it; when are you going to let us have dinner?

Waiter. Immediately, sir.

The door was again shut, and our hero growled continuously for the space of nearly one minute. Another attack on the bell was the result, at the very moment when the waiter entered with the soup.

Pass. What! do you mean to say you've no fish for us?

Wait. There is none to be had in the town to-day, sir.

Pass. And, what's this soup?

Wait. Oxtail, sir.

Pass. Looks deuced thin.

[*Exit Waiter.*]

Outside then gulped down two platefuls of the "deuced thin soup" before I had finished one, and again had recourse to the bell, which was promptly answered.

Pass. There—you may take away the soup! (*Aside.*) Cursed poor stuff!

Wait. Yes, sir.

Pass. What are you going to bring us next?

Wait. Roast goose, sir.

Pass. Well! why don't you put it on the table?

Wait. It's coming, sir.

[*Exit Waiter for goose, and goose appears.*]

Pass. Is this all?

Wait. (*rather hesitatingly.*) There's a boiled leg of lamb.

Pass. Then by G— I wish you wouldn't stand there! Go for it.

The boiled leg of lamb with vegetables and salad made their appearance, as did subsequently fruit-tart, and cheese, everything good in its way, our passenger keeping up throughout what he thought the knowing style, and of which the above is merely a small sample, and concluding with, "I'm d——d if I ever saw such a dinner!" I believe him. He only paid three shillings for it too. Now, what was the upshot of all this haste and insolence? He finished his meal full ten minutes before the coach was ready to start—the waiters would have kicked him had he been anywhere but in their master's house, and he made this impression on your observing humble servant, viz. that he knew nothing in the world of good society, and probably when at home, and not travelling, lived in some dark alley, and fed from the same pot with a dozen fellow apprentices.

My advice then, in a few words, on this matter is, "Be firm and prompt in your orders, but always civil. Don't abuse any one—and, depend upon it, you will be well served in any decent tavern in the three kingdoms."

As to the merits of outside and inside, I can only say, that when I was a youngster, I was all for the roof, and that experience has quite cured me of the taste. One objection alone would be decisive with me: sound sleep outside is incompatible with safety. Some men may laugh at this; but such sleepers may some time have reason to rue the practice, and chance "some fine morning (according to Irish phrase) to wake and find themselves kilt dead." If you wish in summer to be scorched and suffocated with dust, go outside! If you feel inclined to be frost-bitten, or die of inflammation of the chest in winter, go outside! If you can dispense with sleep for two nights running, go outside! If you are disposed to have your neck broken, or skull fractured, or if not that, say a leg or arm dislocated by way of variety, go outside! A voluntary turn out from the interior, for a stage or two, in fine weather, with a vehicle moderately laden, is all I can recommend with regard to the coach external. I speak not here to such as really cannot afford inside fare, but I do to those who, being able to afford it, still practise what they call *economy*, which in this case often means incurring a surgeon's bill of one hundred guineas, in order to save ten shillings!

Being established inside, seat yourself with your face to the horses in summer, and with your back to them in winter: otherwise you may find yourself swimming with perspiration, while your *vis-a-vis* is as cool as a cucumber; or perishing with cold when your opposite companion is as snug as . . . (you know the rest.) An old traveller will generally be at the coach-office in time to secure his favourite

place. If you must go outside, don't follow the fashion of secluding the box-seat; you will be bored with holding the reins and whip for the coachman, and have him for your sole companion, and your back will ache for want of something to rest against. The front of the roof is your place, especially in summer, as you will there catch the breeze, and leave most of the dust for the benefit of the passengers behind. In cold weather the back of the roof is the snuggest place; but then it is always awkward in case of accidents.

Apropos of accidents. If a wheel come off, you will not have much time for deliberation: you will probably fly through the air as if shot from a mortar, with a vague idea perhaps in your brain, that it would have been better for you to have been inside; and you may thank your stars if you find yourself alive or sound when you recover your senses—but if the horses run away with the coach, a little advice may not be wholly useless. Hold on coolly till you see, from the appearance of some ugly obstacle or sharp turn in the road, that there is strong probability of an upset: then look out carefully for some safe ground to come down on—if you are stoutly and thickly clothed, during the season of foliage you need not mind a good thick hedge for your bed; or if you are fortunate enough to be on a road where either bank is nearly level with the top of the coach, (which is often the case,) seize your opportunity and take a steady leap, being careful to clear the vehicle and its appurtenances, and avoid going head foremost. I confess, that without a thick green hedge, or a high bank, or a heap of something soft to descend upon, I cannot conscientiously give any particular advice as to leaping off the outside of a runaway coach.

With regard to the interior, there is only one occasion, in my humble opinion, in which life is in danger from an upset: and that is in the case of a coach going over the parapet of a bridge, or down a precipice. If either of these catastrophes seem inevitable, your inside passenger must cautiously open the coach door, hold it back with one hand, steady himself with the other, determine on the most favourable piece of ground, and keeping his head well up, give a careful but firm bound, and trust the rest to fortune.

A word as to dress and I am done. Generally speaking, a man must be little better than a ninny who cannot tell how to clothe himself comfortably at all seasons; but there is an error very prevalent with travellers, of loading themselves in winter with a ridiculous superstructure of Macintoshes, surtouts, upper Benjamins, and cloaks of all descriptions, whilst they wear linen and cotton stockings next to the skin! They might avoid some portion of the external incumbrances, by adopting thick welsh hose, and flannel under-vest, and by exercising themselves determinedly whenever the coach stops to change horses.

As this introduction has perhaps already become tiresome, I must refer my readers to the following series of sketches, for hints and observations regarding minor matters.

M. H. R.

(To be continued.)

TO MY DOG SLEEPING.

LITTLE slumberer, thou dost rest
Sweeter far than man, whose pillow,
Soft as down of cygnet's breast,
White as snow, or foam of billow,
Woo's him to elysium calm,
Nature's solace, sorrow's balm.

Man a respite seeks from sorrow,
Thou hast nothing to forget ;
Man must wake to care to-morrow,
Thou to joy, my little pet :
Oh ! had man thy grateful heart,
Day to him would joy impart.

Man doth scorn to copy thee :
Thou, unblessed with human reason,
Dost shame, with thy fidelity,
Man's guileful lip, and heart of treason :
Man for gold betrays his friend,
Thee nor gold nor bribe can bend.

Like the mole beneath the clod,
Shunning light when light is given,
Having eyes, but not for God,
Having heart, but not for heaven,
Oh, what sins man's being clog !
How inferior to his dog !

Little slumberer, sweetly rest ;
Man may envy thy repose :
His are troubled dreams at best,
Shadows of a world of woes ;
Asleep, awake, man's busy soul
Still hurries on to meet the goal.

The goal of what ?—of wishes vain ;
Of hopes, that at the starting post,
Like fairy pages, hold the rein,
And guide him on with longing boast,
'Till just in sight he views the prize,
And goaded on to grasp it—dies.

Then with coffined pride, and plume
Shadowing o'er the stately hearse,
Man is borne unto his tomb,
Trophied and bedecked with verse,
That gilds a lie, for future time,
To canonize the dust of crime !

Little slumberer ! when the gloom
Of death shall overshadow thee,
Thou shalt have a juster tomb,
Worthy thy fidelity,—
With epitaph should move a log,
“ Here lies man's dumb reproof,—his dog !”

ARDENT TROUGHTON, THE WRECKED MERCHANT.¹

BY E. HOWARD.

THE cockney sailor is about to begin his story : but before I repeat it, I must acquaint my friends that I do not pretend to give the very *arbitrary* pronunciation of this denizen of the world's metropolis. How the word was to be uttered depended entirely upon the whim of the moment : he was an an autocrat in language—a very tyrant over parts of speech. Sometimes, when you expected that he would abbreviate four syllables into two, he would supply a supererogatory one, and surprise you with five ; and not seldom, when you expected a misplaced aspirate, he would ease off the initiate vowel as smoothly as a minister makes a promise, and would surprise you quite as much by sometimes not confounding the v's with the w's, as when the said minister should keep the aforesaid promise.

Indeed, the Silver Spoon was an enthusiast in his way. Afloat, he carefully abstained from all nautical phraseology, on shore he could not talk out of it. Thus, when on board, he would call going aloft trotting up the hempen ladders, whilst in a house he would not ascend a pair of stairs without calling it going "aloft." At sea, he would look sanctified, and exhibit the white of his eyes at an oath, whilst on shore, he swore so constantly and horribly, that he would make every one within hearing shudder at his blasphemy. A queer file was Bill Watkins,—a bad fellow, with much that was good in him,—one of a middling capacity, ruined by the passion of attempting to distinguish himself.

"Well, gen'lmen," said William, "it's nothing to none o' ye who was my father and mother, as I'm not agoing to swear myself to none o' ye, and so you won't have to support me when I comes upon the parish. I got my hedecation with the other nob's and beaks at a public establishment, but at which of the huniwarships it would be unkimmen soft of me to say, cos I should be sorry to disgrace my pals, them ere nob's and beaks as I was a telling you of before. Well, I made such progress in my larning that it quite 'stonished the governors ; and, as they all said it would be a mortal sin not to give such tallons to the world, they 'prenticed me to a breeches-maker, in particular, but a gen'lman who was also a general tailor by trade. Vell, I didn't like it, I'll tell you as how vhy—I couldn't abide sitting with my legs tucked under me, and the smell of new buckskin warn't agreeable. Besides, it was very hoffsensive to have people wastly beneath you insinivate insults about cabbage ; and one can't be knocking people down all day long, you know, one gets tired at last, besides getting a name of being quarrelsome ; so one day I hauled my heels out from under my haunches, and gave them a much better employment by running away."

¹ Continued from p. 272.

I shall pass over rapidly this part of his life, which seemed with those adventures so natural to a clever, idle, metropolitan vagabond. He soon found his way to the treadmill, which, he observed, seemed invented precisely for himself, as he was one of the first who placed their feet upon that revolving ladder of promotion, up which you may walk for ever without getting any higher. Of course, he fell into very bad company, whose ideas of the rights of property were all in the wrong, and he formed a numerous acquaintance of criminals, without, as yet, actually committing any crime, excepting it was, now and then, vouching, like honest Jack Falstaff, for the honesty of his companions at the bar of the Old Bailey, and, like the knight, he had his eighteenpence. By this association, he caught the manners and imbibed the principles of the swell mob, whilst, as yet, he carefully abstained from involving himself in their continual dangers. At length, his good address and his activity recommended him to, and secured for him, the situation of head-waiter at a noted and well-frequented tavern within the rules of the Fleet. He never smashed, not he—but, somehow or other, he always found his pockets full of bad silver. He had it, and, therefore, he must have taken it, and it would have been hard to have allowed the loss to fall upon so poor a man; consequently Mr. William Watkins distributed it very impartially and rather profusely among the gentlemen who had occasion to receive change, by all which he gained a great deal of money and a little, a very little, suspicion: he contrived, however, to dissipate both. In this flourishing state of affairs he first met Mary East. Let him again speak for himself.

"My eyes! warn't she an angel? She was so beautiful she put me in mind of Madame Abingdon, the play actress, if so be anybody could suppose madame could be cotched at prayers. When she tripped along the streets every man turned to look arter her, gentle and simple, from the nob down to the chummey. Somehow or other, it seemed as hif she brought light with her wherever she went. I don't actually say she made the sun shine about her, but, as I ope to be himmortally blest, when she popped her head into her door at the bottom of Simion's Court, everything immediately arter appeared four or five shades darker: I've hobserved it hoften and hoften."

"I can't by no means circumstand that," said one of the listeners; "that's sailing to within three points of the wind's eye."

"Oh, it's all nat'ral enough, my bo," said Bill Bobstay, whom I now knew by the peculiar gruffness of his voice; "she must have had something of the hide of a shark,—fosfarrant, as the big wigs say; stinking fish will shine in the dark."

"Stinking fish, you liar!" said the Silver Spoon in a rage, "take that," and he hits the wrong man a tremendous blow in the chapel in the dark, who gives it to the next, and a very pretty chance-medley combat ensued, during which I crouched myself flat on the deck, but Blander was up like a young and strong lion, and without biting any of the enraged combatants, kept pawing them one after another to the ground, whilst he lashed the remainder with his tail. The faithful brute did this entirely to preserve me, from harm, for I kept con-

vulsed with laughter, crouched down in the centre, whilst he stood over me facing about, and pulling down those nearest to him.

"Vast heaving! Paul there! A stopper over all!" roared out Bobstay. "Here's the devil to pay, and no pitch hot. I've had three licks in the figure head, and a couple of pegs between wind and water; whilst this dog of the young master's nearly clawed my scalp off, and here we've been pitching it into one another in the dark, like so many funny devils screwed up in a pepper-box: if the Spoon has a quarrel with me, I'll fight it out with him to-morrow in broad daylight, lashed yard-arm and yard-arm on a sea-chest; only I begs to say aforehand, I'd no idea of calling his fancy girl stinking fish,—no, I'm too much of a man to 'sparage any voman. I havn't been to sea near hand twenty years without larning a little of good manners. I meant no offence to the girl, Bill; but, howsomdever, I'll fight you for love, for all that."

This explanation satisfied the angered cockney; every one rubbed themselves where they had been hit, and hands were thrust out promiscuously in the dark, and being shaken at hazard, harmony was again restored, and the Spoon's narrative resumed.

"Well, Mary East and me kept company; and I takes her to the hoppers and Vite Conduct House, and the other fashionable places of amusement. I s'pose none of you've been to Vite Conduct House; you must mind your eye there,—your conduct must be vite there, my fine fellows,—no blackguards admitted there; and not only must your conduct be vite, but your neck-handkerchief must be vite too, on ball nights. Warn't I a daisy then? I vas once agoing to take Mary to All-max at Villis's rooms, but I cut it, it vas so shocking low:—~~man~~, indeed! Mary wouldn't take a flash of lightning—port-wine negus with nutmeg, that's the go—or, perhaps, if the veather's very cold, a little rum and cinnamon;—yes, I knew then vot fashionable life vas.

"Vell, I von't tell ye a word of a lie: when we did go out, we went out promiscus genteel, but generally Mary staid at home working hard at her business. She kept herself like a lady, and her old mother too. She was a good girl, a very good girl was Mary East. She made a spooney of me. Somehow, I should have as soon thought of swearing at church as of rapping out a oath before her; and slang—no—it would not do with Mary, not by no means. Vell, to make a long story short, she wouldn't consent to marry me till we got together eight hundred pounds; much to her credit, it is but justice to say, that she had already saved up more than half of it, and I could, so lucratif was my situation, have very soon got the other, but I vas impetivous, and, besides, I feared that some of the great folks would snap her up. Many a tradesman, with a large house over his head and a good business, would have had her; but no, she and me was to go into business for ourselves as ladies' shoemakers. Why, we should have had half the quality: the shoes Mary finished always fetched double price; but I vas impetivous, and so kept hurrying and teasing the poor gal to make me an appy man—that's the vay ve goes it; but she vas as firm as the pump at Aldgate—that precious pump! So I fell allycholy, and I told my sorrowful sitivation to some of my old pals, the swella. Vell, there vas vun

Jim Speezer—never knowed him by no other name—a spirited young chap I must say, though he got lagged and scragged—that's the time of day with the best uns—a rope for their cravat, and cotton in their ears. So Jim called me all the ninnies in the varsal world. But he was a devil of a fellow for being in love himself, so he pitied me, and puts me up to a crack job, and he took a solemn hoath over his best hat, that for that ere go I should have all the swag. So I consents.

"But, Mr. Bobstay, I am going to prove to you that I'm a down-right honest man, for what does I do, but I goes to Mary East, and asks her to marry me out and out; but says she as usual, 'Vait William, til ve gets the eight undred to buy the lease and fixtures.' 'My eye!' says I; and so says I, 'if it's the money's the hobstacle, this is Thursday, and if I brings it here a Monday, will you go straight to church?' 'I vill,' says she; 'but where is it to come from?' So I, like a blasted fool that I was, told her all about my lay with Jim. Vell, I couldn't a believed it, if I hadn't a seen it; this gal, gen'lmen sailors—this very gal, that was so meek and mild, stood up and preached at me like a parson; and she plumply told me, that if I did the job she'd inform against me; but I no more believed her than I thought I should, a gentleman born like myself, be forced to 'sociate with such precious wagabonds in this ere blackguard Spanish hooker—present company always excepted.

"Well, I don't know exactly how we parted, I was in such a towering passion, going to risk my precious neck for love of she—and she going to knot the rope round it. However, I never thought she'd a-done that, so sure enough, on Friday following, we did the job, and, when we'd fenced the swag, Jim—an honestest man never breathed—handed me over a clear three hundred, and a twenty more for jewelry for my wife. I don't think he kept more than thirty for himself. Now I calls that honesty.

"Now, the best of this ere joke's to come yet. Never 'sposing she had such a devil in her, I writes her a love letter, and tells her what I had done all for love of she, and makes a mighty merit of it; and tells her too, that I had taken my haffydavy on the bible that I would never do the likes again—and s'elp me God, gen'lmen, I never did—and tells her on next Monday I and my friend would be at her door in a jarvey, and that I had bought the licence, and that she had no time to lose to get her bridesmaid. And what do you think she sends in answer to my epistel? 'Wretched William—fly for your life. Your more wretched Mary.'

"So I shows this to Jim, and he says, 'It's all gammon, as sure as there are cocksparrrows in St. James's Square: when the coach drives up on Monday she'll jump into it as lively as a fresh-skinned eel.'

"But this, you know, didn't quite satisfy me. So I called at Mary's three times on Saturday, and never could clap eyes on her; but I watched my opportunity, and when a lodger went out about ten o'clock to buy a bit of dinner, I 'spose for Sunday, I slips in; and walks right up to the second floor, where Mary lodged; so I knocks; but the door was fastened, and sure enough I heard Mary sobbing as if her dear little heart was a-breaking. So I says, 'Only let me in for a moment.'

when I hears a female ooman's voice say, 'Will, go along now.' And so says I, 'Only say as how it's all right.' 'It's all right,' says she. 'Well then,' says I, 'the coach will be here on Monday at eleven.' 'All's right,' says the female voice again—but rather gruffish or so—and then I hears Mary shriek dreadful, and down something tumbles, and all vos as quiet as thieves under a jeweller's counter. So I listens, and I listens for a long vile, and nothing stirs; so I says, 'Is Mary ill? for the love of God tell me!' 'Go along vith ye,' says the female ooman's voice again. 'Go along, and mind what you've got to do a Monday.' So away I goes to Jim Sneezer, with my heart in my mouth, and that as eavy as a Norfolk dumpling. 'Trap,' says I, 'Jim.' 'Stuff,' says he. 'I'll bolt,' says I. 'Do,' says he; 'I'm a personable young man myself, and if the young ooman has set her mind on going to church and being married, she won't be baulked.'

"This view of the case, as a friend o' mine said, when he found the fiddle stolen out of it, wouldn't do no how; and, as Jim told me, that no stir had been made about the robbery, and none of the runners had heard about it, we guessed all was right, as the ooman said; and so that night we gets 'All for Bob and Joan.'

"Vell, Monday comes, and up we were betimes—varn't we smart, neither? I'll tell ye vat I had on—the very ight of fashion. I had on a blue coat and yellow buttons, a vite jean vaistcoat over all; under the vite a pink silk, under the pink silk a sky blue, and under the sky blue an emerald green, but this ere last wasn't much seen tll I stooped. I von't say nothing of the broaches I had in my frill, or the rings about my knuckles. Vell, I had a pair of vite brand new buckskin breeches, and new yellow top-boots, and no small nosegay in my bosom, I varrant ye. I didn't sing small when I and Jim stepped into the jarvey.

"Vell, there was a cold collection provided at Jim's lodgings for twelve, and after Mary and I had partaken of it, the happy pair was to step into a poshay, and ve vere to drive down to the Stag at Barnett—quite in style, you see, gen'lmen. All these beautiful arrangements I had made known to Mary by note, on Sunday; and got an answer—but not from her, but I 'spose from the female ooman's voice, saying as how she vas much indisposed and flurried, but that 'All was right.'

"Vell, messmates, Miss East lived at the bottom of a court, and so the jarvey was forced to draw up at the end of it. I varn't sorry for that, as ve should have to valk all down it as fine as peacocks, and nobody could say it vas pride. But when ve got there, I sees me another hack. 'Vell done, Mary,' says I, 'that's a gal of spirit. Vy, Jim, she has her friends, too, quiet as she is.' 'Devilish glad of it,' says Jim. Vell, no sooner does our hack draw up, than an ill-looking chap comes to the door, with Miss Eastesses compliments, and begs the gen'lmen won't give themselves the trouble to alight, as she and her friends would be with them in a moment. So he claps his ugly fist on the turn of the coach-door, and holds it fast. Jim, who sat on the hoff side, pops his head out, and sure enough there was another fellow holding the door on that ere side. So Jim just eyes him a moment, then turns paler than ashes, and flings himself

back in the coach, and the word 'tagged' rattled in his throat as if he had swallowed a dozen hot chesnuts.

"At first I couldn't comprehend it at all—for I know'd none of these polite gentry who seemed so officious to wait upon me, for another fellow mounts the box alongside the jarvey. Well, I hadn't much time to cogitate, the door opens at the bottom of the court, and the first person that steps out was Townshend the officer, and then three more runners, and a gen'lman and a lady we didn't know; atween these two, there was the purfiddyvous Mary East, all in black, as pale as the moon when she has taken an emetic, and looking as thin upon it, and weeping like a thatched roof in a warm thaw. A pretty marriage party this; so I pops my head out of the coach vinder, and says, 'Mary!' and hoff she goes in a faint, and then they carries her quite gingerly into the other coach. Mr. Townshend walks up to my coach door with the most haffable smile on his face, and in the politest manner possible, and with as neat a pair of bright steel darbies in his hand as you'd wish to see—anywhere but on your own. 'Some mistake, Mr. Townshend,' says I, for I knew the cove well—'some mistake, my dear sir,' putting a good face upon a bad business. 'None in the world, my excellent Mr. Watkins,' says he; he was a genteel man, certainly, and always wore two more seals to his watch than the greatest lord in Bond Street. 'No mistake in the world—allow me to enjoy the pleasure of your company.'

"So he steps into my bridal chariot as haffable as if he was going to be bridesman. He seemed really to have taken an affection for us both. Nothing could be more considerate than the delicate manner with which he linwested us with the handcuffs, though the joke was anything but relishing with which he said something, as he fastened Jim and I together by the wrists, about rings, and bands, and matrimony. 'Vere shall we drive to, Mr. Watkins?' says Mr. Townshend. 'Why,' said I, 'it seems to be vare you please; but as you are a very purlite man, you won't let the parson be a waiting at St. Annie's, Bobb.' 'No,' said he, 'we'll call there as we goes along—it will be all in our way to Bow Street. I am, you see, too purlite, Mr. Watkins, to keep you and your bride asunder on the wedding-day—he is on before us. We shall hall meet comfortably before his vertship. But let me tell yer, Mr. Watkins, if ever there's an angel on earth, it's your sweetheart, Miss East. She has already given ten pounds to a barrister to get you hoff.'

"I can't very vell describe the hagonizing scene afore the bench—Mary not daring to look at me, going out of one faint into another; and when she could speak, praying to the magistrate for me, and appealing over and over again to the prosecutors, who did all they could to get me hoff—but it wouldn't do. As to Jim, he had never a chance, and so we were sent to Newgate—a precious wedding day!

"But how did I feel, my jolly boys? how did I feel in that ert purdicament? Gallus sulky, and like a wronged man; and as they led me, and my companion ironed, through the streets, Mary followed me, in bitter tears, humbling herself before me, bidding me hope, pressing her money upon me, and telling me she would have me and

moment, I was free—that she had been deceived by the gentleman whom I had robbed, who promised her my safety; but, then, the devil was brooding in my bosom, so I struck her down with my shackled arms, and trampled her into the filth of the street, as I passed on, amidst the hootings, curses, and revilings of the mob. That, shipmates, that was the greatest crime that I ever committed! I never seed her again—she fed me as sumptuously as the law allowed, in the prison, and hired the best advocates to defend me; but the blow I gived her was my ruin. She was too ill to appear as witness against me; indeed, her evidence was not wanted; and my conduct to her had steeled my prosecutor's heart—he would not even recommend me to mercy when I was found guilty; and so—and so, gentlemen, they hanged poor Jim, and transported me for life, for thy first offence, says me God; and that hall and along off loving in vench too well, and afore I was twenty years old too! It's a hard case, the way you tell it," said Bill Bobstay, "but I'm not going to overhaul you. When I gets clear off this voyage, and I ain't robbed, I'll go and find Mary East myself; but awat there—you've no pretensions now, have ye, my Silver Spoon? I guess we mustn't cut out a meastmate." "None, none, none," said the melancholy cookney. "Very well," said Bill, slapping one hand into the other; "by hither and thither I'll marry her myself." "You?" said Will Watkins, with a long laugh of mockery, derision, and anguish—for anguish has its laugh as well as pain in its scream—"You! Before she was thirty, she became the Lady Mayor's first of London, and is now a lady in her own right, being married to a real baron-nigh. You! Well, after all, the burglar and the returned convict can truly boast he might once have had this glorious lady if he had liked." After this ebullition of pride, he gave his listeners a long account of the tricks and the scenes on board of the hulks, which we shall pass over; and take him up again on board the convict ship, making its long and dreary way across the southern seas towards Port Jackson. That was a hell of a life. Pent up like wild beasts in a cage—and we wasn't much better—and admitted on deck by threes and fours at a time, to get a mouthful of hot air, that really seemed cool in comparison to the hoven below. We was all in a large ship of six hundred tons and over—seven hundred of us and hod—there was no rig'lations then. A quarter of the live cargo generally found their way overboard before they got to Botany Bay. I had remorse and repentance enough then. Well, I don't know at all where we were; it was precious hot, but somewhere about where this hooker is now; if I may judge by the sea-weed, and the heat, when a large Spanish slaver, well armed, comes alongside of us. The slavers were free to trade then; but whether or not, the Spaniards were at war with us, and so they asked the English vessel to yield quietly; but the skipper was a spunky little fellow, and as we had a captain, two lieutenants, and a whole company of sixty of the 50th regiment on board, and he had twelve short nines mounted on his fluke deck, to cut the yewers;

hammer and tongs. That was a slaughtering fight, my lads—nice calm weather—yard-arm and yard-arm—didn't the shot, every shot, crash through the old ribs of the ship, and afterwards make its way through solid masses of the convicts? No escape—no motion. Oh! the howling in that well-packed den! And then, in the after prisons, there was lots o' wheman females—the shrieks that rang in one's ears was horrible. The soldiers and the men on deck couldn't bear it; so they opened their cages, and turned them all down into the hold; but not till many of them had been staved to pieces by the shot, and more had died by fright and suffocation.

"If slaughter makes a glorious fight, that was one, Bill Bobstay. Every ball went through us just as if you had fired a pistol-shot through a barrel of herrings, we were packed so closely. And my eyes! how we prayed to be let out to work the guns; but they wouldn't trust us, so they worked them themselves, but to very little purpose. For hevery shot that we had they had two—and for hevery seaman three—so, while Johnny Epangaoi was a mashing us poor convicts up into a sort of thick soup of blood; and bowels, and brains; on the main-deck, he was sweeping off the blue and red jackets from the deck above—besides knocking away all the masts, and making a complete wreck of the ship. Now it's my principle to do your best to win, but when ye sees ye can't win, to coolly knock under, and allow t'other to be the best man. However, our ship couldn't fight any more, cos there was no von left to do the needful; but, as the colours weren't hauled down, the Spaniard kept pummelling away, till, at last, he took courage and came on board. The carnage actually made many of them sick—not a word of a lie, Bill—not a word. But who, think ye, was one of the first fellers that jumped aboard? why, our present Spanish skipper, Captain Don Mantez."

This communication made every one start, and none perhaps more than myself. Many were the expletives that burst forth, and the eagerness to hear more was expressed in a variety of uncouth forms of speech. I confess, as I kept concealed in my lair, that I trembled with an undefined apprehension that I should hear of some yet exquisite villainy, that would make me shudder, and agonize me for the safety of my dear family. The Silver Spoon now began to feel himself of great importance, as was very evident from a sort of crowing-like swelling of his voice, as he thus continued:—

"The captain does not know me now—I've grown hairy-mugged since; and when he first hauled me out of the cage, I was a pale, famished skeleton. But then he was not the captain, after all—only the second in command. But neither he nor the other knew what to do with the ship that they had taken, much less with the cargo—jail-birds not being a marketable commodity in any known port in the world. Now, mates, perhaps you are not going to believe me—but it's all as true as gospel. Hush! hush! are ye sure none of these outlandish fellers are near? Sniff round—do none of ye smell garlick? Well, all right, I believe. Well, this very pompous Don Mantez began to order all the wounded as well as the dead to be thrown overboard—stripping the bodies first of course—for a Spaniard don't care where he thrusts his filthy hand, so long as he can

draw it back with a farthing sticking to it. Well, that ere made a pretty clearance, you may be sure. There vasn't, of the brave defenders of the ship, more than five left sound wind and limb, and they couldn't help this here wholesale burial.

"The upper deck was thus made pretty clear, and down they comes on the middle deck, vere the gentlemen's and ladies' prisons vas. And who should Don Mantez and his officers meet, with their shoes over heels in blood, but Timothy Fribbut, the sentinel at our door, as stiff as his own pigtail. So they told him to move out of the way, and give up the key; but he swore he wouldn't budge an inch, or give what they asked, until he was regularly relieved by his sargent. So, when some ov em began to push him on one side, he brought his bayonet to the charge, and sang out, according to orders, for the corporal's guard; and then one o' them gently slipped a small sword through Tim's body, and relieved him from duty for ever. That's what I call a rig'lar sentry for you—as stiff and as stupid as a post. Vell, Tim was chuck'd overboard of course; and as gentlemen male-factors vern't used any better than the soldiers and sailors, they tossed the dead and the disabled overboard, with no ceremonies of no kind. And the vhemmen they served the same way, only, if they vas only a little hurt they saved them; but if they thought that their wounds would make them troublesome, over they went.

"This sort of veeding thinned us pretty considerable. Out of nearly eight hundred alive an hour ago, there vas scarce four hundred left to chip biscuit. After all, they didn't know what to do with us, or the prize either. Our ship was totally dismantled, and the spare spars on the booms cut up too. So, at last, they called all of us. Hengish on deck, men, vhemmen, and lads, and gave us a choice, that, at the time, we thought looked vastly generous. All as would enter on board of the Spaniard might enter, and all that chose to stay on board the English ship might stay, vhemmen included.

"Now this vas a particler ticklish choice—at least for we gen'lmen convicts. Ve didn't like to enter on board a wessel little better than a pirate, and we didn't like to trust one another in the ship, for I can't help owning we were a set o' bad uns. However, many o' the convicts fancied themselves greatly, and said as how, now they were their own masters, that they could take the ship into any port in the world, and jury rig her like winking; and they appeared quite delighted with the idea of being a republic, and every body free to do just as they liked; and the thing pleased the ladies quite as well.

"For myself, I didn't like the look o' things; and, I remembered the Spanish proverb, when I looked at my companions, all of 'em o' course going to be commanders—

'He señor—you señor—I señor—

Then tell me who'll pull the boat ashore.'

So I, and about seventy convicts, and thirty women, all the best looking, by-the-bye, transferred our lives and fortunes aboard the Spaniards. The dona, I must do 'em the justice to say, plundered the vessel only of the little money and plate that they could find, before they abandoned her to the convicts. Well, the Spanish ship staid

very near her till dark, I suppose to see how she'd behave! (Such a screeching, and howling, and shouting, and singing. Bedlam broke loose could be nothing to it. They were getting tipsy too gloriously; and when we lost sight on 'em, they had not made a single commance to repair damages; but were chasing each other, men and women, round and round the decks, like so many wild cats, or a warren of rabbits on a fine moonshiny night in summer. Well, we made sail, and next morning nothing whatever was in sight. It would be a curious thing, and quite feelosophical, to know what became of that ere ship and her ship's company. They were not lost for want of gumption, I know; for three hundred and odd cleveren fellows than those left on board of her you couldn't select in the three kingdoms."

"Yes," said a voice, "it would be a right curious speculation to know what became of that ship full of thievers. Did you never hear that she was hailed after, or that she made any port?"

"No; but she couldn't have harmed—so much talent on board of her—only I didn't like to trust it."

I must again abbreviate for our friend, the Silver Spoon, and tell my readers that he found his new vessel a heavily-armed slaver, that was proceeding to the African coast to take in a large cargo of sable humanity, principally to supply the estates of the owner, and the commander of the vessel, Don Diego Mantez, the elder brother of our well-known friend. The English convicts were treated but little better than slaves, though the ladies contrived to make a very festival life of it. Don Diego, who was at least ten years older than his brother, appeared, at this time, to be in very indifferent health, and Will Watkins soon discovered that he was of a character totally different from that of his sanguinary and cunning younger brother; he also found out, that he totally disapproved of all that was done on the wounded on board the prize, and of the refined barbarity of the deserting her afterwards; but, at this time, he was so feeble with illness, that he had enough to do to keep himself alive, having no energies to spare either for command or remonstrance.

It appeared from the Spoon's narrative, that this huge Spanish slaver ran down almost the whole of the African coast, but owing to her great draught of water, was generally obliged to keep standing off and on at the various *entrepôts* of the human commodity. The convicts had a severe servitude, for to every petty officer, and to most of the able seamen, one of these poor wretches was doomed to act as a white slave. They had no other pay but blows, and all the reward they found for their services was the privilege to exist upon the refuse of the ship's provisions. The consequence of this treatment was, that they took every opportunity to desert, and thus fall a sacrifice either to the negroes ashore, their own intemperance, or the unhealthiness of the climate. But it seems that the betrothed of the lady mayonnaise was reserved for great things, for he was blessed with more than Dr. Southey's "Curse of Kehama;" for not only did it appear that fire would not burn him, nor water drown him, but famine would not starve him, nor the yellow fever catch him; but how could either the poet laureate's hero, or mine perisha by fire, water, or pestilence!

when they were predestined to be hung?—the saying is stale, but incontrovertibly true. So William Watkins struggled on, in order that he might, as he had all through his existence lived for his own good, at last die for the good of the public.

When the Spanish slaver left the coast with a complete cargo, not more than fifteen of the male convicts remained on board of her, and of the thirty females, seven only were in existence. Disease, profligacy, and unbridled intemperance, had done their fatal work upon them.

I know not whether the Spoon's poetical imagination might not have led him to indulge in that graceful figure of speech called the hyperbole, but he roundly asserted, that the Santa Caritada contained in her hold and her other unaccommodating accommodations, more than one thousand five hundred negroes. Indeed, as the English had just then begun to throw serious impediments in the way of these transactions with the sons of Ham, the cargo was of immense value, and she was justly looked upon as a treasure-ship, and nearly as valuable as if she were laden with plate: consequently, to avoid anything like interruption from the British cruisers, she made a great deal of southing, and at length got among the clusters of islands of the Pacific Ocean.

During all these proceedings very little was seen of Don Diego by either the slaves or the crew. It was, however, generally understood that he was convalescent but weak, and at the very first green and uninhabited island at which the ship arrived, he went on shore with his brother, Don Mantez; a tent was pitched, and he remained there with some of the officers and crew for nearly a fortnight. This time the slaver was occupied in completing her wood and water, airing and exercising the negroes, and in bringing on board as many esculent vegetables as could be procured. This judicious step, which, it was understood, was done at the express command of Don Diego, had the most beneficial effects; for the vessel, crowded as she then was, became tolerably healthy.

With renovated health and recruited spirits, Don Diego returned on board.

In this part of his narrative, "yarn," the seamen call it, there was another call, the call of "All the starboard watch ho, heoi!" but so interested were the listeners, that one and all of them determined not to go down to their hammocks, and thus, at midnight, and long after, the cockney had the high satisfaction of hearing himself speak. I, of all the audience, felt the least inclined to break up the sederunt, as it might most justly be called, as we were all of us either sitting or lying down. Indeed, I felt that I was attending to the oracles of my own destiny.

To resume the story of Will Watkins. He told us, with many a cockney figure of speech, varied sometimes by a sensible remark, and sometimes by a burst of feeling that did honour to his heart, how the Santa Caritada sailed westward after the refreshing of the crew, and how a strange fancy seized Don Mantez, of taking six of the handsomest and most athletic of the slaves, and training them to pull the ears of his gig after the European fashion, and how that Jugurtha, my own dear, mutilated Jugurtha, was one of them. He also told how Don Mantez, with no

other defence than his side arms and his pistols, would trust himself, in calms and light winds, far away from the ship, apparently entirely at the mercy of his sable associates; and how that his treacherous kindness to them had won upon their simple natures, and, that in a short time, they seemed really attached to him.

"But now, gen'lmen, I'm going to tell you the willainy of the thing. Our Don began to take a fancy to me—liked the cock of my eye—or summut smart about me—made me is wally in hordinary, and the coxsen of his black boat extraordinary; and I soon picked up enough of his lingo to understand him, and his roguery too; often when I shaved him, I was tempted——"

"Hollos! vast heaving there! come, come, tell that to the marines, for the sailors, you know—why man alive, how comes it the skipper don't seem to know you now?"

"Mister Bobstay, as gen'lman as knows how to behave like a gen'lman, would never go for to try for to hinder to impeach another gen'lman's weracity, that he knows is a gen'lman. Why, sir, do ye know that I have shot a man for less at Chalk Farm? How should the skipper know me, who is now so proud as hardly to take the trouble to look at anybody?—the smoothed-face, pale convict at twenty, and has andsome in the bargain as Narrowscissars, (Narcissus,) the young Grecian snip as pined away into a threadpaper, for love of himself, when he seed his own face on the smooth side of his flattening iron—I says, sich a man as I was then, and sich a man as I am now, hairy as a badger, brown as a tea-caddy—with my face blistered all over in holes with the craw-craws. Ben, I doesn't know myself, only by the sound of my voice. No, when I went up to the skipper on the quay at Barcelona, and stared him full in the face, he had no more recollection of me than a cat has of her granddother. Yet I could whisper a word or two in his ear, that would make him jump out of his skin—and so I would, only that he would make me jump overboard the next minute. Don Mantex, my kiddies, is just the man that does not stand upon trifles. When a man can, as quietly as he washes his hands in the basin of a morning, dabble them in the blood of a brother——"

"A brother!" was the suppressed cry of horror all around him. Even Bounder, as if instinctive with horror at the assertion, gave a deep, low growl.

"Yes, messmates, I said a brother; and even the brute there seems to understand me; but, hist, draw round closer, we must whisper. We were fast nearing the western coasts of South Amerrykey, when I observed that the brothers were growing more and more fond, kissing each other, as the beastly Spaniards do, every morning when they met; and then it vos, 'My dear Diego, are you better? shall I do this? and will my good, noble brother, please that I should do that?' he coaxed and blarneyed him, as an Irishman would an empty bottle, with some drainings of the cretur in it. Vell, I understood that they would soon get near their pattermony—I s'pose none of ye knows what that is, not like me, having been hedicated at college. It means their estate—where they wanted niggers, it seems, s'uffy—and surely they had got enough, but they were agreeing to choose

the best, and sell the others up and down the country. By the talk of the two brothers, it seemed as if they were going to turn the very stones under their feet into gold, by means of this here gang of niggers.

"Vell—when ve all expected to be making the main land of this here South Amerrikey, what does ve come upon, one fine arternoon, but a cluster of the most beautifullest, and most genial islands you ever did see; and the vind vos so gentle, and smooth, and insinivating, it came upon the cheeks, and upon the forehead, like a pleasant lie into the ears—and so ve hove the ship to, and Don Diego, and Don Mantez, with a fowling-piece each, got with your humble-cum-stumble into the gig, and vith the clargymen we pulled straight a shore. My eyes! whet a beautiful place! Hornsey Vood was a pigsty to it; and Kensington Gardens no more than a little dirt in a flower-pot. The fragrance from the sweet herbs came off like a whiff from a perfumer's in Bond Street; and the very sand ont be beach, when we jumped upon it, smelt like my lady's muff.

"I 'Stay in the boat with the niggers, Villiam Watkins,' said Don Mantez; 'and mind as how you keep her afloat.' 'Ay, ay, sir,' says I, so I steps in again and shoved her off a boat's length or so from the shore; but mind this, gen'lmen, and then you'll see the willainy of the thing; he turns about and says, as if upon second thoughts, the hamfibous willain, for he had planned it all out afore, 'You may talk about my good friend Watkins, and pick off some pine-apples and oranges, but, mind ye, keep within hail of the boat, and here, carry my gun for me into the thicket,' and he gives me his gun very horse-tantatiously, looking at the people in the ship, who was a looking at we, 'and take care, if you should hear us firing, not to come to us, for, most likely, we shall find something to shoot.' He did.

"I lands, and, as in duty bound, carried his gun, and gives it to him arterwards, and comes back, for I didn't at first go far from the beach, and I saw the two brothers go quite lovingly together, as brothers should, into the green depths of those beautiful woods. I should think there must be flowers, and plants, and trees in God Almighty's land, and if so be there is, I should think the place must be very like the one the two brothers walked into. Vell, I staid one hour,—I staid two hours,—I staid three hours, and nobody came back; and, as from the first I made a little in-shore circle of a valk, round and round, as circles vill be so hobatinate as to go, and every circle vas a vider circle than vas the other circle; but I seed nobody, and nobody came. So it gets duskish, and I vas a good deal inland with the last circle that I intended to make, and I vas a standing under a natarral rock, of all manner of gay colours, atop of which it was crowned with flowers and fruit, and I vas a vondering how fine it was, when, slap came a ball—a single ball, and the lead splashed against the rock behind me like so much water, and the bits of rock flew off and chipped into my forehead and head, and sent the blood streaming down my face.

"I stood bolt upright, and stared like a stuck pig; but I saw my Don a loading his gun, and I was so flibberdegasted at the treachery of the fact that I couldn't move; but when I saw him pointing his infernal gun again I thought it time to do summut short, so I dropped

down full length and stiffened myself out like a dead sheep. Vell, up comes this outrageous Spanish sinner and gives me a lick with his foot, vich I didn't choose then to resent like a gentleman, seeing as how we were so far off from Chalk Farm, and then he pokes me about with the muzzle of his gun, and vonse he thrust it hard agin my ribs, and I seed between my half-closed eyelids that he vos just a going to pull the trigger,—here vas a sitivation for you, more interesting than pleasant, as the man said in the pillory,—and I vas just a going to say; 'don't,' but I didn't, for if I did, he would. So he left me; but still he didn't walk towards the boat, so I did, and making her shove her nib ashore, I jumped into the stern-sheets and took the tiller in my hand as parthetically as if I hadn't just been shot at, like a strange dog with foam at his mouth. Shipmates, I owes him vun.

"A short time arter, down comes Don Mantex, without his gun, shrieking and howling, so that he was very well heard aboard the ship over the silent and rippling sea. 'My brother! Oh, my brother! What shall I do for my brother? The villain Watkins has shot my brother.' So I crouched down; seeing him fling his arms about so wildly, and not wishing a haccidental lick of the chops. 'Pull in, you black villains!' said he, 'pull in,' and 'now pull on board as hard as you can,' says he, 'but where's that desarting villain, Watkins, as has killed the captain?' 'Here, sir, at your sarvice,' says I, springing up behind him. How he looked! At last he was forced to say something. 'You have been shot at,' says he. 'Yes, sir,' says I. 'A very mytterious business,' says the cool harsassin. 'Not at all,' says I, 'quite plain.' 'So I see you didn't shoot my brother?' 'No,' says I. 'Well, the ship appeared down a precipice as if somebody *had* shot him.' 'He did, did he?' says I, 'you knows best.' 'Oh,' says he, 'it's all a mistake, screeching my fist full of doubloons; 'you warn't shot at, you know, but you fell on a parcel of flints.' 'Oh, so it was, now I remember,' says I. 'But,' says he, 'if you should happen to forget'—and he began fumbling about with the silver handle of a long sharp knife. 'No fear, sib,' says I. 'Ah, we understand vun another,' says the don. 'Excellently,' says I, so we got on board, and there was a rumpus. Boats manned and armed, lanthorns, and torches, and lights, all to look for poor Don Diego, who had fallen down a precipice. Vell, Don Diego didn't choose to be found; and never did I see anybody take on so for the loss of the best of brothers like the skipper;—there was a grief for yed, my piping bulfinches. The cabin hung with black; the governor a swabbing his eyes all day long, and the priest a saying masses for the soul of the dead until his tongue rattled in his mouth like a parcel of dry pease in a poor-box.

"Howsomedever, I grows into great favour; but no sooner did we make the first considerable town, Juncal I think they called it, than he asks me to go ashore, quite purlite like. So I asks him if he was a going to take his gun with him, and then he looks precious queer, and says, 'No.' However, as we warn't this time a going into the woods, smuggling a pistol from the gunnier, I goes, and we walks arm and arm quite friendly-like up to a spirit shop; and when we had got a room to ourselves, he says to me, 'You know you are a confounded reprobate,' vich was a great lie, 'and

we can't sail together any longer; but there's two hundred doubloons for ye,' says he, 'because I should wish to give a sinner like you an opportunity for repentance; and so I counsel you to go to a priest, and if you wish really to amend your reprobate courses, you cannot do better than spend a little of that gold in purchasing masses for the soul of my dear brother;' and here he first crossed himself and then began swapping his eyes. 'But mind you, if ever I find you arter this within twenty miles of me, I am sorry I shall be put to the expense of a few ounces of gold for masses for yourself.' So I hap and told him, I should be ashamed of myself to put so generous a man at any further charges on my account. He left me, bidding the Wirgin Mary and all the holy host of angels to have me in their precious keeping.

I shall again take up the thread of the Silver Spoon's narrative, as I can unravel the skein of his adventures faster than that eloquent cooksey. Immediately he was left ashore, the ship sailed northward, and left him in this miserable hole of a sickly and small town, among a purely Catholic population, where aquadente was cheaper than small beer in England. But Will Watkins escaped everything:—he was neither stilettoed in the streets by the jealous populace, nor imprisoned by the bigotted priesthood, nor did he fall a victim either to the fever of the country or to his own intemperance. He soon, however, discovered the dangers of drunkenness, and the still greater danger of appearing to have money about him; so he affected poverty, said that he had been left ashore by mistake, and asked for work.

But now I have to relate the most atrocious part of this history. The Santa Caritáda had proceeded to Lima, to dispose of the principal part of her cargo. It appears that Don Mantez either did not know, or did not sufficiently allow for the fact, that the negroes, though they never obtain a proficiency in any language but that which is native to them, can, sooner than any other beings on the face of the earth, acquire a smattering of any. The black boat's crew had heard and understood sufficiently the implied compact between Mantez and the immaculate convict.

As they improved in Spanish, being still treated as a boat's crew, and as such, mingling with the seamen, they began to wag their dark visages, elongate their massive lips, and chatter strange things about the disappearance of Don Diego and William Watkins. Directly this rumour reached the ears of Don Mantez, he was prompt in his measures. Not wishing to lose six of his finest venture, nor choosing to let reports, that might eventually endanger his life, be circulated among the surrounding planters, he speedily contrived to get up a squabble with these six, accused them of an attempt upon his life, and ordered his surgeon, or some of his instruments, so to mutilate their tongues, that their life might not be endangered, and yet that their speech might be for ever destroyed. This was done, and they were then thrust again down into the hold to be disposed of with the other lots. My faithful friend, Jugurtha, was one of these.

I trust that the kind-hearted reader will not deem that a horror like this is improbable. We trust that, if related of the present time, it is, and will be so for ever after. But were it not for the too much enlarging this work, I could quote scores and scores of cases of

infinitely more wanton cruelty, that have been well authenticated before municipal authorities and courts of justice. It seems, also, by what this convict said, that in those remote Spanish settlements, it was no uncommon punishment to slit the tongues of the slaves, both male and female, when they had been thought guilty of impertinence. However, this operation did not seem to deteriorate much from the value of Jugurtha and his companions in the market, for they were well sold; and Mantez, in prosperous wickedness, and laden with wealth, disposed of the vessel, and went and took possession of his brother's plantation, living like an independent sovereign, until the revolution in Mexico, and the cry of "Death to the Spaniards!" made him fly for his life, and threw him once more upon his own exertions and talents for his subsistence.

Thus, by the means of William Watkins, the whole life of this villain, that aspired to be my brother-in-law, lay exposed as on a chart before me. Not a link was wanting. I was thus armed with a dreadful knowledge; but it was a weapon that, as yet, I knew not how to wield with advantage. I had heard all the adventures of the Silver Spoon that could interest me; but, as I wished still to keep my incognito, I remained till he had finished.

It appears that the master of a small coasting vessel, hearing that an Englishman had been left behind from the Santa Caritada, had, much to the annoyance of William, taken him on board, and brought him to the very port where she was, and at the very time that she was disposing of her slaves. He kept himself out of sight till Don Mantez departed; he then shipped on board an American South Sea whaler, went afterwards to New York, spent all his money in gross debauchery, and actually became, like Cain, a vagabond on the face of the earth. Hard necessity had forced him again to risk serving under the very man who had attempted his life fourteen years before. He concluded his story with a moral, which makes me suppose that, when he was courting Mary East, he was not altogether unacquainted with the contents of a circulating library.

"Now," said he, "you'll all reckon up this here—that hif I had only had a precious sight less wanity when I was a young un, and a very little more honesty, I might myself, this blessed moment, instead of being kicked all over the world, from ell to ackney, have been Lord Mayor of London myself, and my Mary have been Lady Villiam Vatkis, instead of Lady Josiah Gobblego."

When the cockney sailor's tale had concluded, it was nearly the middle of the middle watch, about two in the morning, and taking leave of my company without being discovered, I repaired to the quarter-deck, where I found our newly-made knight, Sir David Drinkwater, keeping the watch. Perfectly secure from interruption, I confided to him all that I had heard. The honest fellow seemed utterly dismayed, and confessed that our situation was all but hopeless. He was of opinion that Mantez had some suspicion that he knew Jugurtha to be one of the boat's crew whom he had mutilated, though probably not which of them; for he, the mate, had always observed Mantez give the negro, what seamen call a wide berth, as if fearing some sudden rush upon him.

"And why not?" said Sir David, whose notions of chivalry were not yet quite perfect. "Would not the black do it at your bidding?"

"Do it!—too gladly. I have the greatest difficulty to restrain him."

"Then why, in the name of the precious safety of your father, mother, sister, yourself, and your friends, restrain him?"

"I cannot be accessory to assassination."

"But the rascal is himself an assassin!—a deep-dyed murderer!—a brother-killer! I'll tell you what it is, Master Troughton, if your father and mother, and that blessed angel upon the waters, your sister, get their throats cut, won't you call them assassinations? And when you do not use the means in your power to prevent them, don't you call yourself an accessory to them? Come, come, let the black man have his revenge, and you your safety."

"No, no—you do not even tempt me—be not offended when I say so, you almost disgust me. Let us not be the first to begin a round of murders. We must wait the attack, or the demonstration of it. What have you got, my friend, for our defence?"

"Not amiss, as far as that goes. You'll see plenty of bits of blue ribbon to-morrow morning if you look sharp for them; and if you ask them the meaning of it, they will tell you that they belong to the Able-whackit Club."

"Able-whackit Club—what is that? it is a singular sounding name."

"Ay, to a landsman. I hope, when we come to play it, all of our party will contrive to stand able, when they come to finger the good books. But, I fear me, the game will be played out before we shall find time to initiate you into its mysteries."

"You will find, landsman that I am, when we come to the point, that I possess a strong hand."

"Wrong at once—you should say, flipper," said he, laughing; "but bid me good night, for surely you must want rest."

"Good night, or rather, good morning."

(To be continued.)

THE VISION OF NEW LONDON.

A SKETCH.

I see it—
But what's beyond it?

OLD PLAY.

LONDON increases in everything but accommodation. It is tumbled by population, wealth, and consequence, until it becomes inconvenient to itself, and almost a plague to the circumjacent neighbourhood.

The littleness of this great city has often afflicted me. How have I gazed on it in a map, scarcely bigger than an alderman's thumb-ring, and insufficient as waste paper to top a gallypot, or cover a china saucer! how have I cogitated by day, but to no purpose! how has the silence of night been given to reflection, until sleep was nearly destroyed! Unhappy London! before my eyes all day, and at night, an incubus or succubus, it destroyed my rest. I sought alleviation in wine and spirits, diluted and neat. I malted it. I swallowed chocolate, coffee, milk and water, and strong tea, black and green, single and mixed, but without effect. Opium was recommended to me: I tried it, and it did wonders.

One afternoon, under its soothing influence, I sat musing on my favourite subject, when a tall, harlequin-shaped, shabby-genteel man in black, whose long legs were preposterously thin, entered my apartment. Three strides, as long as Amen-corner, brought him up to me; and then did this human spider stand silently bowing and working its limbs, until it extorted from me a look that indicated compliance with its as yet unnamed request. It turned out to be a collector of subscriptions for what was called "Upper London."

He hastily drew forth, from a pocket of immeasurable depth, a prospectus of uncommon length for building an appendage to my favourite little city, to be called "Upper London." "Indeed," said my visitant, "it will in fact be a rider to it—a topographical desideratum."

The idea electrified me—the very thing I had so vainly sought for! I snatched the paper from his hand, and read as follows:

"Prospectus for building Upper, or New, London."

"Did not the theory amount to a practical certainty of execution, the scientific projectors would shake in their very shoes, and deserve to die in them, if they misled the public in the present undertaking. As an earnest of success, it is submitted that the works of the Thames Tunnel have suffered delay, and the Railroads have flagged, from a fear of being rendered useless by competition. Architects, engineers, and builders, are already engaged, whenever subscriptions (even now considerable) shall be of sufficient amount to warrant commencement."

"To gratify a curious, discerning, and enlightened public, we sub-join a small sketch of the stupendous project.

"This upper, new, or second London, is intended to be built perpendicularly over the site of the old one, or London as it is. Building for building, and street for street, in duplicate as they now stand. Convenience may, however, suggest some deviations; as, for instance, it is proposed that the city courts of law should try all causes in Upper London, whilst our friend Alderman Hammer-bother, may proceed to knock down the effects in the auction mart below.

"Over the Bank of England it is conceived that a subscription-house might be advantageously erected, as a kind of *castle in the air*, for the use of its proprietors, whenever the national debt shall be paid off; until which happy event it is to be used as a singing academy where the frequenters of the rotunda may acquire the art of speaking in unison.

"The various churches, chapels, meeting-houses, &c., will be surmounted by similar buildings, as a sort of halfway-houses for the elect, where the *Unknown Tongues* may be continually spoken.

"It is proper to observe, that in honour of the naval heroes supposing in the cathedral church of St. Paul's, a spacious salt-water lake or reservoir will be formed immediately above it, for the reception of turtle and white-bait in summer, and live sprats up to the 9th of November in each year. This extraordinary addition to civic comforts will be recorded by the additional title proposed to be conferred on the lord mayor, namely, that of '*Lord High Admiral of Upper London*!'

"A museum of stuffed specimens of natural history will occupy the regions over the Guildhall, under the able and scientific care of Messrs. Gog and Magog, who will no longer preside as heretofore; except when their various specimens are permitted to descend, in order to keep up their insides, at the expense of the city.

"The site of Upper Newgate might in part be occupied as a new debating society; and the other part might be used on foggy mornings as an auxiliary to the lower drop, under the name of '*the Derry of Upper London*.'

"Over the Mansion House it is proposed to raise a 'Subscription Theatre on an extended scale, for the private recreation of the lord mayor, aldermen, and common council, where they may annually rehearse their parts, and ascertain the strength of their gastronomic powers preparatory to the 9th of November. Mr. — the esteemed marshalman, will be appointed *clown to the turtle*, and Mr. —, the stage manager elect, will have an eye upon him, and see that he does not overeat his part.

"The present London University will be discontinued, as too distant for civic utility; and instead thereof, an edifice will be erected over Smithfield market, where clerks and others deficient in their accounts will be forwarded in the science of making them up. As classical knowledge will not be omitted, it is merely hinted to the resident apothecaries, that a professorship of gallipot Latin is already instituted; and for the accommodation of numerous individuals of great capacity and small acquirements, neither will the '*New London Pro-*

will be overlooked. This substitute for the London University will be named 'Cookney College.'

The National Debt Office will have its duplicate in a similar building, for the use of the 'Commissioners appointed for reducing the size of the earth.'

Old London, ever jealous of its most valuable privileges, will be gratified by a return of its Bedlam, over the site of the old one, divided into proper wards for the reception of all civic officers, from the lord mayor downwards, known to possess more sense than their duties absolutely require, or to utter any wit; that more than one person should ever laugh at—all merchants paying more than thirty shillings in the pound, by law expenses or otherwise—and all persons betraying a maniacal, or morbid and unhealthy state of mind by absence at the accustomed feasts and jollifications of old London.

As these wards, it is supposed, will be but scantily occupied, and consequently very cold, the commissioners of the New Bankrupt Court will be respectfully invited to use them, whenever a press of business should make it desirable.

The New Bankrupt Court will be impended by the premises of a Joint-stock Aeronaut Company. It is privately hinted that the official assignees will undertake the gas at the lowest possible figure. An intemperate balloon, named 'public credit,' is nearly built, wherein the learned commissioners themselves propose to make the first ascent from New London, to show the stability of the concern. But should its descent cause a panic, it is warranted to keep clear of Lombard Street.

Many important considerations arise on this undertaking. It will be found absolutely needful to establish a Smoke Company in Lower London, in order to consume their whole manufacture of this article; otherwise they must be respectfully solicited to stop up the whole of their chimney-pots. Should any little difficulties occur on this point, it is submitted, that Upper London should at once open its coals and drains upon any unneighbourly fires below, burning and smoking to the prejudice and annoyance of their friends above.

In cases of fire or incendiarism, the balance of safety in favour of Lower London would be immense; as a general union of the inhabitants of Upper London would at once extinguish them, without unusual trouble or expense; the mere suggestion of this important fact, it is presumed, will conciliate all opposition and obviate every difficulty.

Two known facilities of approach to the upper district already exist, viz. the ascent to the top of the Monument and to the ball of St. Paul's cathedral. The architectural dream that suggested them, prophetically referred to an age that should bring them into utility.

The various companies are hereby informed, that New London will, by way of bonus, take their poor off their hands for nothing. A spacious walk will be assigned them, designated by the name of 'The New London Flats.'

Holders of shares in the associated companies of Lower London are invited to exchange them for new ones in the present undertaking.

upon fair equivalents; the old shares (being never expected to rise, and the new ones, it is confidently known, will never come down) and
 "A numerous and fashionable assemblage of shareholders, surveyors, cockneys, and others, took place on Friday last in the hall of St. Paul's cathedral, from whence, after some discussion, they issued forth in orderly procession, headed by the Lord Mayor or some one extremely like him, (in his state robes,) who exercised the custom, for the first time, of beating the bounds of New London. His lordship looked very elevated and in high health.

"A resolution was then passed, namely, that the first stone should, on the 31st day of February next, be laid upon the top of the Monument, and that the important ceremony should take place in a full court, to be previously summoned.

"After a substantial dinner of all the delicacies of the season, the proprietors descended in safety, and returned home every way gratified with the business of the day."

Thus, thought I, will this little, dingy, bustling, undersized great city, rise in magnitude as it has risen in importance. Everything so practicable, so easy of execution; the buildings, advantages, and improvements, all of them so *perspicuously* detailed and delineated, I was lost in an ecstasy of pleasure. Renowned London! a duplicated seat of wealth and industry!

And so I cogitated in silence when I observed that my visitant suddenly shot up taller and taller, without increasing in stoutness; Heavens! thought I, he is going to Upper London; up and up he went, fantastically, stepping upon nothing; his head was first out of sight, his body, his legs successively disappeared, and then he took his flight altogether.

A chimney-sweep had ascended the flue of my chamber. London remained in its incurable parvitude, and I never afterwards chewed opium.

THE BETRAYED.

BY MAURICE HARCOURT.

Thou'st a blemish that sullies thy once spotless name,
 And thou seekest to hide, in retirement, thy shame;
 And while tears of repentance bedew thy pale face,
 By the world thou art branded with scorn and disgrace,
 Frail, but penitent maiden! lament for the time,
 When thou, falling from virtue, wert hurried to crime,
 And when, lured from the home of thy youth to depart,
 Thy desertion had broken a fond mother's heart!

Now, abandoned by all, not a friend hast thou left,
 But though peace flies thy bosom, thou art not bereft
 Of that blessed hope which is granted to prayer,
 And exhales, by its sunshine, the tears of despair.
 Oh! years of deep anguish must hasten away,
 Ere forgotten by man is the fault of a day,
 But thy God and thy Father requires but the tear
 Of contrition, the soul from its frailty to clear.

¹ Continued from p. 222.

fore, and not from anything like a self-indulgent propensity, that he felt marvellously inclined to lie down for an hour or two.

Flinging his vast bulk upon the bed to which he was shown, Mr. George slept, and slept soundly too, so soundly that it was long past noontide, when "Boots," after much and commendable perseverance in knocking and shouting, at length contrived to arouse him. vexed at the lateness of the hour, he hurried up, and, having established the character of being a consumedly troublesome and clamorous person by the number and loudness of his orders, he finished his toilet, paid his bill, at the length of which he cursed inwardly, and in a brief space made his way to Charles's bankers.

Arrived there, Mr. George Elford made a discovery considerably better calculated to surprise than to gratify him. Having no immediate use for a large sum of money, perhaps it was wise of Charles Smith to place it in the hands of bankers; but surely it was no joke that he had happened to select for that purpose the "truly respectable and well-established firm of York and Lovell."

And now were to state in what precise words Mr. George Elford vented his displeasure on finding that the bankers were now bankers no more, but only bankrupts, it is very probable that our readers would give us more credit for correct reporting than for correct taste. Certain it is, that on being admitted to an interview with the unabashed Mr. York, our friend's words were far more emphatic than complimentary; and, really good-natured and good-humoured as he usually was, his anger on the present occasion gave his vast person so truculent and dangerous an appearance, that honest Mr. York blessed himself, *viva voce*, upon such a slam of the outer door as only Mr. George Elford could have given it, announced that he had actually taken his departure without proceeding to homicidal extremities. Short, comparatively speaking, as was the acquaintance between Mr. George and his new nephew, he was really attached to him, and upon Marianne he doated with that excessive fondness which makes bachelor uncles and maiden aunts the best possible visitors nephews and nieces can have, and the worst possible persons to be wholly entrusted with their rearing.

Be it observed, *par parenthèse*, upon this last point I feel entitled to speak *ex cathedra*, for, from two to eight years of age, I was petted by the gentlest and most loving aunt that ever spoiled child; and to that circumstance I owed, in the two following years, thrashings, duckings, and floggings more numerous than would be believed by any who are unaware of the especial process by which spoiled and wilful brats are made to find their proper level at the noble school of

Loving Marianne, as he did, and, both for her sake and his, liking her husband, the discovery that they had been, as he termed it, robbed of so large a sum, was surely enough to provoke Mr. George, who, good-hearted as he was, was yet not quite a Melancthon when any one whom he loved was injured.

Had the large loss been his own, he could not have felt more; nay, he would probably have felt far less. His brain reeled, his eyes glared, yet he saw not; his limbs trembled, and his heart beat so violently as to be almost audible. Walking with difficulty to the near-

est coffee-house, he called for a bottle of wine, and sat down to meditate on the most advisable course to be pursued in this most unexpected and disagreeable state of affairs.

From the bankers he was to have proceeded to the attorney of Mr. Richardson, the gentleman into whose business Charles's money was to be thrown. Was it worth while to go there, now that he had no money to go withal? On due consideration he thought it best to do so; and by way of nerving himself for an interview so very far from pleasant, he incontinently finished his Lafitte, an operation which, although it somewhat fortified his heart indeed, yet proportionally and less advantageously affected his head.

He found certain words extremely impracticable of pronunciation; and, as is the wont of persons in his case, made his syllable-chipping doubly obvious by striving to articulate with a fastidious particularity and correctness.

If passion and matutinal claret had somewhat obfuscated Mr. George's usually clear head, the jolting and jumbling of that genuine "infernal machine," a hackney-coach, had entirely sobered him before he reached the office of Messrs. Gripe and Graspall, and it was with a perfectly collected mind, though aching in every bone of his body from the effect of his ride, that he found himself, at length, in the presence of the wine-merchant's attorneys, and of the wine-merchant in his own proper person.

He was received with much cordiality by the wine-merchant, and with much politeness by the wine-merchant's attorneys; but the cordiality of the former, and the politeness of the latter, were very considerably and visibly abated when, after much preliminary sidgling, he announced to those inestimable persons, that the money which he ought to have had the pleasure to produce to them had been sacrificed to the exquisite taste and proverbial hospitality of Charles's bankers, Mr. York, of the firm of York and Lovell.

The failure of York and Lovell was, of course, well known to every one in town; but it was very evident, from the glances of disquietude exchanged between the attorneys and their client, that until that unpleasant fact was made known to them by Mr. George Elford, they had not the least suspicion that the bankrupt firm had been entrusted with cash, in which they had even an indirect interest.

"Terrible thing, Mr. Smith; much to be pitied—much to be blamed, though, to keep so large a sum at a private bank;" and sentences of similarly consolatory import having been muttered rather than spoken, it was at length plainly asked by the senior man of law whether this large loss of Mr. Smith's would prevent him from completing his engagement with his friend and their client, Mr. Richardson.

"Surely not," said Mr. Richardson, whom the question aroused from a deep and seemingly unpleasant reverie; "surely not, though our worthy friend here can, of course, do nothing till he shall have communicated with his principal. But surely we can wait for a day or two. Taking time by the forelock is all very well, and frequently lays the foundation of permanent good fortune; but I set no necessity

for pulling the old gentleman so smartly by the forelock as to leave him without a hair to his head."

"You are pleased to be facetious to-day," replied one of the attorneys, "and yet considering the state of affairs between you and us, I really think that joking is altogether out of place. In short, for I like to speak plainly—nothing like the purse for making men *candid*! I am far less inclined to listen to any witticisms than to hear how we are to be —"

"If you would hear me without interruption," replied Richardson, with some anxiety in his manner, "I have no doubt that everything can be very pleasantly arranged."

"Humph! I wish it may!" replied the lawyer, turning over the seemingly superfluous deeds of partnership with much activity.

"It is but too true," continued Richardson, "that my esteemed friend and schoolfellow has totally lost every shilling of the large sum he most unfortunately, and, I must add, most unadvisedly, placed in the hands of York and Lovell; and we know enough of that rascally concern to be quite certain, that not a sixpence of dividend will be forthcoming between now and doomsday. But Mr. Smith has lost only a part of his fortune; and, no doubt, our excellent friend who represents him will agree with me, that it is now infinitely more important to him to invest his money profitably than it was before he sustained so heavy a loss."

This speech raised the hope and brightened the countenance of the lawyers, who turned, with a glance at once hopeful and inquiring, towards Mrs. George Elford.

"We have spoken of that gentleman as possessing a clear and shrewd head. During his ride from the banker's to the lawyer's he had pondered upon the instability of matters mercantile; an instability of which he had just received so unpleasant and impressive a proof. He had reflected, too, that notwithstanding Charles Smith's very heavy loss, he had still ample means of living independently. "True," thought he, "the young couple must give up all notion of dashing about in this great, uncomfortable, dirty, and infernally dishonest town; but I don't see why they may not live very well in the country, as both their fathers have done before them; and if they spend their whole income, instead of growing richer year by year, it will matter the less, as they will have all I have to leave."

Reflecting thus, he had almost made up his mind to advise Charles to receive the failure of the bankers as a warning to have nothing more to do with London. And the agitation he perceived in Mr. Richardson and the alternate asperity and eagerness displayed by the lawyers, confirmed him in this view of the case. His shrewd mind at once apprehended that there must be some more than common cause for disappointment where so much soreness and vexation were displayed; and, accordingly, he at once dispelled the newly-awakened hope of the lawyers and their client.

"Can't say I see it in the same light with you, sir," said he in reply to the remarks of Richardson. "The money Charles had at that rascally banker's, whom, may God in his infinite mercy confound, was not his all. To speculate with that would have been all very right

and, proper as, and, to tell you the truth, I advised him to close with your offer. For I reasoned thus: if what Charles tells me of his friend is true, his money will fructify, as my steady young brother calls it, far better in trade than in Bank stock; and if he is mistaken in his friend, or if his friend shall be unfortunate, he can but lose the money, and there's an end of it, and he will still have a comfortable though decreased income. But now the case is different. He has no money to spare; whatever he might lose would seriously injure him; and, as a wine-merchant might break as well as a banker, my advice to him will be, to let well alone, and live contented with what he has, rather than risk the bird in the hand for the chance of seeing the two in the bush spread their wings and fly away from him."

The looks of both lawyers and client now became "black as Erebus;" and both lawyers and client bowed Mr. George Elford out with infinitely less cordiality and politeness than those with which they had welcomed him in.

Nor is it to be greatly marvelled at that they did so: for, though Charles Smith had sustained a very heavy loss by the failure of his bankers, that loss was by no means so exclusively his own, as is might at first sight have been taken to be. His friend Richardson had fallen into the common folly of over-trading. His business was such, which very long credit must be given; and he had pushed his trade so far beyond his capital or credit, that nothing short of the large sum he expected to receive from Charles Smith could save him. Which, so he would infallibly have done wonders; without it, he could do no thing. And it will readily be credited, that the regret he expressed for the heavy loss of his friend was at once natural and sincere, when we state, that on the day following that on which the meeting of which we have spoken, took place, John Richardson, wine merchant, was duly gazetted as a bankrupt.

"I think, Marianne," said Charles, as they sat at breakfast about three months after the unfortunate failure of their banker, "that we should like this place;" and he commenced the perusal aloud of one of Mr. R——'s advertisements "on," as that eloquent gentleman would himself phrase it, "a small scale."

Sitting-rooms, chamber, library, entrance hall, conservatory, lawn, farm buildings, sundry acres of arable and pasture land, and other items of a small estate, were enumerated in the advertisement; and the property in question was stated to be leasehold, and "held at a rent scarcely to be considered as anything more than nominal."

"Well," said Charles, when he had at length got through the somewhat lengthy advertisement, "how do you like the sound of it?"

"I like the sound of it amazingly," replied Marianne, "but I should like to know what it is they call a merely nominal rent."

"Exactly so: that I shall be very careful to know all about before I even determine upon attending the sale. What I meant was, how do you like the description of the place? I know you would like something near Springton, and so should I too; but it seems there is no possibility of getting anything in its immediate neighbourhood, and

we may just as well be eighty miles off as twenty, either to within a day's journey."

"Oh! I would have you inquire about this by all means," replied Marianne; who, to say the truth, was not a little wearied with their unsuccessful house-hunting.

"It is agreed then," replied Charles; "and if the place answers to the description given of it in the advertisement—a coincidence which our short experience of house-hunting gives us no great reason to expect; if the price of the lease be not too high, and the nominal rent not too real, I will endeavour to be the purchaser."

The morning following that on which the foregoing conversation was held, saw Charles at the well-known offices of Mr. R——. All his questions, and they were not a few, were so satisfactorily answered, that Charles, who was fully as anxious as his amiable wife to settle down in a permanent and cheerful home, took his seat in the mail that evening, and on the following day was located at the sole inn—where road-side public-house—of the very small village, near which stood "The Shrubby," the estate of which he desired to become the lessee.

One of the liveliest of living caricaturists describes a house which was advertised as having "two views of the Thames;" but which had only one view, *viz.*, from the back attic, except at spring tides, when a second view could be obtained by the fortunate tenant; only he must look for it in the kitchens, which, at such periods, were navigable for small craft.

Such are the equivocations and shameless exaggerations of the herd of house-agents, that, in fact, our author's facetious description of the "two views of the Thames," is scarcely to be fairly termed an exaggeration. But with the mere herd of house-agents Charles had nothing to do. It was with the *facile princeps* of topographical, architectural, historical, national, biographical, and politico-economical description, that he was to deal; and your truly great artists may always be depended upon—within a trifle.

Having made his *trajet* to the village, which, for certain cogent reasons, we shall take leave to call Stock—fairly confessing at the same time that that, in fact, is not its real name—Charles took a survey of "The Shrubby;" and so completely was his somewhat fastidious taste satisfied with all that he saw, that he at once proceeded to render a sale by auction unnecessary; "the property being," as a brief advertisement announced to the auction-hunting public, "disposed of by private contract."

Certainly a more delightful little property of its acres never received a new master. Wood and water, hill and dale, were comprised within its limits. At one extremity it was bounded by the village, and at the other by a vast heath, which latter, now only studded here and there with coppices of timber trees, had once been a magnificent forest, tenanted only by the robber and the wild animal.

Save on the village side, and that was almost concealed by noble trees, the growth of centuries, not a house was to be seen; but in the neighbourhood, that is to say, within ten miles, there were numerous families of just that grade which rendered them suitable intimates for

Charles and his young wife, who were scarcely settled in their new residence when they were favoured with numerous cards of introduction and invitation. With the usual inconsistency of man, Charles had no sooner got rid of his temporary fever fit of ambition, than he became a decided and enthusiastic votary of retirement; but though he loved retirement, and was certainly always happiest when at home; he found, as every recluse finds if one could only persuade himself to confess it, that though to be able to command retirement is one of the greatest blessings an educated and well-regulated mind can enjoy, it is a blessing none the less vividly enjoyed, if we can exchange our retirement, when so minded, for cheerful and cultivated society. And //

And his various accomplishments and singularly agreeable manners; speedily gained him the real and cordial esteem of those whose homes were in the first instance opened to him only in the ordinary exalted of politeness and good neighbourhood.

And here, *apropos* to nothing, we must take leave to ask whether your matter-of-fact declaimers against the "falsehood of the world," and so forth, are not a little wrong-headed or so? You meet a man in society; your manners please him—he is polite to you—invites you to dinner—praises your house—wins your money, or loses his money to you. Misfortune, or your own fault or folly, produces a change in your circumstances and position; he does not turn plays and romances into pecuniary matter-of-fact, by handing you over the cheque for half his fortune. What then? Why then you are a very ill used gentleman, and he is a false friend; friendship itself is but a rope of sand, and nothing is permanent but hypocrisy and hardness of heart. Such is the sheer, mean, and most abominable twaddle into which, properly examined and fairly considered, all the nonsensical postures and verse declamation against the falsehood of politeness resolve itself. The world is a bitter, bad world; extremely happy we should be on more accounts than are herein to be specified, to see it very considerably revised and improved; but that is no reason why we should throw away our virtuous indignation, and bawl ourselves hoarse in the very supererogatory attempt at making it worse than we find it. We have no more right to expect that the politeness bestowed upon us in a drawing-room, or at a dinner-table, has any connexion with friendship, than the actor whom we applaud upon the stage—after paying seven shillings of sterling money for permission to witness the grimaces which he calls performing comedy, or the contortions which he imagines to be the performance of tragedy—has ground for supposing that we shall bail him when cast in thumping damages or legal dispend of thousand pounds, merely because he spoke such very fine sentences about benevolence and generosity.

We must dine—those of us, that is to say, who can get dinner—and we must do a great many other things; and why may we not help a gentleman to partridge with a smile as well as with a frown? Why not take the glass of wine we are invited to as if it were wine, and not train oil? Nay, if we must refuse a cool hundred to a gentleman who already owes us two; or shoot a bully who has proved himself liar, and blackguard too, by applying the ferret to us when we stated a fact as authentic as Walker's squint in the statue of

New Bridge Street—if, in short, we must, do a thousand disagreeable things, why may we not as well make the manner of them bland, though we cannot make the effect of them otherwise than unpleasant? The "*Plaudite et Valetis*" of that politic tyrant Augustus, was as appropriate a thing as ever he said—and almost as admirable as the *interuspinas et lachrymas* with which he insulted his toadies, Horace and Virgil. The whole of life is a play—

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."

What we are to say or do we cannot always decide for ourselves—circumstance, that unspiritual god," frequently commands us to say "yes," where we would gladly say "yes;" and say "yes," where our lips lie like the pen of a writer of history. But we may soften the pain we must inflict by a refusal, by giving that refusal kindly; and when we must consent to being bored, the politeness that conceals our loathing is a very happy mixture of Christian charity and Roman fortitude. Oh! but then we deceive the bore if, not having challenged him or thrown him out of the window for inflicting upon us a bad version of a story older than his grandmother, or making us blush for him; and curse our own stars with what the deluded creature calls a comic song; we subsequently refuse to countenance him when in error; listen to him when we have a chance to escape, or play at Pyrrhus and Orestes with him whensoever and wheresoever he shall choose to test our friendship. The truth of the matter may be summed up in a few words: There is—but I have somewhere read that digression is among the faults of a writer of tales.

In the immediate neighbourhood of "The Shrubby" there was only one mansion which was tenanted by a person more than moderately wealthy. That one was the property, and during some portion of the year the residence, of the widow of a military officer of high rank, who had very successfully shaken the pagoda tree in India, and returned to England with a million and a half of money, and a constitution in the very last stage of ruin.

Tempted by the salubrity of the situation, and, perhaps, also, by the very fact that the residence was by far the most considerable in that part of the country, General Melville purchased the estate and mansion of an insolvent lord, changed the title of Stapylton Hall to that of Trincomalee Castle, cut down the noble avenue of trees because the loquacity of the rooks annoyed him, spoiled the good old English building by adding to it in the very worst style of hill-fort architecture, and was gathered to his fathers just as he had contrived to convince every one who visited him that a man with a large fortune and decayed liver is only to be endured as a companion by those who have an infinite store of humanity and patience, or a desperate design upon his strong-box.

Mrs. General Melville bore her bereavement with a very edifying equanimity; and when, at the conclusion of her year of "mourning," she retired from the metropolis to Trincomalee Castle, she renewed her acquaintance with her country neighbours with a series of entertainments on a scale of all but princely magnificence.

Being a deep blue of the very worst and most repulsive sort, she crowded her town mansion with a host of the small fry of *littérateurs*, fiddlers, and virtuosi, who were content to partake her vulgarly splendid hospitalities, even at the expense of being bored with her never-ceasing *niaiserie*s, poetical and politico-economical. By a few of the most favoured of these her parasites, she was accompanied on her return to Trincomalee Castle, where she had arrived just previously to the settlement of Charles at "The Shrubby."

It is by no means improbable that Charles, in despite of all his numerous accomplishments, and all his striking good qualities, would have failed to be invited to "assist" at the festivities of the wealthy owner of Trincomalee Castle, had not the vanity of that lady done duty for politeness. But her vanity urged her to show great consideration for a gentleman, in whose praises all her neighbourhood was loud and constant; and consequently, instead of the cold general invitation which would otherwise have fallen to his lot, Charles was complimented with the most pressing and particular entreaties to join her parties.

On the first occasion of his being thus specially honoured, it happened that Marianne was too much indisposed to accompany him; though not so much so as to prevent him from going. Accordingly he accepted the invitation to Mrs. General Melville's masked ball, for which preparations had been in progress many weeks; and from which the deep blue lady in question hoped to earn the envy of all her neighbours, and an immortality of at least four-and-twenty hours.

Some people really have strange, out-of-the-way notions upon the agreeable and the desirable.

The important night at length arrived. Country gentlemen figured as kings—cockneys, of the lady hostess's peculiar *clique*, figured as swains—three middle-aged ladies enacted the graces—and sundry young ladies gave themselves airs in the guise of unsophisticated milk-maids. The suite of rooms appropriated to dancing was as hot, crowded, and uncomfortable, as London taste itself could demand; half the company was out of temper, and all the music was out of tune; the characters were admirably dressed, and most execrably sustained; and, in short, the masked ball of Mrs. General Melville was like all other masked balls, past, present, and to come—so far as England is, or shall be, concerned in them—a very wearisome and decided failure.

Some profound writers affect to account for the general distaste and unfitness of our compatriots for this particular class of amusement, by saying, that we cannot enter into it with the necessary gusto and heart, because we are too sensible; and others affirm that it is because we are too stupid; for my own part I am quite satisfied that it is because we are too sulky.

Charles did not philosophise upon the latent and remote causes of his ennui; but he prepared to do a much more sensible thing, to depart, namely, from the scene which was the immediate and obvious instrument of inflicting it. But just as he determined upon doing so, he was accosted by a masker who, like himself, had for some time

stood aloof from the throng which laboured to be gay; but, like certain other persons who shall be nameless, only succeeded in the general diffusion of dullness.

The person who thus prevented the immediate departure of Charles was of tall stature, to which a long and voluminous cloak gave an air of dignity that accorded well with his stately gait. He was masked, of course, but the wide and flapping *sombrero*, and the drooping plume of black ostrich feathers with which it was surmounted, rendered his mask little more than a work of supererogation.

"You don't seem too well pleased with your company, holy father," said he, as he slightly touched Charles's shoulder; "happily you sigh for the refectory?"

"Of a truth, son," replied Charles, who had assumed the habit of a grey friar, "I am ill at ease here. Music and dance ——"

"I know it," interrupted his interlocuter, "I know it, holy father; they are not precisely to your taste. Ah! you reverend friars are but sad dogs when women and wine are concerned!

"Give the bounding barb to the hot-brained knight,
To Sir Fopling give dance and song;
Jack Priest preferreth the wine-cup bright,
And his draughts are many and long.

"Let the beardless boy seek the crowded hall,
And the light of a thousand eyes;
Jack Priest but asks the confessional,
Where the penitent maiden sighs.

"Is it not so? Well, for my part, I think his taste a right excellent one. But you are silent. Joking apart, and character apart, too, this is about the dullest affair I ever witnessed even in 'merrie England;' though I have encountered bores and twaddlers in all the quarters of the globe."

"How the other quarters of the globe may manage these matters, I know not," replied Charles, "but of a surety, if this be a fair specimen of amusement in the country, I can easily imagine, the sincerity and bitterness of Swift's curse on the dog that bit him."

"May you be married and settled in the country?" Ha, ha! But even a married dog would have the advantage of us; for he would not be bored with the vivacious *niaiseries* of our maskers, though, like us, he might have to complain of the inordinate numerousness of puppies. After all, if you're not amused, you have chiefly to blame your own indolence. For my part, I'd rather cultivate the acquaintance of kangaroos than have nothing to divert me."

"And I, also; but the people here are not half as amusing as kangaroos."

"Exactly: nor as ourang-outangs, lord mayors, patriots, learned women, ditto pigs, or that popular and brutally ugly buffoon, Mr. —— And what of that? The people do all they possibly can towards being absurd and laughable. 'Take the goods the gods provide you,' and, at the same time, take my arm. A friar and a bandit chief!—

no bad match that! Do you know these people through their disguises? No! well I know the cockney part of them; and I'll take so much pity upon your bored and *ennuyé* condition, as to exhibit some of the 'fine animals' for your especial edification; and you shall return the compliment by mangling the provincials for mine."

"Agreed!" said Charles, and the twain commenced their tour of observation.

(To be continued.)

OH! WAKEN, LADY.

Oh! waken, lady,
My bonnie lady,—
Oh! wilt thou not waken to greet me?
And why art thou e'en,
As thou never hast been,—
So cold, and so silent to meet me?
Oh! waken, lady.

Oh! waken, lady,
My bonnie lady;
Shall to-morrow our bridal-day be?
With a wreath on thy brow,
Wilt thou plight me thy vow,
And smile through thy blushes on me?
Oh! answer, lady.

Oh! sleeping lady,
My bonnie lady,
The darkness of death is around me;
My arms but enfold
The lost and the cold:
And, oh! is it thus I have found thee?
Oh! sleeping lady.

Oh! farewell, lady,
My bonnie lady;
One kiss and one tress for a token;
Each bright hair shall be
Like the harp's string to me,
When breathing of hearts that are broken.
Oh! farewell, lady.

THE
METROPOLITAN.

SEPTEMBER, 1836.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Mr. Midshipman Easy. By the Author of "Peter Simple," "Jacob Faithful," &c. 3 Vols.

This is a beautiful personification of a principle, a working out of character that is fiction only in the events in which it is shown, as in a multiplicity of mirrors, but perfectly true and real in its moral identity. Had Mr. Midshipman Easy existed, he must, per force, have acted precisely as Captain Marryat has made him act; and, that he has actually been met with a thousand times in the naval service, all who know that noble service will testify, though the Midshipmen Easys who have appeared on his Majesty's books have not been placed exactly in the same situation as this Mr. Midshipman Easy (*par excellence*) occupies in Captain Marryat's. We have given, in a long extract, in our preceding number, a specimen of what this exciting novel is. It was the opening of the tale, and with the slickest humour, and in the blandest style, covered the most biting satire. Of this, almost every sentence was pregnant with covert wit, of which not one, two, but three or four perusals were necessary to understand the full force. The paternal Mr. Easy having allowed his good-nature to run to seed, which seed proves to be the dry fruit of democratical mania, carried out even to the Agrarian law and a community of goods, becomes, as such a person infallibly must, a madman abroad, and a tyrant at home. Though he finds his beloved theory of equality plants thorns on his pillow, (the expression is pretty, though a little used,) and something sharper than thorns elsewhere, and everywhere else, he still follows it out, as all other democrats do, until it interferes with his own convenience; and, at length, notwithstanding the Junior Easy's assertions to the contrary, the old gentleman finds it just and expedient to send his son to school. This part of the story, which is not at all maritime, but strictly natural and highly amusing, will be found philosophical also. Now, the embryo Mr. Midshipman Easy inherits, from his worthy father, a most unconquerable predilection in all cases to argue the case, whatever may be the tense in which he finds the circumstances or the mood in which he finds his opponent. This leads the young philosopher into the most ludicrous situations, out of which he always extricates himself with glory, owing to the sound principle, upon which he always acts, of taking things easily. Should he be on the horns

of a hull, or of a dilemma, no fear for Master Easy, he will contrive to slip himself off softly from the one, without a broken bone, and to extricate himself honourably from the other, by making an *easy* cushion between them, from which to combat his adversary. But, as neither father nor son can make many proselytes to their doctrine of equality when united, like the Roman conquerors of old, they resolve to divide the world between them, old Easy undertaking to regenerate all that live on the earth, young Easy all those who reside on the waters. With a shamefully ample allowance, the latter goes to sea as a midshipman. Then come the laughable collisions between absolute authority and unqualified licence. The reader may suppose that, at first, in endeavouring to take all things easy, he of that name finds it goes hard with him. No such thing. He is imperturbable. Command him, he argues the case, and produces his minor—reprove him, he argues the case still, and produces his major—well, he is still unconquered; then to wind up the debate, his superior officer proceeds to punish him—but he is not beaten; he begins logically to draw his conclusions from his premises, and ultimately proves himself to be in the right, by taking his punishment easily. But the witty author contrives that a subject so apparently intractable shall, with all his whimsies, do himself great honour, and his country some service. By Mr. Easy's manner of thinking and acting, he manages to rectify errors of much better and more experienced officers, and to perform achievements that would well entitle him to the epithet of more than the hero of an excellently written novel. But his many droll and highly interesting adventures, gradually work out an alteration in his levelling principles, by teaching him that, in this ever shifting world, everything will ultimately find its own level, worth and activity rising, vice, profligacy, and stupidity, sinking to the depths of their natural degradation. In fact, Mr. Easy, though always liberal, becomes very gentlemanly, and a good Tory, leaves all notions of equality to the indulgence of those who have got nothing, and determines hereafter to preserve his station in society, and his very excellent estate of eight thousand pounds a year with it. Lucky was it for our midshipman that it was entailed; for Mr. Easy, senior, not having been to sea to gain wisdom, goes on from bad to worse, from the whimsical to the extravagant, and from the extravagant to the insane. All this part of the tale is a wretchedly, but a true picture of our fallible natures. The love affair of our hero is merely an amplification of Madame de Staël's aphorism, that the tender passion is but an episode in the life of man; but Captain Marryat has contrived to make his midshipman's episode a very exquisite one. The naval scenes, as usual with this author, are glorious. The storm, the fight, the imminent danger, are all portrayed in these volumes with the hand of a master. The delineation of the various characters that act with Mr. Easy, are also first rate. What a troop of creations has this writer called forth! We will not use the cant of criticism, and say, as that cant too frequently does, this is the last and best of his works. It is not better than "Peter Simple," nor better written than "Jacob Faithful," or a more true picture of life, as life really is, than "Japhet, in Search of a Father." Each of these works has an excellence peculiar to itself, which excellence could not, by any possibility, belong to the other. "Midshipman Easy" is inferior to none of Captain Marryat's preceding works; we think that the world will prefer it to any of them; but this preference ought not, and will not, throw his other productions into shade. We shall conclude our remarks by saying, that our author has given a perfect literature to the marine of our country—not merely originated one to be improved by others—and the world acknowledges that the fairest and the brightest fields of fiction are now to be found on the measureless waste of the seas, over which we hope that England may be for ever triumphant.

The Physical and Intellectual Constitution of Man considered. By EDWARD MERYON, F.R.C.S., &c. &c.

This small but highly-condensed volume contains but six chapters, but every one of which is replete to abundance of the most curious and important information, followed up by reasonings and views, sound, clear, and consolatory. It is true that, in the scientific parts of the work there is nothing new, but that which is detailed is assured, and the reader will find at one glance that which would probably have taken him many books and much time to acquire by any other means. The first chapter treats of this earth, and shows how, from the period when, through its excessive heat, it was a mere vapour or gas, containing in its nature all the elements of solidity, until it gradually cooled down into a state adapted for the physical condition of man. The next chapter is devoted to a very delicate and much debated subject, whether animals have been produced by a gradual development from the first sluggish monade by their innate power of adaptation to themselves of circumstances around them, until they improve themselves into the last degree of highly-civilized man, or whether, as we believe, and as the Holy Scriptures teach us to believe, each species was formed at once by the Creator in that state of perfection that was necessary to it to answer the ends for which it was called into existence. On this point the author has nobly vindicated divine truth; having fully established this to the satisfaction of every one who will employ his reason in the examination of this subject. The next treats of the different races of our species as they are found in the various divisions of the earth. He does not in this differ from the generally adopted classification; but he clearly proves that they have been all derived from the one great source of humanity who sinned in paradise. This part of the work forms an admirable antidote to the infidel insinuations of a very clever work on physiology, which, as it may mislead the young and puzzle the unwary, we shall not further specify. Yes, disgusting as it may seem to the morbid sentimentalist, the scarcely human-looking native of New South Wales is our brother; but this wholesome lesson of humiliation to our pride should produce in us excellent fruits of charity and philanthropy. We should pour forth everywhere the light of the gospel, and, with that, all the attendant blessings of civilization, and thus bring the heathen Indian nearer to us, not only in the promises held out to us of everlasting life hereafter, but nearer to us here, in habits, form, and feature; for, though it has taken ages of barbarians to make the cannibal Indian the brute that he now is, it would not occupy many generations so far to improve him as not to make us blush to own him as one of our family; the present specimen showing us what humanity may become without morals and without religion. In the short work before us, Mr. Meryon has done good service to society. He has provided for it the elements of healthy thought. We really wish that he would follow up the subject in a more comprehensive work. It cannot be too forcibly impressed upon the minds of those who are inclined to cavil at the Mosaic account of the earlier periods of the world, that it would not have been for our happiness had the Almighty created mankind with the intuitive faculties of becoming at once, as soon as we were born, profound mathematicians, astronomers, chemists, and geologists. The exercise of the faculties to become these has formed the happiness of myriads. Moses wrote his Pentateuch for a semi-barbarous and unscientific people. He told them all that was necessary for them to know. He told them the truth, but he did not give them treatises on cosmogony. He was obliged also to use the idiom common to the times in which he wrote, or he would not have been understood; nothing, therefore, is more weak and wicked than to assert, that, because the first chapters in Genesis, and the history of the flood are not scientific lectures addressed to a people well advanced

in the exact sciences, that they are untrue. We really wish that people would accustom themselves a little more to look on both sides of the shield.

Wood Leighton; or, a Year in the Country. By MARY HOWITT.
3 Vols.

The Howitts are gradually assuming that consideration, not only in the literary world, but in the respectful estimation of their countrymen; that high principle and great talents will, under favourable circumstances, always command. We will even go so far as to say, that they have attained to that goodness of reputation, that scurrilous attacks upon them for their spirited yet urbane advocacy of all that tends to promote religious and civil liberty, are no longer necessary to make that fame durable that is already so general. Mary Howitt has placed another testimony upon record in the volumes before us that she is fully deserving of her share of the family honours. Till they are read, few can comprehend how much purity of spirit can be combined with much fervour of imagination. Of these volumes we will essay to give the reader a faint idea. We believe that the groundwork of it is not fiction: it is so domestic, so beautiful in its homeliness, that invention it ought not to be. A family, her own, goes down to take possession of an inheritance near Sunbury, and the stories connected, or supposed to be connected, with the neighbourhood, form the staple of the novel; for such, after all, it must be called; for the events throughout are linked together, so as to form, what our neighbours, the French, call a *totalité*. About one quarter of the first volume is occupied with a description of the surrounding families and the idiosyncracies of their various inmates: all this is beautiful writing, and, for the most part, calculated to make us love more ardently our species. It also is full of local scenery; indeed, through all the volumes there is a superabundance of the pastoral. We love the country with ardour, an ardent, perhaps, the more intense that rural pleasures are dealt out to us so sparingly, and we love also the writings which describe them: but, we speak with hesitation, it is a matter of mere taste, and our taste may be faulty, but we think that Mary Howitt has been rural almost to tediousness. Take any three or four pages of her continuous descriptions of scenery, and we shall find them exquisite; but she still describes, and then—and then—we say it unwillingly—we grow a little weary. The descriptions seemed to us, in the midst of our admiration, like the rapid views we gain of a fine country through the windows of a post-chaise travelling quickly; another, and another, and another, we felt overpowered by a succession of beauties. The first story of any length incidental to *Wood Leighton* is "the Sinner's Grave;" certainly the most pathetic that we ever read. This is the mere fact: we found it distressingly so. We think that it would have been, as a whole, much better had it not been so very agonizing. The authoress seems to have tried how severely she could wring the heart. We do not like to be thus flooded into tears, and to have recourse to twenty little stratagems to conceal the violence of our emotions from whomever may be near us when we read. We know all this will be its best recommendation to the generality of readers. Your regular devourer of fiction, like your inveterate snuff-taker, requires, after a time, strong stimulants. However, this will satisfy them. The moral of this tale is excellent, and enforced with the strong gentleness of a woman, and the authority of an apostle. After this strong excitement, in order to be quietly let down from our altitudes, we have some excellent gossip about rambles, and way-farers and beggars, all in a smooth, gossiping, gentlewomanly way. After we have thus subsided into a dreamy and pleasant quietude, we are introduced to the arena, in which we find the heirs expectant. Here Mary Howitt again becomes great in her strength, and vigorously couches her lance against pride, in

all its hateful, as, and in all its graceful disguise too. This is a noble tale—the pride of power, for power's sake, which is tyranny—the pride of circumstance and situation, which is folly—the pride of stratagem and circumvention, which is wickedness—and the pride of possessing masses of unused wealth, which is avarice—are all, in their turns, exposed and castigated. This is the holding up of the mirror to men's vices. We are strongly inclined to give an outline of this eventful story, and of some of the terrible scenes that it involves; but, as to many readers, the gradually unwinding of the skein of the narrative, and thus feeding their curiosity discreetly, is one of their greatest pleasures, we will not rudely tear off the veil, but allow every one to withdraw it from the picture as slowly and as gradually as he chooses. In all sincerity, we tell our friends, that works like this which we are noticing, will tend to place the novel in the highest class of writing, and make it almost the only vehicle for the inculcation of domestic morality, and the rectitude of private life. They have already driven the essay from the field of literature. We are not sorry for it; it is quite as pleasant to be won, as to be coerced to wisdom; and in this light we consider our gifted authoress as an ethical instructress. We will dilate no longer on the merits of "Wood Leighton;" did we express what we thought of them, those who have not read the work, might think us guilty of exaggeration, whilst those who have, might with more justice accuse us, either with incapacity sufficiently to commend it, or with liberality in withholding just encomium. Though we have not said all that we can in its favour, we have said all that we possibly could against it. We should like to see the critic who could say more.

Pluck Examination Papers for Candidates at Oxford and Cambridge, in 1836, wherein the Theory of the Art how to be Plucked is exhibited in Practice, thus completing the end of the entire Science. By SCHOLARUS BREVIVUS, Author of the "Art of being Plucked, and Synopsis of Drinking." Second Edition.

This is certainly the best piece of *badinage* that has lately issued from the press. Its merits will be appreciated beyond the precincts of the cloister. It is of that humorous description, that a fair idea of it can only be adequately conveyed by quotation; we therefore proceed to give our readers an extract, which extract will also be a good general portrait of a class, which, not unlike Shakspeare's seven ages, typifies a whole race, though our quaint author, putting the words *sub periculo* into the mouth of Aristotle, has given his character but three.

"Logical and Rhetorical Questions.

1. Aristoteles novus, among other characters which he sketches in his Rhetoric, says of the freshman, as follows:

"Now the freshman differeth from the man of standing in these respects. He often weareth his cap and gown, sometimes bearing a walking-stick also. He offendeth another; 'Sir.' He speaketh of the boys at his college. He disdaineth not to sit at a lecture, seeming less. He attendeth lecture with reverence. He approveth not the manner of dining. He respecteth the grass-plot. He thinketh at chapel that all others be looking at him. He seemeth ashamed at his own wipe party, making excuses many. He putteth on a grave countenance in passing the Proctor. He looketh this way and that way in walking. He appeareth proud of something. He despiseth schoolboys. He buyeth one cigar. He beggeth your pardon if you upset his skiff. He useth often the word Governor. He buyeth a large lexicon. He thinketh it time for him to fall in love. He goeth to bed at ten. He writeth home once a fortnight. He weareth a long tassel to his cap. He payeth ready money, refusing discount as dishonourable. He telleth you concerning his uncle. He purchaseth a Calendar to see his own name therein. He toucheth the bottle with reverence. He buyeth false collars, changeth shoes for boots, drotteth straps, and of all good things considereth the University to be the greatest, whiche in his own himself for such an small portion."

"Explain this character by a reference to persons whom you know, and refer each point to the wrong-hand in the Rhetoric."

"2. Illustrate Aristotle's sketch of youth, middle age, and old age, from the above character, and from the two following sketches of the same gentleman at two other stages of his college career."

The same person when he hath passed his Little-go.

"He getteth tipsy twice a week. He cutteth chapel and lecture. He buyeth a pea, and taketh to him a swallow-tailed coat. He promoteth rows. He sporteth a blue and white shirt. He sweareth genteelly. He talketh loud against bigotry. He buyeth cigars by the box. He borroweth a pink. He ridicoleth his former self. He considereth a quantity of bills to be gentlemanly. He boasteth of cutting the Proctor. He thinketh a first class a slow thing. He liketh to be seen with one who hath been rusticated. He acteth contumaciously at collections. He knocketh in late. He scorneth tea and bread and butter. He dineth seldom in hall. He preferreth shrewdness to learning. He writeth home once a term, and that for money. He buyeth translations. He considereth ladies to be a bore. He hath a good hand at whist, but chooseth rather to play with beginners. He cutteth his reading friend, as being slow. He shieth at the tutor's window, if there be others looking on. He encourageth whiskers. He killeth hacks. He selleth his large lexicon for ready money. He desireth to be in the army; considering of the University that it is a mean place, and becometh not a man that knows the world, and hath spirit."

The same when a Bachelor.

"He consoleth himself by thinking that he could have done better if he had pleased. He affirmeth that he hath never enjoyed himself. He keepeth a quiet pony. He considereth a fellowship to be a good thing. He payeth his pastrycook, but not his tailor. He giveth a quiet breakfast party twice a term. He occasionally adviseth others. He weareth continually his cap and gown. He disparteth in divinity. He angleth for pupils. He changeth whist and écarté for chess. He approveth of toast-and-water. He affirmeth of smoking that it is beastly. He buyeth the Waverley novels second-hand. He selleth certain of his old pictures. He writeth a pamphlet on the vices of the University. He studieth Russell's *Modern Europe*. He mindeth not to be seen in an old coat. He talketh of the time when he was an undergraduate. He goeth to bed at eleven. He beginneth German. He falleth in love. He getteth sweetmeats from home, and buyeth apples by bushel for dessert. He prideth himself on neatness. He buyeth a picture of his college. He respecteth himself as one that is experienced. He taketh upon him to speak dinner. He considereth the University to be a decent place, and himself as a decent member thereof."

This is a complete picture, and we should think will prove a lasting one. Every page of the work abounds with humour, and we think that the only fault that can be justly urged against the little volume, is its extreme brevity. It must laugh many a dunce out of his acquired dullness.

Lord Roldan. A Romance. By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. 3 Vols.

Allan Cunningham has materially added to his reputation in this work. Its moral is a severe exposition of family pride, especially in the case where that pride has no respect to rectitude of conduct. Lord Roldan abuses the innocence of a high-minded and generous lass, and begets a son, under mysterious circumstances, who is the hero of the tale, and afterwards becomes, first going through many accidents of fire and flood, himself Lord Roldan. The story is powerfully told, and the identity of the characters accurately preserved. As to the rural parts of the tale, we will not say that no person could have written better Scotch, but we will say, that no one could have made Scotch read more pleasantly. The character of the reckless father is a powerful delineation, and the interviews between him and his son of a most touching description. The reader will never find his attention flag in the narration—some new and striking incident is continually springing up, or some energetic and startling speech is pronounced. There runs through the volumes also, a rich

vein of humour, the more delicious, perhaps, as it is generally conveyed in an idiom so quaint. We always thought that the Scotch language was peculiarly fitted to express ridicule, and this work has confirmed us in our opinion. We take our leave of this publication, by consigning it to the popularity we know that it will enjoy, expressing, at the same time, our thanks to the author for the high mental treat that he has given to us; for we assure him, that we read his "Lord Roldan" at a heat, or only pausing in our course for the needful refec-tion of our bodies, a compliment that we are very seldom indeed inclined to pay to any author who may have, like Mr. Cunningham, extended himself to three volumes. We generally find one pill a dose for one day, but when we take three in that short period, they must not only be very healthful, but very appetizing also.

The Gossips' Week. By the Author of "Slight Reminiscences," with Woodcuts from Original Designs. 2 Vols.

The principle charm of these two delightful volumes consists in the graceful and ever-varying style in which they are written. There is nothing original in any one of the stories that they contain, yet all are told inimitably. We use the word *inimitably* advisedly, for the narrative is such that it must require a similar identity with the author to produce it. These volumes open with a romance, called the "Glove," which is succeeded by a still longer tale, entitled "The King's Daughter." The latter trenches a little on the wonderful, but it reads naturally, and excites the deepest interest. We are sorry that the finale is so melancholy. The "Roe's Egg" is a pleasant satirical allegory, with a very excellent moral, so palpable, that even a dunce cannot fail to stumble upon it. "Count Dalberg and his Son," is a production of a much sterner nature, and is an exciting fiction. However, it is not our intention to enumerate all these *morceaux*, but we will content ourselves with saying, that whatever is written in these volumes, has its own peculiar merit. We do not think very highly of the illustrations. These things should be exceedingly well-executed, or altogether omitted. The reader will see by these, our too brief remarks, that our impressions of this publication are so good, that we wish him to share them with us. The book will not only repay him for the time of the perusal, but he will store his memory with some beautiful images, and refine his taste by some exquisite thoughts.

The Pictorial Bible, being the Old and New Testaments, according to the authorised Versions. Illustrated by many Hundred Wood-cuts, representing the Historical Events after the most celebrated Pictures, &c. &c. To which are added, Original Notes, chiefly explanatory of the Engravings, &c. &c.

We have received the fourth part of this well-arranged publication, which is conducted more upon the principles of utility than any similar edition of the Holy Scriptures. The utility, to which we allude, is not divine usefulness; had we meant it we should have employed a more reverential word. It is profane learning often so necessary to understand the sacred, to which we particularly have reference. The plates and the notes in this part are equally good with those that preceded it. There is much information both curious and authentic, of Egyptian antiquities, that tend greatly to elucidate the sacred text. It is not our wont to gossip much in the sanctums of publishers, therefore, we cannot speak as to the fact; but we should suppose, from the merits of this work, that it must have a wonderful circulation. We know that it deserves it.

Vox Populi through Anaxarchus. A Satire.

The conclusion of this poem is abrupt—and there are ugly marks of haste throughout—many a trip in reasoning, rhythm, and expression, which a less hurried pen had certainly avoided. This is no apology to the public, and is the only one which the author possesses to offer to himself. The fact is, his thoughts have been garnered as they have sprung up in his mind, husks and all, and often ere they ripened into gold. All this the reader would forgive, if he thought that the offender “would go and sin no more;” but whether he will take more than three months’ leisure to address him next, or not, we are sure that the clever writer of this outpouring of indignations, will not condemn this short notice of his work.

Tracts Relating to Caspar Hauser. By EARL STANHOPE. Translated from the Original German.

This is a very small, but a very important book. Casper Hauser has proved himself to be one of the most consummate impostors that ever fed the credulity of mankind, and his life and death is an excellent psychological study. Too much praise cannot be given to the earl for his kindness to this victim of his own duplicity, in the first instance, and for his discrimination and activity in unmasking the impostor who so much abused his benevolence in the other. That the pretended attacks upon this cheat were fictions, and that the wounds were inflicted by himself to make the deceptions colourable, there can now be no doubt. The last and fatal one was accidentally mortal through his own unskillfulness. What will not this passion for notoriety sometimes lead man to commit!

The Oakleigh Shooting Code; containing Two Hundred and twenty Chapters of Information relative to Shooting Red Grouse, Black Game, Partridges, Pheasants, Woodcocks, Snipes, and Hares. By THOMAS OAKLEIGH, Esq. Edited by the Author of “Oakleigh Old Manor Hall.”

This is very well, nay, it is better than well. The author would have done well had he chosen to have only given us all the information that we find in this volume, but he has done excellently in conveying that information in a manner so felicitous. As the first of September is fast approaching, and the “metropolitans,” sometimes adumbrated by the vulgar under the title of “cockneys,” are getting their snappers ready, we will make the following extract, for two reasons,—one to show the spirited and clear manner of the work, and the other, that a little advice may not be amiss,—not that our sporting friends require it,—not they.

“Shooting at Birds on the Wing.”

“When a bird rises near to the shooter, he should fix his eye steadfastly upon it, until it is nearly twenty yards distant from him; then throw his gun up quickly to his shoulder, shut his left eye, and look straight down the rim or sight-plate, until he has brought his eye, the breech, the metal sight, and the bird in a line. The bird will be about twenty-five yards distant, by the time he has perfected his aim. He should not continue following the bird after having once brought the gun to bear upon it. He must keep his eye wide open—be deliberate—and the very moment he covers the object, fire. A deal of this, but not all, any one who has the use of his limbs and no defect in his sight, can do; but few persons can perform the last part of the operation, simple as it may appear, scientifically. It is the finger that errs. The hand ever follows the eye; they do not act in concert; they should act simultaneously, not suffering the least interval of time to elapse between the taking the

aim and pulling the trigger. That is the universal error. The aim taken by the eye is true; the judgment of the distance and allowance accordingly is correct; the barrel is properly elevated: the object is within the range;—but ere the hammer falls there is a momentary pause; the piece is stationary, the object is on the move; the finger is too late! If the shooter wink, or flinch, or start, from trepidation or anxiety, he will shoot above the object: if he pause but for an instant after covering the object, however slight the check, the shot falls below or behind the mark. There is, however, a something more than the mere mechanical process requisite; nerve, presence of mind, coolness, and decision, must be combined with a knowledge of shooting, or the mere science—the artificial and acquired part—will avail nothing. The habit of missing seldom arises from ignorance of the use of a fowling-piece, but frequently from excitement, trepidation, anxiety, want of command of temper, want of self-confidence, or being over-confident, absence of mind, the effects of a previous night's debauch, want of rest occasioned by travelling, or some other cause operating upon the nervous system. All these should be guarded against, as far as circumstances will admit, and whatever seems best calculated to restore to a calm state of mind and firmness, should be resorted to. It sometimes happens that a good shot will miss half a dozen times in succession, and cannot account for his want of success, which, if properly investigated, might, in all likelihood, be traced to some of the foregoing sources. The main cause is generally overlooked, and the fowling-piece or powder is condemned, when the fault rests with the shooter!

This work is entitled to an universal perusal.

The Fitzhorne Picture Gallery, and other Poetical Sketches. By a Lady.

By a Lady! We are sure of it; and we will stake our folio edition of Shakespeare against the next new epic that may be published, (we cannot offer greater odds,) that this lady is one who is good, highly accomplished, and talented—sensible, too, and therefore should not have committed such a mistake as to have committed this work to the press. Without she bear an approved name, we shrink from noticing the poems of a lady. They have no friends—we mean judicious ones—admirers, lovers, worshippers they may have, but such never can be friends without they have the wisdom to perform the friendly part. And why should a lady, without her indications of genius be so striking as to challenge at once the admiration of the world, consent to publish, even at the most pressing instances of her unfriending friends—to undergo all the feverish excitement of the delays of the press, of the publishers, and the pangs of that insatiable craving to know how it sells; and, above all, how noticed by this review, or commented on by that magazine? The poems before us, poems by courtesy, are respectable, and sometimes sensible, but as no one reads respectable, or even sensible poetry, the authoress should have confined the circulation of the verses before us to those whose incense of praise had stimulated her to the task of writing them. At first, we had resolved to pass by this volume in silence, but, because we are determined to speak—with all due delicacy, we hope—we shall not parade it as duty to the public, for we detest all cant and hypocrisy, but we do it solely to prevent the walks of literature from being clogged up by masses of elegant mediocrity, of which, unweighed commendation, and even silence, so much encourages the production. We wish, also, to spare future aspirants from the pain of sarcasm, for though one or two periodicals may praise, and many spare, the blow will come at last, without the sickly production die in its cradle on the bookseller's shelf. We repeat, that the poems before us are respectable, yet, though they are published, they are not publishable, which is a contradiction of terms that carries a meaning with it well understood by biblioplists. We have read the greater part

of the pages before us; we have found them well sustained in their mediocrity. We will now open the book, and extract the first page that meets our eye:—well, here it is;—a character of the iron-souled Cromwell.

" Now! here with dogged power his shadow glooms
On all the splendid fearless forms around;
Not of their line—but spirit oft illumines
A meaner clay than is 'mong nobles found.
How low the origin! How low the means!
Cromwell! by which thou winged thy reckless flight
To Grandeur's blaze—how wildering the beams,
That dazzling urged thy spirit's traitorous might,
And dragged thy reeling senses to Rebellion's height!"

" Vanished in air, they left thy stern soul low,
And faint, and vapourish from its fevered dream;
Yet was thy heart, which planned its treachery slow,
Determined still—unchecked by Toil's swollen stream!
Though there the weed of dark suspicion grew,
And doubts and fears—a spectral train—arose,
Wearing thy very life! Ye, who'd imbrue
Bold hands in monarch-blood, and think to pose
The haunted breast's remorse—think of his evening's close!"

Now, let us examine these really respectable stanzas, and see how far they deserve the epithet of sensible. We have no great objection to Cromwell's shadow (though a bad metonymy for a portrait) glooming with dogged power on all the splendid, fearless forms around. "Not of *their* line," is nonsense; but we suspect this is a mere typographical error, and for *their*, read *his*. It will then be, that Cromwell glooms on those fearless forms, &c., not of his line. "But spirit oft illumines a meaner clay than is among nobles found," is both illiberal and in bad taste. Are mankind formed of different sorts of clay? We thought that the difference was in the *spirit*, in the nurture, in all the high feelings that hereditary renown begets, not in the *clay*. But we will concede the *clay* to the lady. The lines, "How low the origin! How low the means, Cromwell, by which thou winged thy reckless flight to grandeur's blaze!" is nonsense, bad grammar, and worse metaphor. His low origin did not wing his reckless flight, to say that his low means did is a very simple saying; and it should be, "thou wingedst," and not "thou winged." Bad as is all this, the concluding sentence is worse:—

" how wildering the beams,
That dazzling urged thy spirit's traitorous might,
And dragged thy reeling senses to rebellion's height!"

Here are bewildering beams, that *urged* the traitorous might of Cromwell's spirit, dazzling while they *urged*; no, they did not urge, but they *dragged* his *reeling* senses. Cromwell's *reeling* senses! to rebellion's height;—beams dragging reeling senses is good, very good, and puts one strongly but very poetically in mind of Nos. 45, 46, and 47 of C division of the police taking a couple of refractory drunkards to the station-house. The reader will spare us the trouble of analyzing the second stanza before quoted, but we will proceed to the last sentence, because it contains a piece of excellent advice.

" Ye, who'd imbrue
Bold hands in monarch-blood, and think to pose
The haunted breast's remorse—think of his evening's close."

Let all rabid radicals and daring destructives take this sentence to themselves:—it contains a *poser* for them. After all, we repeat, that this is respectable poetry,—much more respectable than half of the poems

that appear so often, make a helpless cry, and expire. We are only sorry that it was written by a *lady*; for, as we said before, many acquirements and much cultivation of a really-talented mind was necessary to produce even this: we should be happy, we are sure, to meet her anywhere but in print. We cannot better conclude these strictures that have been so unwillingly extorted from us, than by parodying, on the subject of respectable poetry, the words of the very Cromwell that the lady has sought to doom to an immortality of dishonour,—“ Sir Harry Vane! the Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!” said he:—“ Respectable poetry! the Lord deliver us from respectable poetry!” say we.

The Harmony of Phrenology with Scripture: shown in a Refutation of the Philosophical Errors contained in Mr. Combe's "Constitution of Man." By WILLIAM SCOTT, Esq.

Phrenology is fatalism, and fatalism is *not* in harmony with the Scriptures; but this work, so well is it written, would almost convince us to the contrary. It embraces nearly every subject that is of vital interest to mankind—it examines the constitution of the universe, the first condition of mankind, the recent origin of our race, and the universal ruin of the ancient empires. It then treats perspicuously of the introduction of Christianity, and its effects upon society. The book then gets involved in metaphysics, and tells us of the various views of celebrated writers upon that unfathomable subject, the necessity of transgression and evil. After much to this effect, accompanied throughout by many home thrusts at Dr. Combe, we have one long, a very long chapter, and then another, upon human depravity. We have no space, however, to follow the logical author through all his disquisitions, on which he meets Dr. Combe at every turn, and shows him that he is still far from the paths of truth. Yet, though anxious to confute, he always treats his antagonist with respect. This volume deserves consideration. After all this argument the following is the conclusion to which Mr. Scott comes.

“ Though it would perhaps be unjust to say that the science is yet in its infancy, we may at the least safely venture to maintain that it has not yet passed the years of its nonage. It exhibits a favourable promise of what it may be in the time of its maturity, but much yet remains to be done, and many labours to be undergone, before it shall reach the perfect stature, and full and beautiful proportion, which I am quite satisfied it will one day attain. Much has yet to be done in the field of observation—much in the judicious comparing and careful induction of facts—much also is to be done in the metaphysics of the science, in ascertaining correctly the true functions, and limits of the faculties, their mutual dependencies, and their various combinations. The harvest in all these particulars is undoubtedly great, but the labourers have been miserably few; and many of those who ought to have assisted in the work have stood aloof, and not merely refused to enter the field themselves, but have hindered those who were willing to enter.

“ This, then, is the difference between my views of the science and those of Mr. Combe. He seems to regard it as already complete and full grown; I look upon it only as in an early period of its growth to maturity. It is but yet a very few years since some of the more important points relating to it could be considered as settled. There are many more not settled yet, and many on which we have but a mere glimmering of the truth. We know a good deal on the subject of the correspondence between the development of the brain, and the natural character; very little on the differences arising from internal organization, and the effects of different bodily temperaments; still less of those resulting from the successive growth, and development or diminution of parts, and of the action of moral and physical causes in producing these; and we are equally in the dark on various other points.”

After which the work very soon concludes, with a friendly lecture to

Dr. Combe on his rashness in assertion, and his proneness to infidelity. For ourselves, we do not go so far as Mr. Scott in our adhesion to the doctrines of this branch of materialism. We say that, as a science, it is not only not in its nonage—not in its infancy—but merely in its babyhood; and we do not think that it will ever get much beyond it. Let it be understood that we do not deny the remote principles upon which it is founded—but we laugh at the dogmatizing that has been deduced from them. But, really, we are tired of this subject—it has been canvassed to satiety—the phrenologist's strongest points are in the production of arguments that nobody can confute, and which, however, so few will believe. Whoever wishes to make himself fully master of the subject, and feels inclined to entertain the doctrines of phrenology, and at the same time to avoid the errors to which they are so apt to lead, cannot do better than to study this argumentative work of Mr. Scott. He will find them, as to style, very elegantly written; and it cannot be perused without gaining much incidental knowledge.

The Court and Camp of Don Carlos ; being the Result of a late Tour in the Basque Provinces, and parts of Catalonia, Arragon, Castile, and Estramadura. By MICHAEL BURKE HONAN.

This is a clever work, and replete with interest, though for one professedly impartial, the most one-sided production that we ever read. Can it be depended upon? We know not, yet it bears every mark of sincerity, if it does not of authenticity. It is certainly written in a partisan spirit, yet it is possible for a partisan to speak truth; and, if the truth be spoken in this volume, how sadly has the British nation been deceived! The most honest men sometimes originate and give currency to falsehoods that they themselves believe to be "true as holy writ." Certainly, notwithstanding our impression of the honour and integrity of Mr. Honan, in the face of so many counter-statements, we cannot give him unlimited credit for all he asserts respecting the flourishing state of the cause of Don Carlos, the almost unanimous voice of the country in his favour, and his great probability of retrieving the throne of Spain. Whilst we write, all is confusion and anarchy in that miserable kingdom, and the late popular commotions have placed both the contending parties in a novel and very unpleasant position. We think this political enigma will be solved, and that very speedily, by Austrian or Russian bayonets. In the meantime we must pronounce this work, notwithstanding its political bias, a very well-written and amusing one, and one, also, that gives us a clear insight into much of what it is very desirable to know respecting the private and the public character of the Spaniards. Mr. Honan's description of the bull-fights is certainly the best that has yet appeared in the English language. In this description there is a very high compliment paid to the late Lord Chancellor. The hero of the arena, the most intrepid bull vanquisher of the present, and even of past days, is, in the words of the author, "one Montes, who is a plain, slight, ill-made man, more like Lord Chancellor Brougham than any person I know." This is high praise both to the *matador*, and the author of "Natural Theology;" for who does not see that, had Brougham been born a *torero*, he would have become a Montes, and that, had the slayer of innumerable bulls been bred in England to the law, he would have become a keeper of the king's conscience, and the general guardian of lunatics. We wish that we had space to extract the whole of this graphic description of the bull-fight, but, as we have not, the reader must be content with the closing scene.

"When there has been enough of this sport, the drums and trumpets again sound at a given signal, and the last act of the tragedy begins. The *matador* draws a short straight sword, and unfolds a small red cloth flag; and then, kneeling before the royal box, asks leave of the authorities to kill the bull, in honour of some noble lady, some saint, or some patron. He then, attended by a *chulo*, which is generally another *matador*, walks towards the place where the bull is surrounded by the other *chulos*, who torment him by throwing their scarves in succession before him. If Montes be the *matador*, the excitement is great, and every one moves from his seat to watch what he is doing. This gives rise to a great uproar, and the cry of '*Sentarse*' is heard from those in the back places to those most in front.

"As Montes comes up, the *chulos* withdraw, and station themselves behind the bull, to give aid if necessary, while he and his attendant *chulo* go before and unfold the red cloth, which at once fixes the animal's whole attention. It stands quivering with fear and rage before it, while Montes holds it from him on the right side. The bull's eyes glare, he gives a low moan, and dashes at the flag, tossing it as he meets it. Montes yields to his rage, and suddenly shifts it to the left. The bull eagerly follows the object of his terror, and the *matador* makes him go round and round him, watching the flag as it slowly recedes.

"When Montes sees the bull excited to the utmost degree, he prepares to kill; and, passing the stick on which the flag is to his left hand, he holds the sword in his right hand over it, exactly in the centre; so as that, when the bull rushes at the cloth, and stoops to gore, he is enabled to introduce the point of his sword between the cartilages of the neck, and force it down to some vital part."

"A flourish of trumpets and the roll of drums proclaim that the victory is achieved, and a team of mules, gaudily attired and covered with bells, gallop into the field, and drag out the bodies of the poor brute and the horses that have been his victims. The moment the carcasses are removed, the drums and trumpets again sound, and another bull is let in to undergo the same persecution, and to share the same fate."

We hope that the author will be as well repaid in coin and reputation for the publishing, as the reader will be in information and amusement in the perusal, of this book.

The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwickian Club. Edited by Boz.
And *The Library of Fiction; or, Family Story Teller.*

Boz marches on triumphantly, and has completely taken possession of the ear, and of the hearts, too, of his countrymen. His fifth number is joyous in the scenes of a contested election, and the honest wonder and indignation of the great Mr. Pickwick at the venality he witnesses are charming. The contents of the "Story Teller" this month are all good, and two of the pieces are original, the one "*Jesse Cliffe*," by Miss Mitford, and "*the Alchymist*," by Mr. Harvey. This is really a great advance upon the last. Doing thus, this periodical cannot fail to do well.

The Violin, being an Account of that Leading Instrument, and its most eminent Professors, from its earliest date to the present time, including Hints to Amateurs, Anecdotes, &c. By GEORGE DUBOURG.

This little volume has already gained much favourable notoriety, which it really deserves. Before we read the work, we assuredly did not know that there could be so great a number of "Fiddlers, placed all in a row," as we find recorded in it. There appears to have been a great deal of enthusiasm among the gentlemen of the long and short bow; and the compiler himself must be no mean hand at drawing the long one, if we may judge by some of his anecdotes. However, the violin deserves a

history, and has now got one; and we are sure the fiddlers that be, and the fiddlers that are to be, must be very much indebted to George Du-bourg for picking up so many of their fraternity out of that dirty slough of oblivion in which till now, they were buried nearly up to the necks. The catgut erudition of this book does not prevent it being a very amusing one, and though we detest the having anything to do with the learners of the violin, and have not a very saving faith in amateur proficiency, yet we cannot help saying, that the advice of which the author has been so prodigal to all who are endeavouring to master the instrument, is much more valuable than that cheapest of all things, advice, generally is. As this is a musical age, all, from the players on the Jew's harp, to the blowers of the trombone, should possess themselves of this volume, merely through a very proper *esprit du corps*. We shall clap it into the hands of our little grandson immediately he leaves off his penny whistle.

An Angler's Rambles. By EDWARD JESSE, Esq., F.L.S. Author of "Gleaning on Natural History."

We suppose this book will sell, thought it has much of that easy, sleepy, self-approving stuff in it that is called twaddle. Positively, in reading it through, we were twice beguiled into a gentle slumber, yet we could not put the book aside, it had such a sedative fascination about it. There are stories about gudgeons, and all about how to take them; and about the large pike that the author actually did take, and a still larger one that Mr. Snooks almost took; and all this is told with as much complacency, as if it were a matter of the least consequence to any living being. We are then treated to sundry batches of verses, and here we are roused up to a little astonishment, in marvelling how people could be such fools as to have written them. The best part of the book is that which is occupied by the quotations, and they are numerous enough to enable one to say that a good deal of this work is well got up. On account of the extreme innocency of this volume, we feel assured that it will become extremely popular among that patient race who sit so contentedly at the end of a long stick for hours together, for those who can enjoy such a position are exactly calculated to appreciate the quiet merits of the "Angler's Rambles, by Edward Jesse, Esq., F.L.S."

The History of British Fishes. By WILLIAM YARREL, F.L.S. *Illustrated by upwards of Four Hundred Wood-cuts, including numerous Vignettes.*

We have received the nineteenth part of this popular and well-conducted periodical, which concludes the first volume; and we have in it, also, the preface and the introduction to the second volume, both which are very satisfactory. This publication has always been a favourite with us, and we make no doubt but that the second volume will rival the first in its various excellences.

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

A Compendium of Philosophy and Divinity, setting forth the Essential Properties, Differences, and Relations of Body and Spirit, the Immortality of the Soul, and the Nature and Attributes of God, Selected and Arranged. By JOHN VIZARD.—One would suppose fifty volumes would be insuffi-

cient to discuss all these subjects. Mr. Vizard has done it in a small work of 178 pages, by quotations; and perhaps more satisfactorily than if he had written the supposed fifty volumes.

The Complete Book of Trades; or, the Parent's Guide and Youth's Instructor, in the Choice of a Trade, Business, or Profession. By N. WHITLOCK, Esq. Author of the "Decorative's Painter's Guide," "Antiquities of Rome," &c. &c.—We have received the first two numbers of this work, which is illustrated by highly-finished engravings on steel, and good wood-cuts, and think that it admirably answers the purpose for which it was published.

The Cheltenham Looker-On, a Note-Book of Fashionable Sayings and Doings.—We have received the second series of this provincial and elegant periodical, which has always been a favourite of ours, and is so still.

Original Geometrical Illustrations, or the Book of Lines, Squares, Circles, Triangles, Polygons, &c. &c. &c. By JOHN BENNETT, Engineer, Author of the "Artificer's Complete Lexicon," "Labour Prices for Builders," &c.—We have received six numbers of this publication, and should think them to be of first-rate utility, to architects, artificers of all kinds, and not wholly useless to painters, sculptors, and statuaries. The plates are beautifully cut.

The Necessity of a National Church. First Series of Letters, addressed to the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, &c. &c. &c. By the Rev. CHARLES CARON, M.A.—A clear-sighted, dispassionate, and logical pamphlet, germane to the times, and written in the best spirit; acceptable also to the public, for it has reached a third edition.

Popular Geography; a Companion to Thomas's Library and Imperial School Atlases. By ROWLAND THOMPSON, Lecturer on Geography and Mathematics to the London Institution.—A very good class-book, and which, without reference to the patronage that it has obtained, we can very safely recommend.

The Reformed Family. By an OLD OFFICER.—A delightfully-told tale, full of the most acute observations, but which, to make it of the extended utility that it deserves, should be printed in a much cheaper form.

Outlines of Geography for the Use of the Edinburgh Academy. In Two Parts.—We have received the second part of this school-book, which, by the title-page, appears to have reached a Fourth Edition. This second part treats solely of Ancient Geography, is well arranged, and very useful to those reading history, poetry, or any composition that treats of the by-gone divisions of the earth.

Statistics of the Church of England, as developed in the Reports of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, with Notes and Comments thereon, and on the Church Reform Bills introduced by his Majesty's Ministers.—As far as it goes, a useful pamphlet.

Evils of the State of Ireland, their Causes, and their Remedy; a Poor Law. By JOHN REVANS.—John Revans is right. But there is too much clamour and agitation in Ireland now for John Revans or any one else to be listened to. 'Tis a good pamphlet.

Prussia. By a Manchester Manufacturer, author of "England, Ireland, and America."—A clever, though one-sided production; serviceable to read, but necessary to meditate upon.

The Naturalist; illustrative of the Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Kingdoms. To be continued monthly. With a highly-finished coloured Engraving. Conducted by B. MAUND, F.L.S., and W. HOLL, F.G.S., assisted by several eminent scientific Men.—We give the title at length of this new periodical, which has begun well. We wish to see another number before we speak at large upon it.

First Steps to Latin Writing, &c., adapted to the Eton Grammar. By G. F. GRAHAM.—These first steps are easy, and, therefore, good steps.

Tales about Great Britain and Ireland. By PETER PARLEY, author of "Tales about Europe," &c. &c., with a map and numerous embellishments.—A good book for little boys and girls, and well illustrated.

The Spirit of Despotism. By VICISSIMUS KNOX. Eleventh edition.—This spirited production is now being republished in monthly numbers, the two first of which we have received. It is well got up. We need not say anything of a work so well known.

A few Remarks on our Foreign Policy.—A very sensible pamphlet, which would make the elements of a good speech in the House of Commons.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

History of the Life of Edward the Black Prince, by G. P. R. James. 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.

Statistics of Phrenology, by H. C. Watson. 12mo. 5s.

On the Progress and Shedding of the Human Teeth, by R. Maclean. Royal 8vo. 10s.; coloured, 12s.

Anacalypsis, or an Inquiry into the Origin of Languages, Nations, and Religions, by Godfrey Higgins, Esq. 2 vols. 4to. 5l.

The Lyre of David, by V. Bythner, translated by the Rev. Thomas Dee. 8vo. 11. 4s.

A Series of Practical Sermons, by the Rev. C. Bradley. Post 8vo. 8s.

An Angler's Ramble, by E. Jesse, Esq., F.L.S., Author of "Gleanings in Natural History." Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Cogblan's New Guide to Boulogne. 18mo. 2s.

Bunyan's Pilgrim Progress, with Notes, by W. Mason and Adam Clarke. 12mo. 5s.; 18mo. 3s. 6d.

J. Howe's Christian Theology. By J. Dunn. 12mo. 6s. 6d.

The Student's Manual of Ancient History. By W. C. Taylor. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The Child's First Latin Book. By W. Fenton. 12mo. 2s.

The Harmony of Phrenology with Scripture. By William Scott, Esq. Post 8vo. 6s. 6d.

Caius Marius; a Tragedy. By Thomas Doubleday. 8vo. 4s.

The Inquisitor. 1 vol. post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Sacred Themes, in Prose and Verse. By J. P. Hawley. 32mo. 1s. 6d.

Short Hints for Junior Evangelists. By James Kendall. 18mo. 1s. 3d.

A Guide to Pulpit Exercises. 18mo. 3s.

The Land Day Book; kept in the United States of America, by Sarah Hoding. 12mo. 5s.

A Visit to the United States and Canada in 1833, by Richard Weston, 5s. 6d.

Juvenile Every Day Book, square 12mo. 5s.

The Seven Ages of England, or its advancement in Arts, Literature, and Science, by C. Williams, fcap. 8vo. 8s.

Parker's Progressive Exercises in Rhetorical Reading, 12mo. 2s. 6d.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

It will be seen in our present number, that we have availed ourselves of the privilege afforded us of giving EXCLUSIVELY, some very interesting Extracts from the forthcoming "MEMOIRS OF PRINCE LUCIEN BONAPARTE." We anticipate that these extracts will only increase the public curiosity for the work itself, which we understand it is intended shall appear in London, Paris, and New York, on the 15th of September.

Mr. Chorley's "MEMORIALS OF MRS. HEMANS," will, we believe, have been pub-

lished previous to our Number, but an early copy of the work has enabled us to take some notice of its highly interesting contents.

A new work, by the Author of "*Richelieu*," "*The Gipsy*," &c., entitled "*THE DISGUISED MAN*," is nearly completed, and may be expected the first week in the month, for which the subject, and the well known talents of Mr. James, will ensure a welcome reception.

Captain Marryat's new work, "*MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY*," has just appeared, and we understand a large impression disposed of on the day of publication.

Miss Mary Boyle, one of the ladies in waiting on her Majesty, has, we understand, a new work in the press, of which, judging from the occasional productions of her pen, we should be prepared to entertain considerable expectations.

The late Marquis de la Fayette, has bequeathed to his family his own "*MEMOIRS*," written by Himself, expressly directing that editions should appear in France, England, and America. Arrangements have, we understand, been entered into with Messrs. Saunders and Ouley, the publishers of Prince Lucien's *Memoirs*, for this purpose, and the first part of the work is now in the press.

The new edition of "*MR. LODGE'S PEARAGE*," now in the press, is to be greatly improved and embellished, with the arms beautifully engraved at the head of the account of each noble family. This will, we believe, render Mr. Lodge's *Pearage* the most complete and easily accessible work on the subject extant.

A new edition of Captain Marryat's "*PETER SIMPLE*" is printing.

"*THE FLORAL TELEGRAPH*" has been delayed a few days, to complete some important improvements in the Illustrative Engravings.

An English Grammar. By Matthias Green, Birmingham.

Poetical Anthology of the Germans. By Wilhelm Klauer Klattowski.

Vol. II. of the Marquis Wellesley's *Despatches, Minutes, and Correspondence*, during his Administration in India.

Golden Records; a Little World of Wisdom; consisting of the choicest sayings of the most Eminent Men, on the Plan of a Pocket Dictionary.

Kidd's Book of Collective Wisdom; containing Gleanings from the choicest Works of the most Eminent Writers, arranged in Alphabetical order.

Kidd's Little Lexicon of Useful Knowledge; or, a Book for the Million; consisting of Extracts from Popular Authors.

Mr. Jacob Jones announces for publication, during the month, a third edition of "*The Anglopolish Harp, Scenes from Longinus, and Poems*" with emendations and considerable additions.

A new edition is in the press of the *Catechism of Gardening*, for the use of Cottagers and Village-schools by an Old Practitioner.

The Hon. and Rev. William Herbert has a new and improved edition of his "*Treatise on Bulbous Roots*," illustrated by numerous plates, in a state of forwardness for publication.

NEW MUSIC.

A Coronet may Gild thy Brow.

The publication of this beautiful song will be hailed with delight by every fair vocalist who witnessed the powerful effect it produced when it was sung by Miss Rainsforth, at the *fête champêtre*, held in the Regents Park, for the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear. The melody, by Mr. Alexander D. Roche, is exquisitely adapted to the touching words, which were written expressly for the occasion, by the Rev. William Fletcher, F.R.A.S., and are now published, with the Music, by Dean, of Bond Street. A sly old Cælebs of our acquaintance estimates a lady's disposition by the books he finds in her *boudoir*; like the cynic in the play, he judges of the fruit by the leaves that are strewn about. Our test is a peep into the musical portfolio; if we find "*Meet me by Moonlight alone*," &c., among a lady's loose songs, we form our conclusions, and caution our friends of the bachelor tribe accordingly. Upon this principle, we warn every one of our fair readers to procure herself a copy of "*A Coronet*" instantly, or we shall conclude, in the words of the song, that she is,

"Without a heart to love again,
Or feel for others' woe."

FINE ARTS.

The Death of the First-born. Dedicated to his Majesty, Louis Philippe, King of the French. Designed and engraved by JOHN MARTIN, Esq. Also, *The Destroying Angel.* By the same Artist; dedicated to the Rev. Dr. Croly.

These two pictures may be truly called the catastrophes of epic poems. It is our opinion, an opinion, we know that will find many opponents, that, as far as the moral end of historical painting is regarded, Mr. Martin is the first, the very first of living artists. "*The Death of the First-born*," whether we regard the distribution of the lights and shadows, the magnificent gloominess of the architecture, or the various and grief-distracted groups of the dead and the bewailing, we must pronounce this an engraving approaching almost to perfection. It is Miltonic and sublime. Viewing this plate, we should take shame to ourselves did we seek out little blemishes in order to give the opportunity of cavilling. This, like every other grand structure, whether moral or physical, must be viewed from a proper distance, and estimated as a whole, and, as a whole, we do not think that it has been surpassed. "*The Destroying Angel*" we do not so much admire, though it is a picture that none but Martin could have conceived and executed. All beneath the sky is grandeur and awe; but we think the charm is invaded, if not broken, by the introduction of the gigantic angel. We should have better liked his power to have been made apparent in its effects, not in the manner of its act. We make this stricture with diffidence, for we well know that the artist has prejudice and prescription in his favour; and that painters have, from time immemorial, essayed to portray not only the angelic hosts, but even the Deity himself. The plates cannot be looked upon but with a religious reverence, and is another proof of the power of the mind of the painter.

Engravings from the Works of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

By SAMUEL COUSINS, CHARLES TURNER, WILLIAM WARD, &c. Under the Especial Patronage of his Majesty the King.

This is the second part of a work that must be looked upon as national, for who is not proud of remembering that Sir Thomas Lawrence belonged to the same country as himself? This part contains, first, a portrait of Lady Lyndhurst exquisitely engraved by Mr. Cousins. We know not whether the likeness be good, but the plate is excellent; and so much beauty as is here displayed, ought to have a living personification. The next plate, engraved by the same artist, is a portrait, in a circular frame, of Master Hope, all life and vivacity, a gem of the fine arts. The third and last engraving, is a portrait of Mirza Abul Hassan Khan, the Persian ambassador, with a countenance full of gravity, and teeming with thought. There is a subdued splendour about the plate that we much admire, and the engraver has admirably seconded the great abilities of the painter. Not to suppose this production must find its way into every portfolio of persons professing taste, would be absurd—its circulation must be amazing.

 THE DRAMA.

At present, there is a sort of interregnum in the regular drama. Provisional committees are certainly going on at the minor theatres, and there are some good pieces acting at them; but they are generally changed so rapidly, that when the new month has begun, those plays that were in the vigour of success but a few weeks ago, are now among those bygone things that people would think it beneath them to endeavour to remember. As far as regards the national and privileged theatres at present, everything is in a state of uncertainty, except the certainty of a loss upon the whole of the season at Drury Lane, notwithstanding the enormous sums taken at the door. This is management. However, the money circulated, if not among the shareholders, and those who fancy they have some property in the concern, it

certainly did in France and Italy, in the fostering of foreign talent; and we have no doubt of another happy result from this arrangement, which is, that Ducrow was enabled to drink another bottle daily, (we do not say that he did do it,) and that his horses were fed so sumptuously as to have satisfied even the magnates among the hounyhims. At Covent Garden there have been some feeble attempts at the revival of the genuine drama, and Serjeant's Talfourd's *Ion* has been played there, not acted. What these theatres may do during the approaching season, we know not, but this we know, that they will never do well whilst they are labouring under pecuniary embarrassments. It is a fact that it is our duty not to conceal, that the English are gradually weaning themselves from dramatic amusements. All classes are apeing gentility. The shopman and the apprentice, when he has cast off the weeds of business, and donned the garb of what he supposes is that of a gentleman, will not spend his hoarded-up or abstracted half a guinea at a play so low as are the national theatres, but he crushes his hat between his arm and his side, and bies him to the Italian Opera, where he would be bored insufferably, had he not all the time the enjoyment of the consciousness of his own fancied and ephemeral importance. And thus Laporte has realised a considerable sum during the last season—whilst neither his pieces nor his actors have been so good as in former ones, when he has lost, but the current of fashion has set more strongly through his doors. The Haymarket finds less success than it deserves; but we shall speak more at large of these things the next month, for during the latter end of August, and the whole of September, it seems but a wild speculation to keep open any place of amusement in London, seeing that all who can afford to get out of town at that period do, and such are those who can best afford to pay for boxes, though we are sorry to say, that they seem so little inclined to do so.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

NOTWITHSTANDING our national jealousies, our trade with America is on the increase, and most of our manufactories in full play, though they are not realizing very handsome profits. We are sorry to learn that in the ports of the Mediterranean, and even at our own garrison in Gibraltar, several kinds of British manufacture are now being undersold in similar productions from Saxony and Switzerland. Underselling is the worst of all prohibitions to our trading. All parties concerned, from the lowest artisan to the great merchant who exports the finished article, should endeavour, by sharing among them less profits, to counteract this, and keep possession of the markets. Generally speaking, we have now the subdued commercial prosperity, not of monopoly, but of competition; we should, therefore, be continually on the alert, and not only active, but wise in our operations. The shipping interests still languish, and do not seem to draw that attention to them that they deserve. But there is no contending against cheapness. Foreigners can, and do, build, man, and provision their vessels at prices greatly below what it costs us. Though this is but a melancholy view of the subject, on the whole we have no reason to despond: we do not think that we shall see worse days without we rush rashly into a foreign war, or still more madly disturb the peace of the empire by agitation and civil commotion. Better days it is very probable we may see, for certainly the moral condition of mankind is generally ameliorating, and with this amelioration will come juster views of commerce, and a greater diffusion of wealth and happiness everywhere.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Monday, 29th of August.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 211 one-half.—Consols for Account, 91 one-eighth.—Three per Cent., Reduced, 91 five-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cent., Reduced, 100 three-eighths.—Exchequer Bills, 9 p.—India Bonds, 2 dis.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese Regency, Five per Cent., 70 one-half.—Columbian Bonds, 1854, 25.
—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 55 three-quarters.—Spanish Bonds, Active, 20.

MONEY MARKET REPORT.—At the commencement of last month (August) there was a considerable depression of the Consol market, and the quotation for the Account fell to 91½. Exchequer Bills were heavy in the market at 9 premium, whilst India Bonds were flat at 3 discount. A few days after, when the death of Mr. Rothschild was known, it was found to have no effect on the funds, they having rather improved, Consols touching at 91½, and Exchequer Bills at a premium of 12; India Bonds being at the same time at 1 discount. During the next week there was a good deal of fluctuation in Consols, and Exchequer Bills became flat on the market, and fell to 9 premium, India Bonds the same. At the close of the week ending on the 20th ult., Consols were firm at 91½, Exchequer Bills ranging from 9 to 12 premium, India Bonds stationary at 1 discount.

We shall not trace the fluctuations of the Foreign Market during the last month, but state the various prices on the 20th, for a great panic was spread over most of these securities. Spanish 28½. Portuguese 5 per cents, 69. The South American Bonds were, Chilean, 44½, Columbian, 25½, Mexican, 27½, and the Buenos Ayres 50.

Northern Stock firm in its prices. Belgian 104. Dutch 104½. Russian 112. The Share Market has not excited so much attention as usual, all the speculations are much lower. Stephenson's Brighton Railroad 6½ per share. Greenwich 24. North Midland 9½, and Colonial Bank 12 per share.

The above were the prices of the funds on the 29th inst.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM JULY 26, TO AUG. 19, 1836, INCLUSIVE.

July 26.—B. Bensley, Andover, printer.—H. Newton, Regent Street, silk mercer.—R. Howarth, Rochdale, Lancashire, cotton spinner.—J. W. and H. Brooks, Cheltenham, common brewers.—J. Bloom, Goolle, Yorkshire, corn dealer.—J. Blair, Uttoxeter, Staffordshire, money scrivener.—T. Eames, Pendleton, Lancashire, dyer.

July 29.—J. Milnes, Falksworth, Lancashire, victualler.—J. Hewlings, Bristol, carrier.

Aug. 1.—A. E. and H. W. Windes, Skinner Street, Snow Hill, stationers.—A. Gordon, Holland Place, Brixton Road, fish-curer.—B. B. King, Fish Street Hill, stationer.—T. O. N. Fritchard, Houndsditch, surgeon.—J. Hooper, Upper Thames Street, cheese factor.—J. O. Whitehall, Liverpool, painter.—H. Holden, Leeds, smith.—J. Mitchell, Leeds, cloth dresser.—J. Alday, Birmingham, wire-drawer.—J. Booth, Doncaster, postmaster.—W. Croft, jun., Manchester, hosier.—T. Brown, Grange, Cheshire, common brewer.

Aug. 4.—L. Fanner, Rawstone Street, Goswell Street Road, fancy cabinet maker.—L. A. Bennett, Crutched Friars, merchant.—J. I. Nathanson, Bury Street, St. Mary Axe, merchant.—J. Morris, jun., Wandsworth, Surrey, grocer.—J. Topping, Moorhouse Hall, Wigan, Cumberland, cattle dealer.—J. Parsons, Brill, Buckinghamshire, grocer.—J. Barker, Sudbury, Suffolk, grocer.

Aug. 9.—G. Strutt, High Street, Camberwell, ironmonger.—G. B. Hussey, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, wine merchant.—M. Parker, Grims-

by, Lincolnshire, grocer.—R. Morgan, Southampton Row, Russell Square, linen draper.—J. Jowett and J. Mitchell, Regent Street, linen drapers.—J. S. Prockter, Blue Anchor Road, Bermondsey, glue manufacturer.—T. A. Bacon, Markfield, Leicestershire, flour seller.—P. Barlow, Congleton, Cheshire, silk throwster.—J. Giron, Northampton, carrier.

Aug. 12.—J. Tassel, Old Street, St. Luke's, carrier.—W. Wiles, jun., York Row, Kensington Road, pawnbroker.—R. Bloomfield, St. John Street Road, Clerkenwell, tailor.—C. J. Chapman, George Street, Croydon, corn dealer.—T. Wright, jun., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, shipowner.

Aug. 16.—J. Fussell, Old Street, St. Luke's, carrier.—J. Wright, jun., and G. Lockwood, Trinity Square, coal factors.—H. W. Smith, Greenwich, builder.—J. Roper, Sen., Hoxne and Syleham, Suffolk, miller.—W. M'Donald and A. Birks, Manchester, linen drapers.—F. Roberts, Balford, Lancashire, joiner.—H. Massey, Bath, surgeon.—R. Donkin, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, stationer.

Aug. 19.—R. C. Shepherd, Camomile Street, Bishopsgate Street, carrier.—J. Knowles, Birchin Lane, ship and insurance broker.—E. Hunter, St. Paul's Church Yard, bookseller.—P. Astly, Wood Street, Chesham, woollen warehouseman.—J. Delamere, Liverpool, grocer.—R. Pollen, Selby, Yorkshire, fax merchant.—M. Fye, Aintree, Lancashire, victualler.—T. Stephens, Chaxill, Gloucester, master.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1836.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
July					
23	63-49	29.98-29.94	N. b. W.		Generally cloudy, rain in afternoon.
24	65-47	29.81-29.66	W. b. S.	.025	Generally cloudy, rain in the morn. and even.
25	65-50	29.86-29.68	W. b. N.	.275	Generally cloudy, a little rain in the aftern.
26	66-48	29.81-29.69	W. b. S.	.025	Generally cloudy.
27	73-57	30.05-30.03	W. b. S.		Morn. cloudy, otherwise clear.
28	77-50	30.00-29.90	W. b. S.		Generally clear.
29	68-57	29.66-29.53	S. b. W.	.175	Gen. cloudy, raining from 5 till 9 A.M.
30	64-52	30.12-29.81	W.	.1	Gen. cloudy, a shower of rain in the aftern.
31	68-47	30.40-30.26	N.W.	.025	Generally clear.
Aug.					
1	68-50	30.16-29.95	W.	.0125	Aftern. clear, otherwise cloud. a few drops of rain [in the morn.]
2	67-47	29.99-29.94	W. & N. W.		Generally clear.
3	75-52	29.96-29.76	S.E.		Generally clear.
4	71-53	29.83-29.76	S.W.		Generally cloudy, a few drops of rain about noon.
5	72-56	29.95-29.80	N.		Generally cloudy.
6	67-54	30.06-30.02	N.E.		Generally clear.
7	70-46	30.11-30.08	N. b. E.		Generally clear.
8	72-50	29.99-30.06	N.E.		Generally clear.
9	69-44	30.11-30.10	N. b. E.		Generally clear.
10	72-42	30.11-30.10	N. b. E.		Generally clear.
11	71-40	30.24-30.26	N. b. E.		Generally clear, except the morning.
12	71-63	30.25-30.21	N.E.		Generally clear, except the morning.
13	75-47	30.16-30.00	N.E.		Gen. clear, ex. morn. lightning in the N. at 9 P.M.
14	72-54	29.86-29.82	W. b. S.	.025	Gen. cloud. storm of thunder & lightning with rain
15	69-53	29.96-29.82	W b S & W b N.	.075	Gen. cloud. except the even. from 8 till 9 A.M.
16	70-51	30.06-30.04	W. b. S.		Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy.
17	74-56	30.01-29.99	W.		Generally clear.
18	72-49	29.96-29.92	W. b. S.		Gen. cloud. ex. even. a few drops of rain in the [afternoon.]
19	69-53	30.07-30.03	N.W.	.025	Generally clear.
20	63-44	29.91-29.56	S.W.		Generally cloudy, rain in morn. and aftern.
21	66-44	29.85-29.81	W.	.05	Generally clear.
22	67-47	29.74-29.69	W. b. S.		Generally cloudy, except the afternoon.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

NEW PATENTS.

J. Roberts, of Prestolls, in the parish of Prestwich, Lancashire, Calico Printer, for certain improvements in the art of block printing. June 27th, 6 months.

B. Woodcroft, of Arkwick, in the parish of Manchester, Lancashire, Gentleman, for an improved mode of printing certain colours on calico and other fabrics. July 2nd, 6 months.

W. W. Potts, of Burslem, Staffordshire, China and Earthenware Manufacturer, W. Machine, of Burslem, aforesaid, China and Earthenware Manufacturer, and W. Bourne, of Burslem, aforesaid, Manager, for an improved method or process whereby impressions or patterns in one or more colours or metallic preparations are produced and transferred to surfaces of metal, wood, cloth, paper, papier machée, bone, alate, marble, and other suitable substances prepared or otherwise, not being used as earthenware, porcelain, china, glass, or other similar substances. July 2nd, 6 months.

S. Meggitt, of the town of Kingston-upon-Hull, Master Mariner, for certain im-

provements in anchors, and in apparatus for fishing such improved anchors, which improvements may respectively be adapted to anchors now in common use. July 2nd, 6 months.

R. W. Swinburne, of South Shields, Durham, Agent, for certain improvements in the manufacture of plate glass. July 4th, 6 months.

J. I. Hawkins, of Chase Cottage, Pancras Vale, in the Hampstead Road, Middlesex, Engineer, for an improvement in the art of manufacturing iron and steel. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. July 4th, 6 months.

W. S. Stocker, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Machinist, for improvements in machinery applicable to the making of nails and other purposes. July 7th, 6 months.

M. Heath, of Furnivals' Inn, in the city of London, Esquire, for new mechanical combinations for obtaining power and velocity applicable to the propelling of vessels, raising water, and to machinery of various descriptions. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. July 11th, 6 months.

E. H. Collier, of East India Cottage, City Road, Middlesex, formerly of Boston, Massachusetts, one of the United States of North America, Civil Engineer, for an improvement or improvements in steam-boilers. July 13th, 6 months.

M. Berry, of 66, Chancery Lane, in the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn, Middlesex, Mechanical Draftsman, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for forming staves for barrels, caaks, and other purposes. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. July 13th, 6 months.

L. M. Hortiac, late of Paris, but now residing in the Haymarket, Middlesex, Gentleman, for certain improvements in carriages and harness. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. July 13th, 6 months.

O. Bird, of the parish of Woodchester, Gloucestershire, Clothier, and W. Lewis, of Brunscomb, in the parish of Stroud, in the said county, Clothier, for certain improvements in machinery applicable to the dressing of woollen and other cloths requiring such process. July 13th, two months.

J. Ericsson, of Brook Street, New Road, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, for an improved propeller applicable to steam navigation. July 13th, 6 months.

W. Essex, of Cheetham, near Manchester, Lancashire, Agent, for improvements in machinery for producing rotary motion. July 13th, 6 months.

S. Brown, of Boswell Court, Carey Street, Middlesex, Engineer, for certain improvements for generating gas, which improvements are also applicable to other useful purposes. July 14th, 6 months.

C. Phillips, of Chipping Norton, Oxfordshire, Surgeon, for improvements in drawing off beer and other liquors from casks or vessels. July 14th, 6 months.

J. Ericsson, of Brook Street, New Road, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, for certain improved machinery to be used in the manufacturing of files. July 20th, 6 months.

C. Wheatstone, of Conduit Street, Middlesex, Musical Instrument Manufacturer, and J. Green, of Soho Square, in the same county, Musical Instrument Manufacturer, for a new method or methods of forming musical instruments, in which continuous sounds are produced from strings, wires, or springs. July 27th, 6 months.

J. Hall, of New Radford, Nottinghamshire, Lace Manufacturer, for certain improvements in certain machinery for the purpose by such improvements of facilitating the operation which is commonly called dressing, or getting up, or finishing of large pieces of lace nets of various kinds whereof some are called bobbin net, or twist net, and other kinds are called warp net and fittings. July 27th, 6 months.

P. Spence, of Henry Street, Commercial Road, Middlesex, Chemist, for certain improvements in the manufacture of Prussian blue, prussiate of potash, and plaster of Paris. July 27th, 6 months.

C. Brandt, of Belgrave Place, Pimlico, Middlesex, Gentleman, for an improved method of evaporating and cooling fluids. July 27th, 6 months.

MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

THE EUPHRATES EXPEDITION.—We are sorry to learn that the *Tigris* steam vessel, one of those employed in Col. Chesney's expedition to the Euphrates, has been lost. The following details respecting the unfortunate occurrence are supplied by a correspondent of the *Morning Post* :—

"Annan (on the Euphrates,) May 29, 1836.

"The lamentable event which has befallen the Euphrates expedition, in the midst of its prosperity, renders it desirable that the truth should be as widely spread as possible, that, melancholy as the facts are, yet reports should not increase their sadness.

"The expedition, with the two vessels, the *Euphrates* and *Tigris*, was descending the river most prosperously. Fuel had become, from Beles, most abundant, consisting of wood, a bituminous coal, and charcoal. The state of the river was so favourable that the *Tigris*, being the smallest vessel, was in the habit of leading, and, having a native pilot on board, there was no difficulty of finding the deep channel. The Arabs were friendly; they engaged to provide dépôts of fuel, and entreated our protection.

"On Saturday, the 21st inst., we had brought up at mid-day to a bank, for fuel, and after the people had dined we cast off, meaning to steam to Annan, then distant about eighty miles. Scarcely, however, had we commenced our voyage, when a cloud of dust was seen to rise high into the air, on the right bank, threatening a squall of no ordinary violence. Preparation was immediately made to meet it, by furling the awnings, &c. Having passed over a reef of rocks, at this season far under the water, the signal was made from the *Tigris*, leading, as usual, and having Colonel Chesney on board, to choose a berth and make fast. Scarcely had we answered when the squall began. The *Tigris* was rounding to make fast, the *Euphrates* following. As we neared the left bank, I saw that the *Tigris* had failed to bring up, her head was falling outwards. The *Euphrates* was now obliged to back her paddles to give room, an operation full of danger, lest she should be unable to gather way upon herself again against the current and the violence of the gale. However, her power is great, and again working the engines with all force she came to the bank with some violence; but by the skilful management of Lieut. Cleaveland, and the activity of Mr. Charlewood, and a most willing crew, a hawser and small anchor were got on shore; then a chain cable and larger anchor; then a second chain cable and another anchor. All the time the paddles were kept working with their utmost power. Still, however, such was the violence of the hurricane that the vessel drove, but fortunately it did not last above fifteen minutes, at the end of which time our danger was over and the vessel was safe.

"But what had become of our consort? I had seen her cross our bows, driving down the stream, and unable to bring her head to the gale. The thick dust which then succeeded, excluded her from my sight; from that moment I have never seen her since. In the midst of the hurricane Mr. Fitzjames reported to me that he had seen her upset to leeward about three quarters of a mile, and instantly after that she went down.

"A party was sent off along shore to render what assistance they could, and another went by boat. Some of the officers, namely, Colonel Chesney, Lieut. Lynch, Mr. Eden, Dr. Staunton, Mr. Staunton, and Mr. Thompson, came walking towards us, much exhausted. They had swam and dived ashore. Some seamen and natives also followed them; but fifteen Europeans, of whom three were officers, namely, Lieut. Cockburn, Royal Artillery; Mr. Lynch, a passenger and brother to Lieut. Lynch; and Mr. Sarded, an interpreter, were lost, besides five natives.

"The hull of the vessel has never been found, notwithstanding all our efforts. She filled, and turned bottom up. All sounding has been in vain. Some bodies have floated even so low down as this place, and have been buried.

"We have since continued our voyage thus far with our former success. The officers of the *Tigris* saved will return to England; but the expedition continues its course with the fairest prospects. I am, &c. &c.

"J. B. BUCKNALL ESTCORUT,
"Captain 43d Light Infantry.

"I may add that, besides the loss of life, it is much feared that Colonel Chesney's valuable papers were in the *Tigris*."

The following is the return of officers and men belonging to the Euphrates expedition who were lost by the sinking of the *Tigris*:—Lieut. R. B. Lynch, 26th Regiment Bengal N. I., passenger; Lieut. Robert Cockburn, Royal Regiment of Artillery; Interpreter Ensoff Sader; Engineer John Struthers; Acting Serjeant Richard Clark; Gunners, Thomas Jones, Robert Turner, James Moore, and James Hay, Royal Regiment of Artillery; Private R. S. and M. Archd. M'Donald; Benjamin Gibson, John Hunter, Thomas Booth, Thomas Batty, and George Lidnell, seamen; Abou, Wasoo, Jacob Johir, Manneh, Pedros, natives.

GALVANISM.—M. Majendie has reported to the French Academy of Sciences some successful results arising from the application of galvanism to a young patient, a Polish officer, who for five years had been perfectly deaf, dumb, and deprived of all taste. Several modes of treatment had been adopted, at Vienna and Trieste, without success, but M. Majendie, by directing the galvanic current to the nerves affected, has reproduced sensibility in those of hearing and taste, and is now trying to restore the power of speech.

NATURALIZATION OF THE VINE AND OLIVE.—M. Lukanal has addressed a report to the French Academy of Sciences, containing his experiments concerning the naturalization of the vine and olive in the United States. It appears, that his trials have been unsuccessful, and that he is now obliged to abandon the attempt; concluding, that as all his endeavours have failed, it is a matter of impossibility. At Kentucky, after rearing various sorts, in various soils and aspects, he procured grapes which dried up before maturity, and the wine of which immediately turned to vinegar. The fruit of the olive would not ripen in any instance.

GELATINE.—M. Cagniard Latour laid before the Philomathic Society, of Paris, two sealed tubes of glass, in which he had for a year preserved a mixture of pure gelatine, with the greatest proportion of water in which it could be preserved in its gelatinous form. One of these tubes had been deprived of air before sealing it, and the air was suffered to remain in the other. At the end of the year, the liquid in both began to get turbid, but in neither case emitted any unpleasant taste or odour.

ANCIENT DUCAT.—A labourer working in the fields in the neighbourhood of Calais, suddenly saw something yellow shining at his feet. He at first thought it was a brass counter, but on examination it proved to be a fine Spanish ducat of Ferdinand the Fifth (called the Catholic) and Isabella. On one side are two profiles, those of a man and a woman, looking at each other, with this inscription, "Quod Deus junxit, homo non separet;" and on the reverse, the arms of Spain, with the words "Fernandus et Elizabeth" [!] Calais was for a short time in possession of the Spaniards, from 1690 to 1698, when this ducat may probably have been dropped.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—AUGUST, 1836.

HOUSE OF LORDS, July 25.—Their Lordships went into Committee on the Irish Church Bill. In considering the 3rd clause Lord Lyndhurst moved as an amendment that the reduction of the clerical incomes should be three-fourths in place of seven-tenths.—A discussion of some length ensued, and the House then divided.—For Lord Lyndhurst's amendment, 126; against it, 48.—Lord Lyndhurst proceeded to move certain amendments on clause 11, and several subsequent clauses, relating to the re-opening of existing compositions for tithe, and the tribunal before which the new inquiry should take place.—These amendments were agreed to, up to 49 inclusive.—On the 50th clause being put, Lord Lyndhurst moved the omission of it, the substitution of another in its place, and the necessary change in some succeeding clauses. His Lordship concluded by moving his amendment, which proposed that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners should ascertain the limits and annual incomes of the different benefices in Ireland, and that they should be empowered to reduce the amount in some cases to 500*l.*, and augment it in others to any extent not exceeding 300*l.* It also proposed that the Clergy should be provided with adequate glebe-houses, and that proper Church accommodation should be supplied whenever there was a necessity for it.—Lord Melbourne opposed the amendment, when a division took place. The numbers were—For Lord Lyndhurst's amendment, 138; against it, 47.—A division was afterwards taken on the 77th or "appropriation" clause, and the result was—For the omission of it, 135; against the omission, 47.—Adjourned.

July 26.—The Established Church Bill, the Newspaper Stamps Bill, &c. were brought up from the Commons, and read a first time.—The report of the Irish

Church Bill was presented and agreed to, and on the motion of Lord Lyndhurst, the Bill was ordered to be read a third time on Thursday.—The Excise Licences (Ireland) Bill was read a third time and passed.

July 27.—The Postage on Newspapers Bill was read a second time; and after some private Bills had been brought up from the Commons, their Lordships adjourned.

July 28.—On the motion of Lord Lyndhurst, the Church of Ireland Bill was read a third time.—The Lighthouses Bill, and the Civil Bill Courts (Ireland) Bill went through Committees.—The report of the Registration of Births, &c. Bill was considered, and the Bill ordered to be read a third time on Monday.—On the motion of the Bishop of Exeter, the Marriages Bill was re-committed. The Right Rev. Prelate then moved the omission of certain words in clause 19, for the purpose of introducing a form of words to be pronounced by parties at the time of contracting marriage, which omission was carried by 19 to 15. He then moved the insertion of the declaration, which was to the following effect:—"In the presence of ALMIGHTY God and these witnesses, I, M. do take thee, N. to be my wedded wife, to live together according to God's holy ordinance; and I do here, in the presence of God, solemnly promise before these witnesses to be to thee a loving and faithful husband during life."—Eventually the Bishop of Exeter's amendment was agreed to; and all the clauses having been passed, the report was ordered to be brought up on Monday.

July 29.—The Marquis of Clanricarde moved the second reading of the Stafford Disfranchisement Bill.—Lord Ashburton was of opinion that the case proved against the borough of Stafford was not so strong as to justify the disfranchisement, and moved that the Bill be read a second time that day three months, which was carried by a majority of 55 against 4.—Lord Melbourne moved the second reading of the Established Church Bill, the character and tendency of which his Lordship deemed to be eminently calculated to promote the stability and usefulness of the Establishment.—The Bishop of Exeter expressed his approbation of the principle, but complained of many of the details of the Bill. He hoped they might be corrected in Committee, and then, he believed, the Bill would be useful in sustaining the Established Church, the true interests of religion, sound morality, and real loyalty.—The Bishop of Hereford disapproved of the Bill, and the Archbishop of Canterbury supported it. It was then read a second time, and their Lordships adjourned till Monday.

Aug. 1.—The Registration of Births Bill was read a third time, and passed.—The Established Church Bill passed through Committee.—The report was ordered to be brought up on Thursday.—Some Bills were forwarded, and their Lordships adjourned.

Aug. 2.—A discussion took place on the motion for the second reading of the Poole Corporation Bill, which was ultimately thrown out without a division.—The Committee on the Stamp Duties Bill was postponed till Monday; and the Scottish Universities Bill, on the motion of the Duke of Wellington, was deferred till next Session.

Aug. 3.—The Grand Juries (Ireland) Bill went through Committee; and the Suits in Equity Bill and the Civil Bills Court (Ireland) Bill were forwarded a stage, the latter being read a third time.

Aug. 4.—The Duke of Richmond moved the re-commitment of the Brighton Railway Bill.—After much and rather warm conversation, their Lordships divided on the motion; the numbers being—Contents, 42; Non-contents, 44.—The Marquis of Clanricarde moved the second reading of the Bill for Disfranchising the Burgesses of Stafford.—The Earl of Devon opposed it, and moved as an amendment that it be read a second time that day three months.—The amendment was carried; there being—For the Bill, 22; for the amendment, 58.—The Charitable Trustees Bill was, on the motion of the Duke of Wellington, ordered to be read a second time that day three months, the numbers being 39 to 22.—The Marquis of Clanricarde moved the second reading of the Roman Catholic Marriages (Ireland) Bill.—The Archbishop of Armagh opposed it, and moved that it be read a second time that day three months. The House divided. The numbers were—For the second reading, 19; for the amendment, 39—majority for the amendment, 20.—The Report of the Established Church Bill was presented and agreed to.—The Marriages Bill was read a third time and passed.

Aug. 5.—The Highway Rates Bill was read a third time and passed; and the Copyright (Ireland) Bill went through Committee.—The amendments of the Com-

mons on the English Tithe Commutation Bill were agreed to.—Lord Melbourne having moved the second reading of the County Elections Polls Bill, Lord Wharncliffe opposed it.—After a debate, in the course of which Lord Melbourne expressed his willingness to concede to that part of the Bill which limited the duration of the poll to one day, the Bill was read a second time.—The Established Church Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Scottish Small Debt Courts Bill was thrown out, without a division, in consequence of objections urged by the Marquis of Bute.

Aug. 8.—Lord Melbourne moved the second reading of the Stamp Duties Bill.—Lord Lyndhurst took an extended view of the past, the present, and the proposed state of the law as it affected the proprietors of newspapers; and concluded by moving the rejection of the clauses that had reference to the registration of proprietors.—The House divided.—For Lord Lyndhurst's motion, 61; for the Ministerial Bill, 49.—The other clauses were then agreed to.—The Ecclesiastical Leases Act Amendment Bill was read a third time and passed.

Aug. 9.—Several Bills passed through a stage.

Aug. 10.—The Stamp Duties (Newspapers) Bill was read a third time and passed; and a message directed to accompany the same to the Commons, desiring their concurrence in the amendments thereto.—The several Bills before their Lordships passed a stage.—A message from the Commons, consisting of Lord J. Russell, Lord Palmerston, &c., desired another conference with their Lordships—a "free" conference—on the subject of the amendments to the Municipal Corporations Act Amendment Bill.—Lord Melbourne observed, that as there had not been a free conference for one hundred years, he proposed that the consideration of this message be deferred, in order to afford time to search for precedents. That course was adopted.

Aug. 11.—The new Stamp Duties Bill was brought up from the Commons.—On the motion of Lord Melbourne it was read a first time, and the noble Viscount intimated his intention to move on Friday the suspension of the Standing Orders, in order to facilitate the progress of the Bill.—The free conference requested by the Commons was agreed to, and managers appointed.—On their return the Earl of Ripon stated that the House of Commons dissented from two of the amendments made by their Lordships in the English Municipal Act Amendment Bill.—Lord Lyndhurst moved that the Lords do adhere to their amendments.—Lord Melbourne, after a sweeping charge against the Conservative peers that they had treated the other House of Parliament with contumely and insult, moved as an amendment, that the amendments should *not* be persisted in.—A short discussion ensued, and upon a division Lord Lyndhurst's motion was carried by a majority of 40 to 29. Hereupon another free conference followed. The managers for the Lords were the same as before.—Lord Ripon, after the House had waited a long time, reported the result of the second conference; that they had met the managers on the part of the Commons; that the Commons persevered in their resistance of the amendments; and that the managers on the part of the Lords adhered to those amendments, and had left the Bill with the managers of the Commons.—After a few observations which had no result, the House adjourned.

Aug. 12.—The new Stamp Duties Bill went through all the remaining stages, and was passed, the Standing Orders having been suspended for that purpose.—Several Bills were forwarded a stage.—Lord Duncannon moved the second reading of the Bill for vesting the administration of the Post Office in three Commissioners.—The Duke of Richmond, feeling persuaded that the Postmaster-General's powers were adequate to remedy evils, moved, as an amendment, that the Bill be read a second time that day six months, which amendment was carried by 51 to 22.—In Committee on the Registration of Voters Bill, several amendments were proposed by Lord Wharncliffe, all of which were carried by a division or agreed to without one. The Noble Lord explained his object to be the restoration of the Bill to the form in which it had originally been brought in by Government, and the rendering it, as far as possible, conformable to the provisions of the Reform Act.

Aug. 13.—The Militia Pay Bill was read a second time; and the Medical Witnesses Bill was read a third time and passed.—The amendments of the Commons upon the Lords' amendments on the Registration of Births and Marriages Bills were agreed to.—One of these amendments provided for marriages of Jews generally, whereas the clause as it originally stood provided only for the marriage of two persons in a Jewish synagogue.—The Jewish Disabilities Removal Bill was brought from the Commons, and read a first time.—The report on the Common Fields Inclosure Bill was brought up.—The Bill was ordered to be read a third time on Tuesday.

Aug. 16.—The Slaveowners' Compensation, the Slave Treaties, the Creditors (Scotland,) the Common Fields Inclosure, and the County Elections Polls Bill, were severally read a third time and passed.—Lord Melbourne then moved the second reading of the Greek Loan Bill.—The Bill passed through Committee.—The Municipal Officers' Election Bill was opposed by the Duke of Wellington, on the ground of its having been introduced so late in the session as not to afford time for adequate discussion.—On a division the Bill was lost by a majority of 43 to 27.—The Irish Church Temporalities Bill was read a third time and passed.—After some discussion, their Lordships adhered to their amendments on the Prisoners' Counsel Bill.—The Bill for suspending, in certain cases, the re-payment of moneys advanced to holders of tithe in Ireland was read a second time; and the Stannaries Courts Bill was reported, and ordered for a third reading on Wednesday.

Aug. 17.—The Royal Assent was given by Commission to many Bills—the Slaveowners' Compensation Bill, the Slave Treaties Bill, the Registration of Births, &c. Bill, the Marriage Bill, the Medical Witnesses Bill, &c.—The Greek Loan Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Stannaries Courts Bill and the Counties Polls Bill were read a third time and passed.—The Earls Rosslyn and Brownlow, Viscount Hood, the Bishop of Gloucester, Lords Redesdale, Lyndhurst, and Fitzgerald, were appointed as managers for the Lords, to hold a conference with the Commons, on the amendments made to the Prisoners' Counsel Bill.—The Earl of Rosslyn, the manager of the conference, on returning to the House, stated that the House of Commons still persisted in their objections to their Lordships' amendments.

August 18.—Lord Lyndhurst, pursuant to notice, brought forward his motion for a return "of the number of public Bills originated in this House during the present Session, distinguishing how many passed with, and how many without amendment, and how many were withdrawn or rejected, either here or in the House of Commons, distinguishing the number in each House: and also a return of the number of public Bills originated during the present Session in the House of Commons, distinguishing how many passed with and how many without amendments, and how many were withdrawn or rejected, either by the House of Commons, or this House, distinguishing the number in each House."—Lord Melbourne vehemently vindicated the conduct of the Government. Their promises were great, he admitted, because the demands and wants of the country were extensive; and those promises they could securely make; but they had no command of the performances; if they were nothing it was because their Lordships had reduced them to nothing. His Lordship concluded with stating that he should not resign office—that he considered his retaining it was for the benefit of the country, and that while he was of that opinion he would hold his office till he was removed.—The Earl of Westmeath having expressed his approbation of the motion, and of the eloquent speech with which it was supported, the motion was put and carried, and the return ordered.—The four Bills introduced into the Lower House by the Attorney-General, and founded on clauses in the unsuccessful Municipal Amendment Bill, then came under notice. One of them was postponed for three months, by a majority of 30 to 14, and the others passed through Committee.—Adjourned.

August 19.—The Royal Assent was given to the Pension Duties Bill, the Militia Staff Bill, the Westminster Small Debts Bill, the Tithe (Ireland) Composition Bill, the Million Loan Repayment Suspension Bill, and the Greek Loan Bill. The Parochial Assessments Bill, the Grand Juries (Ireland) Bill, the Public Works (Ireland) Bill, the Kingston Harbour Bill, the Convictions Bill, and several other Bills, were read a third time and passed.—On the motion of the Marquis of Westminster, the Jews' Disabilities Bill, was, after having been read a second time, postponed till the next Session.—A message from the Commons announced that they would not persist in their opposition to the Prisoners' Counsel Bill.—Further messages from the Commons informed the House that their Lordships' amendments on the Commons Fields Inclosure, the Poor Law Loans, the County Polls at Elections, the Corporate Property (Ireland,) the Coal Trade, the Equity (Exchequer,) the Stannaries Courts, the Church Temporalities (Ireland,) and the Registration of Voters Bills, had all been agreed to.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, July 25.—Lord J. Russell moved the resumption of the adjourned debate on the Established Church Bill. The Church Discipline, and Deans and Chapters Bills he would not press during the present session. In adverting to the question of church rates, the Noble Lord expressed his belief that

they could not be provided for out of the revenues of the Church.—Mr. Hume would divide the House on the Bill, but not persist in the resolutions he had previously threatened.—Several Hon. Members addressed the House, but no new point was elicited: and on a division the numbers were—for the Bill, 175; against it, 44; and the Bill was then passed.—The Stamp Duties Bill was read a third time, and the Foreign Lotteries Bill a second time.

July 26th.—The House went into Committee on the Charitable Trusts Bill; and after much conversational discussion and several divisions, the Chairman brought up the report.—The adjourned debate on the third reading of the County Elections Polls Bill was resumed, and after considerable opposition, the Bill was at length reported.—The Alehouses Bill went through Committee.—Several measures were forwarded in their respective stages, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer obtained leave to bring in a Bill suspending for one year the presentation to certain dignities in Cathedral and Collegiate Churches.

July 27.—The House, on the motion of Mr. Ewart, took into consideration the Lords' amendments to the Prisoners' Defence by Counsel Bill. A long discussion ensued, which terminated in the adoption of a proposition by Lord J. Russell, that the amendments should be referred to a Select Committee.—The Hackney Carriages Bill was afterwards brought under consideration, and that led to the House being counted out.

July 28.—Sir A. L. Hay withdrew the Trinity (North Leith) Harbour Bill, and in its place introduced a Bill to construct a harbour and a dock in Leith.—Lord J. Russell withdrew for the present session the Poor Law Amendment Bill.—Mr. Ewart presented the report of the Select Committee on the Lords' Amendments to the Prisoners' Defence by Counsel Bill, which recommended the House not to agree to the Lords' amendments. The report, after some conversation, was ordered to lie on the table. The Poole Corporation Bill was read a third time and passed, after a division of 74 to 30.—The further consideration of the report on the Charitable Trusts Bill next took place, and occupied the remainder of the night. After a desultory discussion, the report was received. The other Orders of the Day were then disposed of, and the House adjourned.

July 29.—The County Election Polls Bill created some discussion, and was read a third time, on a division, by a majority of 93 to 54.—The Court of Session (Scotland) Bill, and the Charitable Trusts Bill, were read a third time and passed.—The Stannaries Courts Bill went through Committee.—Lord John Russell deferred the Registration of Voters Bill till Monday. The Revising Barristers are to be ten in number, instead of eight; and a chief is to be appointed. Sir Thomas Erskine is the gentleman fixed upon. The first appointments are to be made by the Bill, and the subsequent nominations by the Lord Chancellor.—The Secular Jurisdiction Bill was read a third time, and passed; and the Post Office Commissioners Bill was considered in Committee.—Adjourned.

Aug. 1.—The Customs Duties Bill went through Committee, and the Chairman reported progress.—The House next proceeded to consider the Lords' amendments in the Tithe Commutation Bill. Some were agreed to, and others dissented from.—The Court of Chancery (Ireland) Bill was then considered in Committee; after which the House was counted out.

Aug. 2.—Mr. O'Connell gave notice that he would, early next session, move a resolution of that House to the effect that it was requisite for the public weal of this realm that there should be an extension of the Peerage, and that the Peers should be made an elective body.—The Order of the Day for considering the Lords' Amendments on the Irish Church Bill was read, and Lord J. Russell moved that the consideration of the amendments be fixed for that day three months.—Sir R. Peel said that the proposition of the Noble Lord to defer the consideration of the Lords' amendments was neither more nor less than the rejection of them.—The Right Hon. Baronet concluded by moving as an amendment that the Lords' amendments should at once be considered.—After a long debate the House divided. The numbers were—for Lord John Russell's motion, 260; against it, 231—majority for Ministers, 29.—Adjourned.

Aug. 3.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved the second reading of the Jewish Disabilities Removal Bill.—Sir R. Inglis opposed the motion, and moved as an amendment, that it be read a second time that day three months.—Mr. Forster, Mr. A. Trevor, &c., opposed the Bill, and Mr. D. Roche, &c. supported it. On a division it was carried by 17, the numbers being 39 and 22.—The Bribery at Elections

Bill, after repeated divisions, went through Committee.—The Medical Witnesses Bill was read a third time and passed.—Adjourned.

Aug. 4.—A conference with the Lords took place with regard to the English Tithe Bill.—The managers for both Houses interchanged, and severally reported their reasons for differing from each other.—The Court of Chancery Offices (Ireland) Bill was read a third time and passed.—On the report of the Post-office Bill, Colonel Sibthorp opposed that part of it which allowed the Chief Commissioner to be eligible to sit in Parliament, and took the sense of the House on it. The numbers were—for the motion, 63; against it, 10; majority, 53. The report was then agreed to.—Lord Morpeth moved the third reading of the Church Temporalities Bill; but it was moved that the House be counted, and it was "counted out."

Aug. 5.—Mr. Maclean brought forward the question of Spanish affairs, and complained of the conduct of the Government in the affairs of that country.—Lord Palmerston replied at considerable length, denying that the Government had exceeded its duty—that it was bound by treaty to do what it had done—that Don Carlos was a mere pretender, and that he still hoped success would attend the contest, though it had been more prolonged than he expected it would be.—The House then went into Committee of Supply, and the Miscellaneous Estimates for Civil Contingencies were agreed to.—Adjourned.

Aug. 8.—The Registration of Voters Bill was read a third time and passed, on a division, in which the numbers were—For the Bill, 80; against it, 23.—Lord J. Russell next stated the course he intended to pursue with certain Bills that had been sent back amended by the Lords. He would propose to the House to agree with the amendments on the Bills for the Registration of Births and Marriages; and to disagree from those on the Municipal Act Amendment Bill.—A conference took place with the Lords, on the subject of the York and Ely Secular Jurisdiction Bill, and the Tithes Commutation Bill. Their Lordships' reasons were reported to the House in the usual manner.—The Post Office Commissioners Bill was read a third time and passed.—A debate ensued on the bringing up of the report on the Pension Duties Bill; Mr. V. Harcourt having moved a clause, excepting from the operation of the Bill the pension granted in the reign of Queen Anne to John Duke of Marlborough and his heirs.—Several Hon. Members spoke, and a division took place, when Mr. Harcourt's clause was carried by 37 to 35.—The House then went into Committee of Supply, and on the motion of Sir R. Inglis the estimates for the service of the British Museum were agreed to and voted, as were afterwards the miscellaneous estimates for Ireland.

Aug. 9.—Lord J. Russell moved that the House should persist in disagreeing to the Lords' amendments in the English Municipal Act Amendment Bill, respecting the charitable trust, &c.—Some discussion took place, and the motion was agreed to. It was subsequently ordered that a free conference should be requested with the Lords on the subject, a proceeding which, according to Mr. Goulburn, has not been had recourse to for above one hundred years.—Lord J. Russell moved that the House resolve into Committee on the Benefices Plurality Bill. Mr. Hume and other Members strongly urged the postponement of the Bill for the present Session, and Mr. Hume eventually moved, as an amendment, that it be deferred till that day three months.—Lord J. Russell resisted the amendment, which, on a division, was negatived by 66 against 28.—The House then went into Committee on the Bill, and considered the first two or three clauses.

Aug. 10.—Mr. Baring, in a Committee of Supply, moved various grants on the remaining Miscellaneous Estimates; among them were 40,200*l.* for allowances to "Revising Barristers;" 40,000*l.* towards the "County Rates;" 78,000*l.* for "Danish claims;" 10,000*l.* for the "Distressed Poles," &c. On the grant of 8,000*l.* to meet expenses of endeavouring to establish steam communication with India, some interesting conversation arose. Sir J. C. Hobhouse observed that the Euphrates expedition had met considerable obstacles, and that the loss of the steam vessel had added greatly to Mr. Chesney's difficulties. Several Members suggested that the experiment of a passage by the Red Sea should be made.—Mr. Baring's proposition, that there be granted 400*l.* to defray the expense of preparing accommodation for the ladies to hear the debates—to carry into effect the vote of the House that there should be such accommodation—occasioned some sharp discussion. The Committee eventually divided on the proposition; it was supported by 28, and opposed by 42, being a majority of 14 *against* the grant.—There was a grant of 9,250*l.* voted for the British Museum, for the purchase of works of art, MSS., &c.—On a proposition to vote 38,289*l.* for the Bank of England, to cover

the loss sustained by that Corporation in the silver coinage of 1831, after a short discussion, the vote was agreed to, on the understanding that documents should be produced.—The House then proceeded to consider the Lords' amendments on the Stamp Duties Bill.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer, having moved that these amendments be read, submitted another motion—that the Bill, as returned, "be laid aside," on the ground that the Lords had interfered with a Bill of aid and supply. Motion agreed to.—The Right Hon. Gentleman then obtained leave to bring in a new Bill, in every other respect the same as the last, but with the omission of the "registration" clause rejected by the Lords, and the alteration of the period at which the reduction of the Stamp Duties Bill should take effect, from the 1st to the 15th of September.—No opposition was offered, and the Bill was then brought in and read a first time. After some discussion, it was settled that it should be passed through all its remaining stages on Thursday.

Aug. 11.—The Stamp Duties Bill went through all its remaining stages, and was passed.—After two long discussions, and two divisions, the Lords' amendments on the Registration Bills for Births and Marriages, were agreed to.—Lord J. Russell and others then proceeded to the Lords to attend the "free" conference, on the subject of the Municipal Act Amendment Bill; and soon afterwards his Lordship returned, and stated at the bar that he had, on the part of the Commons, communicated their resolution, disagreeing to certain of their Lordships' amendments, and thereupon requested their Lordships to reconsider the matter. The Noble Lord shortly afterwards stated that the Lords still adhered to their amendments. That being the case, he declared that he had no resource left to him, but to move that the Lords' amendments be taken into further consideration "that day three months." That proposition was agreed to. The Bill is consequently *lost*.—On the motion of Lord J. Russell, the House then proceeded to take into consideration the Lords' amendments to the Established Church Bill. Lord J. Russell, to save trouble, as the carrying of this amendment would get rid of the particular clause only, proposed that the division should decide the fate of the Bill—that in fact it should be deemed a division on the Bill as amended. The numbers of the division were—For the clause, 66; for the adjournment, 31; majority in favour of the Bill, 35.—The Greek Loan Bill was read a third time and passed.—The issuing of a new writ for the borough of Stafford was postponed, after a division, till next session.—The Civil Officers' Declaration Bill was read a third time and passed.

Aug. 12.—A conference was held with the Lords, with reference to their Lordships' amendments on the Civil Bill Courts (Ireland) Bill.—A message from the Lords announced that they had agreed to the new Stamp Duties Bill without amendment.—Lord J. Russell stated, that considering the approaching close of the session, it was not his intention to proceed any further at present with the Benefices Pluralities Bill. The Bill would be renewed next session.—The Corporate Property (Ireland) Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved that the House resolve itself into Committee upon the Jewish Disabilities Removal Bill. The Bill went through Committee.—The Lords' amendments to the Prisoners' Counsel Bill were agreed to, with the exception of that which deprives the prisoner of the last word.—During a discussion on the Bribery at Elections Bill, the House was counted out.

Aug. 15.—A new writ was moved for Warwick, in the place of Sir C. Greville, who has accepted the Chiltern Hundreds.—Lord Morpeth having moved that the Grand Juries (Ireland) Bill, as returned with amendments by the Lords, be "laid aside," obtained leave to bring in another Bill to the same effect as that sent back by the Upper House.—The report of the Exchequer Bills Bill was brought up.—The Public Works (Ireland) Bill passed through Committee, and was reported; the Poor Law Loans Bill was read a third time, and passed.—The Borough Justices Bill and the Borough Boundaries Bill were read a second time.—A conference on the subject of the Prisoners' Counsel Bill having been agreed to by the Lords, Mr. Ewart and others were appointed to conduct it on the part of the Commons. On their return they reported, as usual, that they had left their "reasons" with the managers of the Lords.—Several questions were put to Lord Palmerston on the present state of affairs in Spain, and the probabilities of further British interference.—The Noble Lord said that the Quadruple Treaty only bound this country to interfere as between the competitors for the Spanish Crown, and not in the event of any other domestic disturbances.—On the third reading of the Pensions Duties Bill having been moved, Mr. Warburton moved that the clause agreed to a few nights ago, exempting the grant to the first Duke of Marlborough and his heirs, be ex-

punged.—After a short discussion the House divided, and the numbers were—against the clause, 36; for it, 34.—The Jewish Disabilities Removal Bill, after a division in which the numbers were 44 against 13, was read a third time and passed.

Aug. 16.—The Borough Justices Bill, with other Bills founded on the rejection of the Municipal Act, went through the remaining stages, and passed. The Public Works (Ireland) Bill was reported, and the Grand Juries (Ireland) Bill passed through all its stages. The Parochial Assessments Bill went through Committee; and the House was counted out during a discussion on the Common Fields Inclosure Bill.

Aug. 17.—The Parochial Assessments Bill, and the Public Works (Ireland) Bill, were read a third time and passed; as was the Bribery at Elections Bill.—The Lords' amendments to the Common Fields Inclosure Bill were considered, and after much conversation, deferred till Friday. The Exchequer Suits Bill went through a Committee.

Aug. 18.—The House concurred in the Lords' amendments on the Prisoners' Counsel Bill.—The Lords' amendments on the Stannaries Courts Bill were then agreed to, as well as those on the County Polls at Elections Bill; the latter after a division of 50 to 26. Their Lordships' amendments on the Common Fields Inclosure Bill were also agreed to, by a majority of 54 against 6.—In answer to Mr. Mackinnon, Lord Palmerston admitted that he had received a despatch from our Chargé d'Affaires at Paris, stating that the Queen-Dowager of Spain had given her assent to the Constitution. The communication on which the despatch was founded had been made by telegraph, and his Lordship could only therefore state the naked fact.

Aug. 19.—The Speaker took the chair at half-past one.—Mr. Hume then rose to make some remarks on the extraordinary proceedings in the other House.—Sir F. Trench rose to order.—Mr. Hume said the Hon. Member had no right to interrupt him.—Lord J. Russell said he did not think it would be fair to the House at the end of the session to make a long speech, unless he intended to bring forward some motion.—Mr. Hume then proceeded in his comments on the conduct of the House of Lords, but was almost immediately interrupted by Sir Augustus Clifford, the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, who summoned the attendance of the Commons to the bar of the House of Lords to hear his Majesty's Speech, which was to the following effect:

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"The state of the public business enables me, at length, to relieve you from further attendance in Parliament; and, in terminating your labours, I have again to acknowledge the zeal with which you have applied yourselves to the public business, and the attention which you have bestowed upon the important subjects which I brought under your consideration at the opening of the session.

"The assurances of friendly disposition which I receive from all Foreign Powers enable me to congratulate you upon the prospect that peace will continue undisturbed.

"I lament deeply that the internal state of Spain still renders that country the only exception to the general tranquillity which prevails in the rest of Europe; and I regret that the hopes which have been entertained of the termination of the civil war have not hitherto been realised.

"In fulfilment of the engagements which I contracted by the Treaty of Quadruple Alliance, I have afforded the Queen of Spain the co-operation of a part of my naval force, and I continue to look with unabated solicitude to the restoration of that internal peace in Spain, which was one of the main objects of the Quadruple Treaty; and which is so essential to the interests of all Europe.

"I am happy to be able to inform you that my endeavours to remove the misunderstanding which had arisen between France and the United States, have been crowned with complete success. The good offices which for that purpose I tendered to the two Governments, were accepted by both, in the most pacific and conciliatory spirit, and the relations of friendship have been re-established between them, in a manner satisfactory and honourable to both parties.

"I trust that this circumstance will tend to draw still closer the ties which connect this country with two great and friendly nations, with which they have so many important relations in common.

"I have regarded with interest your deliberations upon the reports of the Commission appointed to consider the state of the Dioceses in England and Wales, and

I have cheerfully given my assent to the measures which have been presented to me, for carrying into effect some of their most important recommendations.

"It is with no ordinary satisfaction that I have learned that you have with great labour brought to maturity, enactments upon the difficult subject of tithe in England and Wales, which will, I trust, prove in their operation equitable to all the interests concerned, and generally beneficial in their results.

"The passing of the Acts for Civil Registration and for Marriages in England, has afforded me much satisfaction. Their provisions have been framed upon those large principles of religious freedom which, with a due regard to the welfare of the Established Church in this country, I have always been desirous of maintaining and promoting; and they will also conduce to the greater certainty of titles and to the stability of property.

"It has been to me a source of the most lively gratification to observe the tranquillity which has prevailed, and the diminution of crime which has lately taken place in Ireland. I trust that perseverance in a just and impartial system of government will encourage this good disposition, and enable the country to develop her great resources.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"I thank you for the liberality with which you have voted, not only the ordinary supplies of the year, but the additional sums required to provide for an increase in my naval force.

"I am also gratified to perceive that you have made provision for the full amount of compensation awarded to the owners of slaves in my colonial possessions, and that the obligations entered into by the Legislature have thus been strictly fulfilled.

"The increased productiveness of the public revenue has enabled you to meet these charges, and at the same time to repeal or reduce taxes of which some were injurious in their effects upon my people, and others, unequal in their pressure, upon various parts of my dominions abroad.

"The present condition of manufactures and commerce affords a subject of congratulation, provided the activity which prevails be guided by that caution and prudence which experience has proved to be necessary to stable prosperity.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"The advanced period of the year, and the length of time during which you have been engaged in public affairs, must render you desirous of returning to your respective counties. You will there resume those duties which are in importance inferior only to your legislative functions, and your influence and example will greatly conduce to the maintenance of tranquillity, the encouragement of industry, and the confirmation of those moral and religious habits and principles which are essential to the well-being of every community."

The Parliament was then prorogued to the usual period.

His Majesty rose and bowed to the Peers, and returned to St. James's Palace.

Married.—At St. James's Church, Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Charles Grey, M.P., second son of Earl Grey, to Caroline Eliza, eldest daughter of the late Sir Thomas H. Farquhar, Bart.

At Trinity Church, St. Marylebone, Captain Jekyll, of the Grenadier Guards, to Julia, third daughter of Charles Hammersley, Esq., of Park-crescent.

At the Church of St. Matthew, Brixton, Paul, eldest son of Paul Storr, Esq., of Bond Street, London, and of Beckenham, Kent, to Susanna, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Uitterton, of Heath Lodge, Croydon, Surrey.

His Grace the Duke of Somerset, to Miss Shaw Stewart.

At St. Martin's Church, Charles Kerry Nicholls, Esq., nephew of the late Admiral Sir Henry Nicholls, K.C.B., to Charlotte Matilda, only daughter of George Saunders Prestividge, Esq. of the Island of Jamaica.

Died.—At Medford, Hants, the Hon. George Augustus Craven, in the 27th year of his age.

At Clifton, Bristol, Lieut.-Colonel J. Lyons Nixon, Lieut.-Governor of St. Christopher's.

At Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, Captain Oram, of the Royal Scots Greys, in the 36th year of his age.

At Southampton, the Dowager Marchioness of Downshire, Baroness Sandys.

At Frankfurt, Nathan Meyer Rothschild, Esq. in the 60th year of his age.

William Boucher, Esq., of Thornhill House, Dorset, and of the Close, Salisbury, aged 83.

In Hanover Street, Hanover Square, Sir John Drummond Erskine, Bart., of Torriehouse, Fifeshire, N.B.

At his residence, Allen-Terrace, Kennington, Thomas Sedgley, Esq., in his 89th year.

At Alexandria, Egypt, Galloway Bey, Chief Engineer to the Pacha of Egypt.

THE METROPOLITAN.

OCTOBER, 1836.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Travels in Greece and Turkey; being the Second Part of Excursions in the Mediterranean. By Major Sir GRENVILLE TEMPLE, Bart. 2 Vols.

Already have these two most interesting volumes excited much attention among all classes of readers; for, whilst they are very valuable to the learned, and those who delight in classical reminiscences, they are extremely entertaining to the general reader, being written in that elegant and unpedantic style that would enhance the value of a work even of indifferent materials. Sir Grenville seems to us to be an almost universal scholar, and the many languages with which he is acquainted, make him, perhaps, the fittest person of the present day to record the existing state and to chronicle what remains of the antiquities of the classic regions which he has lately visited, and to which he appears to be so much attached. He sailed on the excursion that occupies these two elegant volumes from Naples, on the 11th February, 1834, in the Gossamer cutter yacht, belonging to Mr. Eyre Coote, and coasted along until he arrived at Nauplia, the temporary capital of the new kingdom of Greece. We have no limits in which to notice the many valuable observations that the baronet made on the way; but we must remark that his portrait of the young King Otho can be but little flattering to the self-love of any man. The whole set-out of his court seems a beggarly concern; and there can be no doubt but that these Greeks have got just such a king as they deserve, and we are very glad that they appear fully sensible of the fact. All the remarks of the author upon this *parvenu* kingdom should be attentively perused by every one who wishes to have any knowledge of the present state of European polity. It is certain, as yet, that Grecian independence has been more fatal to those who clamoured so long and so loudly for it, than Turkish domination, even when it was most arbitrary. Leaving this distracted country, the yacht proceeded to Constantinople, and the author gives us a picture at once vivid and correct of that wonderful pivot, upon which the fate of the world has so often turned. The description, and a great deal of the history of Malta, is also curious, and affords many new lights on its ancient inhabitants and its antiquities. A complete and compendious history of Malta, from the pen of Sir Gren-

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ville Temple, would be an European benefit, for he has already shown us, in his brief notice of that place, that he can open up many new sources of information, and correct many popular errors connected with the subject. The visit to Troy, though it has shown us no new lights upon that most famous of all battle plains, will be read with interest; and we are quite of the opinion of the author, as regards the rank barbarism in which these far-famed heroes of Greece were plunged, or rather, from which they had never emerged. Notwithstanding old Homer's glorious verses, it was a cowardly attack under an hypocritical pretence. When narrowly and impartially examined, it will be found that the Greek character has always, and we are sorry to say, still is, a disgusting one; and, consequently, those who have proved but a little better than bad, have been always, among them, looked up to as prodigies and heroes. But we turn from this wily and treacherous race to the contemplation of a much nobler, yet too little understood, picture of the honest and self-respecting Turk. Owing to the influence of his personal character, and his intimacy with Sir Robert Gordon, the English ambassador, Sir Grenville had singular and unusual opportunities of remarking upon the court of Constantinople, and even the personal character of the Sultan himself. He seems to have been pleased with all things, and delighted by some. He was present at reviews, visits of ceremony, and withal, at balls, and parties in the country, and thus had ample scope for observing the Moslem character; and he finds it to be rather above than below the standard of that of the generality of the European nations. Even in their false religion, the author finds, though disbelieving its dogmas, much to commend in the sincerity with which they worship. The following extract is a description of a visit to the Mosque of Suleymanieth.

"As Lady Temple accompanied me on my visit to it, and we were both dressed in our usual costume, I deemed it prudent to choose an hour when I thought that we should meet the smallest number of the faithful at their prayers;—for in one respect the Mussulmen, and to a certain degree, the Catholics, differ greatly from us, inasmuch as that though both have regularly appointed hours for public worship, yet their temples are open at all hours, and any one may enter them whenever he feels disposed to offer up his prayers to the Almighty, without waiting to be summoned once a-week by the ringing of bells, and parading for the purpose like a troop of soldiers. In the one case, devotion is a voluntary act,—in the other, it is but too generally a mere compliance with custom.

"I also sent a message to one of the priests, stating how thankful I should feel if he would show me the different beauties of the edifice. Accordingly, at the appointed hour we met him at the entrance, left, of course, our boots and shoes at the door, (which, by-the-bye, could not be done in a Christian country, at least if the owners should entertain the wish of seeing them again,) and passing through a beautiful gate, entered the holy fane, and certainly never was I struck with more serious and devotional feelings. The building is of vast extent, lofty and wide—no glaring and dazzling ornaments like those in Catholic churches meet the eye, nor is it offended by Smithfield-pens, for to nothing else can I compare the pews which decorate our churches at home; the whole space is open, and the marble floor is covered with the soft carpets of Persia, over which, slowly and silently, the pious Moslem bends his way to some favourite corner. A number of small windows, fitted with coloured glass, admit a sober and mellow light, and give, if I may use the expression, a religious air to the interior, preventing the mind from being distracted or diverted by the glitter of ornaments and decorations.

"The dome is very handsome and bold, and rests on four enormous piers, besides four Egyptian columns of red granite, sixty feet high, each of one single block, and brought from Kabira as a present, by Karinjeh Capudan. It is covered with bronze, and is flanked by two half-domes. From the dome are suspended a vast number of small glass lamps of different colours, which reach to about six or seven feet from the floor; they are said by Muhammedan writers to have been originally twenty-two thousand in number.

"Long inscriptions in the beautiful intricacies of the elegant Soolsei and Gussaf

characters, generally in gold relief, on a *lapis lazuli* coloured ground, adorn different parts of the walls. The grand altar, which fronts the principal entrance, is extremely simple; above it is a window of coloured glass, and on each side two gigantic wax candles, measuring no less than fifteen feet in height and five in circumference, and said to weigh twenty cantars. On the left of the altar, or mihrab, is the minber, an elevated pulpit, with a narrow and steep flight of marble steps leading to it. In other parts of the mosque are three oblong-square galleries, or mahals, resting on a number of little marble columns, inlaid with rich mosaic work, like those seen at Salerno, and Ravella, and in other parts of the Neapolitan territories, and which are called Saracenic. One of these galleries belong to the sultan, and is surrounded by gilt lattice-work—another is of some scarce wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

"In front of the principal entrance is an open court, with a beautiful fountain in the centre, and a covered cloister, or gallery, running round it; this gallery has twenty-seven little domes, and is supported by twenty-four beautiful columns of verd' antico, porphyry, granite, and marble, whose pedestals are of bronze."

Certainly, there is nothing in all this that is worse than what we are in the habit of seeing in the heartless pageantries of Catholic churches, where, too often, the worship of the true God is turned into a pretence for splendid idolatry.

We have gleaned also a curious fact from these volumes, that is, that our sartorial brethren are troubled more than the rest of mankind with an excess of mind, for fools never go mad—*ex. gra.*

"According to a work published in 1827, on insanity, by order of the French government, it appears that no less than seven hundred and fifty-five tailors were confined in Paris in the Salpêtrière alone, and that, on an average, there are two hundred and eighty-five mad tailors in every thousand. Many medical men have attributed this great proportion to the sedentary position adopted by this class of persons; and it would be curious to ascertain, whether the Turks and other eastern nations, who sit in the same attitude during the greater part of the day, are, more than other people, subject to this dreadful affliction; though, considering the case in another point of view, they ought undoubtedly to be exempt from it, as they always keep their heads shaved."

This ought to give rise to much serious reflection, for surely, to save the wits of so useful and respectable a body of men, according to the baronet's suggestion, it would not be too much to hope for an act of parliament that would compel the sniders to the tonsorial operation. I am sure the barbers will join us in the recommendation.

Whoever reads about Constantinople, the seraglio, and the grand Turk, always expects to find something said about the slave market. We give the author's account of it, in his own words.

"The slave-market, (Asir khan,) established by Beiram Pasha, vizeer of Murad IV.* It is situated near the burnt column. The *locale* has nothing very remarkable about it, being an open space surrounded by small buildings, with covered galleries in front; in the centre are some similar buildings: the black men, women, and children, and some of the commoner white ones, are seated either in the galleries or in the open air, in different groups, forming the property of their respective owners.

"Judging from the sounds of laughter, and from the broad grins displaying beautiful rows of pearl-white teeth, these slaves, whom it is so much the custom to pity, appeared very contented and happy, or rather, seemed looking forward with certainty to their being so when purchased—for there is not the slightest doubt that, generally speaking, the slaves in Turkey are as happy and contented as any other class of the community: they are well fed, clothed, treated, and educated, by their masters, and in their old age are not abandoned.† The women, if pretty, or possessed of the art of pleasing, lead a luxurious and voluptuous life, whilst to the men

* The *penjek*, or duty on captives, is paid here.

† My observations on the happy state of slaves are made only in reference to those in the Turkish dominions;—as to what their condition is under Christian lords, let the negroes of the Brazils, the United States, and the West Indies, speak.

the highest offices of the state are open—witness the present serasker, the Capudan Pasha about to marry the Sultan's daughter, Mustafa Efendi, the chief secretary, *e tanti altri*.

"It may here be remarked, that one of the most remarkable features in the Turkish character is the natural dignity they all possess, which qualifies them to bear with such graceful ease the high offices so often and so suddenly conferred on members of the very lowest classes. A man to-day is a vizier or a pasha, who but the day before was a porter or a boatman; and yet after watching him closely, you feel inclined to believe, from his manners and bearing, that during the whole of his life he has held the highest rank in society, and not only so, but that his family have done so for successive generations before him.

"The fair flowers of Georgia, of Circassia, and of Greece, being of much greater value than the rest, and being reserved for the Sultan or his pashas, are not exposed to the vulgar gaze, but are kept within doors.—The Turks, for some time after the conclusion of the peace, were in great alarm lest (the Russians being in possession of the ports of the Black Sea, from which these lovely objects are exported,) the trade should cease. The love of gold was, however, stronger than religious principle, and the Christian Russians have already sent several cargoes of these precious wares to the bazars of Stamboul."

Thus, in Turkey, even the slave is happy. We have room neither for more extracts, or for remarks upon them. These volumes must find their way into the hands of all who read, whether for instruction or amusement; and we trust that their pages will turn some portion of the tide of those who annually migrate to the continent for a season, into the bay of the Golden Horn, and the high places of Istamboul. They will find there, not only novelty, but courtesy; and, instead of the impositions practised upon the traveller in the cities of France, Italy, and Sicily, they will meet with the most scrupulous honesty, and the most frank fair-dealing. The Turks have their prejudices, but they are fast wearing away, and nothing would sooner tend to obliterate them entirely, than intercourse with English visitants. These Osmanlies are a race worth knowing, for when known, they must be respected. In every point of view they are our natural allies—and, as such, we should strengthen them with our friendship, and honour them with our esteem. The Greek will never prove a barrier to the Russian mania of territorial aggrandisement; in fact, their country, at any moment, may become a *point d'appui* for Russian armies moving southward. We should endeavour to consolidate the Turkish empire, protect, at all hazards, its interests, and foster its trade. It is not impossible, that shortly the empires of the European and Asiatic world may be once more struggled for and decided in the environs of Constantinople. It is a serious thing to contemplate, and that reminds us that this is no place to enter into it. We conclude our notice of this excellent work, by the conclusion of the work itself.

"Receipt for making Coffee.

"As coffee is as delicious a beverage in the Turkish dominions as it is detestable in all Frank countries, (which is proved by the inhabitants of the latter being obliged to mix it up with cream and sugar, in order to conceal its imperfections,) I have thought that a few words on the Oriental mode of making it might be found useful. The proper selection of the bean forms, of course, the basis of the system; and yet, perhaps, not so much so, as might at first be imagined; for I have drunk excellent coffee made by Turks from inferior West India berries, and, on the other hand, have attempted in England to swallow an unpleasant decoction made from the very *élite* of Mokah beans. These ought to be small, of an even size and colour, and free from blemishes.

"The selection being made, the berries are scattered on a large metal dish without a cover, and placed over a fourneau; the coffee must be constantly moved about, as well as the dish itself, and the beans must not be in so great a number as to form in any part a double layer; by not attending to this part of the process, they will repose too long in the same position, the dish will be unevenly heated in different parts, and some of the berries will not come in contact with the metal; the natural

consequence of this is, that in many instances they will be over, and in others under-roasted, and thereby destroy the flavour of the whole. One of the greatest faults with the Franks is over-roasting. If a fault cannot be avoided, let it proceed from the opposite cause. The reason why coffee should be placed in an open dish is self-evident,—the abominable iron cylinders, in which, throughout the rest of Europe, the berries are confined, become in a short time so heated interiorly that both the aroma and the essence of the coffee, in the form of a rich oil, is destroyed and dried up; this evil is avoided in the open dish, for the pressure of the atmospheric air represses the escape of these essential parts, and the bean is left moist and glossy with its own extract. I have seen cylinders in France formed with holes to allow some of the heat to escape; but this method, though apparently plausible in theory, is valueless in practice. No greater quantity of coffee should be roasted than is sufficient for each day's consumption.

"You now proceed to reduce the berries into powder, and this is not done by means of a mill, but by pounding them in a mortar, for the simple reason, that no mill can grind them sufficiently fine, and, consequently, the boiling water is unable to extract their full flavour and substance. When well pounded it should be passed through the finest sieve, and all that does not go through should be again placed in the mortar till the whole be reduced to an impalpable powder.

"The beverage itself is now made by placing in a tin pot the required quantity of the power—and I would here observe, that each cup had better be made separately; on the powder is poured boiling water in the ratio of one-seventh more than the quantity of the beverage wanted. It must never be again permitted to boil, but should be allowed to simmer; the pot is then withdrawn, and having been tapped once or twice against the hearth, is again replaced before the fire: this is to be repeated five or six times.

"Coffee, if properly made, should be covered with foam or beads, when poured into the *finjan*, or cup.

"Instead of using plain water, a decoction of coffee is found preferable. In Turkish *cafés* the residue or deposit of every coffee-pot is thrown into a small cauldron containing hot water, and on a person asking for a cup of coffee the water is taken from this cauldron.

"By strictly adhering to these few and simple rules, there can be no doubt but that good coffee *ought* to be made. You should, of course, drink the beverage as hot as possible, and never, as Pope says,

"Over cold coffee trifle with the spoon."

The Cavaliers of Virginia, or, the Recluse of Jamestown: an Historical Romance. 3 Vols.

A very good work and deserving notice. The plot is well-conceived, and embraces many stirring and grand incidents. The time of action is laid precisely at that period when the accession of the second Charles of England gave the Cavalier party in that country and her colonies the great supremacy which, in general, they used so insolently. The story briefly runs thus:—A Brian O'Reilly, with a little boy on his back, that he had just saved with himself from shipwreck, finds protection for both in the mansion of a Mr. Fairfax, (a strange name for a cavalier;) and this boy proves to be the hero of the story. He is brought up with Virginia, the heroine and daughter of the benefactor. When Nathaniel Bacon, the least heroic of names, comes to man's estate, he finds himself in love with his foster-sister. Bacon, though he wishes to go the whole hog with the lady, is no beggar, private and very ample remittances having been, from time to time, forwarded to Mr. Fairfax, for the expenses of his education, and, finally, for the purchase for him of one of the best plantations in the province. Now, in the vicinity of these good folks, there resides one of a character not altogether so unexceptionable but much more romantic; one vast gigantic regicide recluse, Colonel Whalley, the actual husband of Mrs. Fairfax, the mother of Virginia, and, as he him-

self supposes, the father of Nat Bacon. This Whalley was long supposed to have been shot, as he deserved, and it was only till after this was supposed to be ascertained, that Mrs. Fairfax re-married. Now the then governor of Virginia was a peppery, hot-headed, addled-brained, ultra-cavalier, named Sir William Berkeley, with a reprobate nephew, called Beverley, his heir and successor. Virginia is an heiress; and it is the arrogant governor's pleasure that she shall marry his heir. Bacon puts in his caveat. This is the state of affairs when the Roundheads rise, and endeavour to blow up the governor in his state-house. Bacon saves the town from destruction, and proves that he has other qualities besides that of "sighing at his mistress's elbow," to be entitled a hero. He gets dreadfully wounded for his pains, but thinks himself well rewarded, as it is the means of gaining the plighted faith of the lady. We cannot even name all the intervening and attendant incidents arising from this position of affairs. The reader must suppose a duel, a *mêlée* with the Indians, and the introduction of an Indian princess with a whampum belt and mocassins, all very effective, but which has but little to do with the course of the story, except in so far as it introduces an opportunity of getting the hero to the stake, and his body systematically planted all over with pine splinters, preparatory to a roast. But the historical and political events are the most extraordinary. For some reasons utterly unreasonable to everybody but the prejudiced old governor, he allows the Indian tribes to confederate and make head unmolested on the frontiers of his province. At length, they openly rise and ravage the country with all the ingenious ferocity of the Indian. The day before, Wyanokee, formerly the servant of Virginia, now the head of the tribe, had saved her Bacon from roasting, by using the red woman's privilege, of making him her husband, and the day after these espousals without consummation, we find the bridegroom, in spite of himself, proclaimed the general of the army of the colonists, to resist the Indian invasion and avenge its cruelties. We think that here the fiction and the fact are improbably blended. Though the act of the colonists was necessary to the safety of the state, indeed, to its very existence, the old governor stigmatised it as a rebellion, calls in all the regular troops from the outposts on the extreme points of his government, intending to fall upon the delivering army in the rear whilst the Indian is in the front. Well, out he marches from the capital with this commendable intention, when the citizens whom he had left behind, thinking this a queer way to save the country, march out in the shape of another army, to do battle on the governor; so there are four armies going to fight each other in a line. In the meantime Bacon is too active. He annihilates the Indian army in his front, before the governor has time to attack him in the rear. The old man then falls back upon the army at his tail, not to fight with it, but to make all manner of treacherous concessions, among which is that of granting regular commissions to General Bacon and his officers. Once again in his capital, he attempts to tyrannize as usual; but the liberal party is too strong for him, and he removes, with the ships and the troops that are faithful to him, to the town of Accomac. In the meantime Bacon, having impolitically left his army to reach the capital the sooner, is taken in his passage by one of Sir William's cruisers, brought to Accomac, tried by a court-martial as a traitor, and sentenced to be hung. Of course, the reader will suppose that every now and then Virginia, the heroine, makes her appearance, just when it is the most heart-rending and distressing—at this hanging business, for example. However, the hero gets a day's grace to prepare himself for death, and next morning is found to have escaped from the cellar in which he was confined. The governor again returns to Jamestown, and through treachery again finds himself master of his capital. Bacon rejoins his army, they march upon the town, a memorable fight ensues, the loyalists are beaten, and the town consumed to ashes. Vir-

ginia, who always had accompanied the governor, now falls into the hands—arms we should have said—of the hero, and they get married, and all that. We have not recorded some of the most striking scenes, because we would not too much forestall the interest with the reader. We conclude this notice by stating, that the characters are well supported to the end, and that the author has considerable powers of description. The plot is, all through, exceedingly well managed, and the *dénouement* comes off admirably. The faults of the volumes are, a little proneness to exaggeration, and a dialogue generally too pompous and elaborate. There is but one attempt at the humorous, and it is completely successful, that of the Irish adherent. We may promise all who should, through our recommendation, read this work, that they will find we give it upon good and substantial grounds.

Private Education; or, Observations on Governesses. By MADAME BEREAND BIOFREY.

After some preliminary observations, parts of which it would have been much better to have omitted, this lady proceeds to write page after page of very good sense, the drift of which is, that governesses should be good governesses, and that parents also should be good parents, or the chances will be very great that the children that are born to the latter, and educated by the former, will, when they *come out*, as the saying is, be neither very amiable nor very accomplished; all which, as Hamlet hath it, we most potently believe. But Madame Biofrey has gone farther; she has told us what are the essentials that should make a good governess; and when we had read them, we pronounced that there was no such thing in the world. If this book should meet the eye of the reader, let him at once turn to page 83, and begin reading the section, entitled "Qualities of a Governess," and read on for some twenty pages, and he will be strongly reminded of the requisites that Mr. Shandy required in the tutor of his hopeful Tristram. When a mother has contemplated this faultless monster of a governess, that madame has so naively created, she may well give up the task of seeking for her; for while humanity is what it is, she cannot exist. The author would have better served this meritorious class that she has taken under her patronage, had she endeavoured to convince parents of the unreasonableness of their expectations in finding perfection for even two hundred guineas a year, and the august privilege of dining on Sundays with the master and mistress of the family; which, it appears, is the *ultimatum* which this meritorious class have a right to expect. On this subject of remuneration, we will say a few words. It is the sacred duty of the mother herself, to form the heart, and train the dispositions of her daughters. All the accomplishments and the acquirements may be bought of professors, without these persons having the least influence upon the pupil, beyond what they are hired to produce. The parents' duty, the culture of the soul, may also be bought, but, if she be so deficient in her sense of moral duty to consent to make the purchase, one half of her fortune would be too little for the lady who might take the deserted office. We would hear of no excuse of pleasure, or even what the lady-mother might term business. Her first duty is to her family. If she abandon it, she cannot pay a price too high to her who would deprive her conduct of all its woful moral consequences. There is much good advice in this work, and the plan of elucidating the writer's views by the means of anecdotes, is laudable. The work should be read attentively by mothers, and most of the injunctions so plentifully heaped upon governesses taken to themselves. The most unworthy part of the

volume is a certain puff letter from a French drawing-master, which letter laudeth himself and manner of teaching, and libelleth the English. On a review of the whole work, we are confident that it will do much good. As a composition it is easy and elegant, and evinces throughout a very pure taste.

The Despatches, Minutes, and Correspondence of the Marquis Wellesley, during his Administration in India. Edited by MONTGOMERY MARTIN. Vol. II.

In common with the periodical press, we hailed the appearance of the first volume of these despatches with that tribute of commendation due to their utility, and the able manner in which they were compiled by the editor. Perhaps this second volume which is now before the public, deserves a still greater meed of praise. It certainly equals its predecessors in interest, and places many most important subjects in new and true lights. Publications like these, are the best rudiments of history; and had other governors and distinguished characters who wield the fates of mankind, but imitated the example of the noble and gallant marquis, history would not now be that mass of contradictions, and hotch-potch of discrepancies, which we unfortunately find it. The volume before us contains the proceedings of the governor-general, which followed the reduction of the Mysore, down to the Mahratta war. This involves some most important, and we may say, as it regards India, vital events—events too, that had an intimate connexion with what was passing nearer home, among which may be mentioned, the Egyptian expedition, by which the combined troops of England and of India co-operated in the Delta of the Nile for the expulsion of the French army from the east, and which was a memorable sequel to the declination of French influence at Hyderabad and in Mysore. There is no doubt but when the marquis, full of years and honours, shall have terminated his mortal career of glory, that some splendid monument will be erected to him, either by his family or his country; but however pure the marble, or talented the plastic hand that shall model it, the most magnificent and imperishable monument to him will be, the chronicle of his acts, as detailed in the volumes of his despatches. Whatever may be the shade of opinion of the reader, from the ultra Tory to the anarchy-fostering spirit of the revolutionist, that reader, if he be an Englishman, will pronounce that, “this man deserved well of his country,” when he contemplates all that the marquis has done and suffered for its prosperity.

The Pictorial Bible, being the Old and New Testaments, according to the authorized Versions. Illustrated by many Hundred Wood-cuts, &c. &c. To which are added, Original Notes, &c. &c.

This popular work has advanced to its seventh number, and the fifth chapter of the Book of Judges. In all respects it sustains its excellence, and fully realizes the reputation that the first numbers gave rise to. The notes are eminently judicious, and the wood-cuts of the best that the art can produce. The shield of Achilles in the last page, will excite an earnest attention. We recommend this work.

Vandeleur, or Animal Magnetism. 3 Vols.

We think extremely well of this work, and recommend it strongly to all those who delight in skilfully-wrought fiction. The heroine, Gertrude, is the only daughter of an English gentleman of great property; she is betrothed to a fine manly character, a Major Vandeleur, and everything seems propitious to the match. Miss Evelyn (Gertrude) has an only brother, on whom is centered all her affections, almost even to the exclusion of other feelings. The brother is thrown from his horse, and, in consequence of the fall, becomes fatuous. This stops the approaching marriage, and on this accident hangs all the interest of the piece, and gives the opportunity of the villain of the novel, a Count d'Espoir, to bring his machinations into play. Even in his boyhood he has been thwarted in his plans of wickedness by the hero, Vandeleur. After a long and anxious attendance upon her bereaved brother, Gertrude's health failing, she is compelled by her father and her relations to repair to Paris for change of air and scene. The count meets her, hears her story, and, impelled both by hate and love, determines to make her his own. The agent that he employs is "Animal Magnetism." There are some well got-up scenes in this part of the story, which work conviction upon the heroine. In consequence, she relies implicitly upon the count for the recovery of her brother. In the meantime her betrothed, Vandeleur, is by her banished for a certain number of months to Ireland; and it is understood that, at the expiration of this expatriation, whether her brother recover or not, she is to make him happy by marriage. The count, under various very plausible pretences, insists that all his operations for the recovery of her brother, shall be kept a profound secret; thus he establishes with her a clandestine intercourse. They both come to England, and a very few days after their arrival, the unhappy youth, with many subtrefuges of the heroine, is wheeled out by her alone into the garden, and thence into a deserted arbour, where the counts meets her, and the mummery begins. The poor boy dies under it. Whilst the desolate sister is moaning over the beloved body that she believes she has been instrumental in murdering, for the wily count made her the magnetiser, the father and the lover burst in. The count shoots the lover, and scares off the father with his other pistol; and the lady, now, amidst all this misery, unconscious of her acts, flings herself into the arms of the rascal, who, expecting some *dénouement* of this description, bears her away to a carriage-and-four, the father believing with her consent. All this is very powerfully told. The lover, being reduced to the verge of the grave, is unable to trace out the ravisher; but he is firm in his belief of the innocence of Gertrude. She undergoes, in the power of the count, unparalleled persecutions, which are really harrowing to read, and, at length, consents to marry him. They go to America for some time, and thence to Moscow. In the meantime her father dies, and her lover wanders the earth in search of her; for her cousin, the next male heir, wishing for the property, accuses her of the murder of her brother, and reclamations from the home-office in England are sent to all the foreign courts, that she and her husband may be delivered to the English authorities for trial. Vandeleur has just so much the start of the official messengers, as to warn her of her danger: he does it rather inexpertly, and the count again shoots him, but not with so terrible an effect as before. Gertrude, amidst all these horrors, flies to the protection of the English ambassadress; and she being formerly attached to Vandeleur, gives it, and gets her placed under the protection of the Empress of all the Russias. From this point the story ought to have been wound up rapidly; but, unfortunately, three volumes were required, and so the Emperor Alexander falls in love with her, and the empress grows jealous, and all that sort of

thing; and then there is a long seclusion in the remotest parts of Switzerland, and a still longer departure from the rules of common sense in her treatment of her lover. However, after all, the count is polite enough to die, and a letter is found, which proves that Gertrude *did not* kill her brother; and so, at a very discreet age, the two lovers marry and are made happy. The greater part of the last volume is evidently a *make-weight*, consequently it is *heavy* enough. All the other parts of the work are delightful; and, as the working out of this story requires many minor actors, we assure the reader that their characters are well and graphically drawn. We have been already longer in our remarks on this story than we intended: we conclude by saying, that it is really an acquisition to our imaginative literature, and that it deserves every success.

The Church and Dissent, considered in their Practical Influence. By EDWARD OSLER, formerly one of the Surgeons to the Swansea Infirmary, and Surgeon to the Swansea House of Industry.

This is a treatise that will be excessively unsavoury in the nostrils of the Dissenters, if they condescend to read it; but, generally speaking, in order to understand these sort of questions in *all their bearings*, they never peruse any arguments or works excepting those that emanate from their own body—an excellent method to avoid confutation. Knowing this, we also know that Mr. Osler has written his work in vain; for the orthodox churchmen do not want it, and the sectarians will not have it. Though we are with the author heart and soul, yet we do not like the polemical tone of his work, nor the using of such strong language as “the voluntary principle is rebellion against God; by teaching men to usurp his power, and resist those who govern by his delegated authority.” This can do no good, and is, in fact, the surest means of exciting that rebellion which the author so much deprecates. With a proper estimate of Mr. Osler’s real piety, and most evident good intentions, we are bound to say, that his work is more destined to exasperate and repel, than to conciliate and unite, and can be only pleasing to that ultra party which is so dangerous both in politics and religion—a party, no doubt, honest, zealous, and highly principled; but too often to the interests that they espouse injurious, because they are indiscreet.

The Inquisitor.

This “Inquisitor” is a very impudent fellow, but mightily pleasant and companionable withal. He talks about things at random, just as they present themselves to his imagination, without much apparent connexion each with the other. He commences by being acid upon the popular literature of the day; he speaks out boldly, gives us names and opinions at full length, and damns his contemporaries very discreetly; all which we like extremely well. Thus, after he has hashed up the small fry of literature, and actually smothered them with his piquant sauce, we find him suddenly at Cadiz, lecturing the Spaniards upon the enormity of their bull-fights, and then sets about gravely to consider the robberies in Spain; and as a sequel to this, gives us a treatise on the style and characteristics of Dante, which proves him at least to be a good Italian scholar, and a sensible critic. However, we cannot follow him through all his well-told vagaries; but briefly conclude by saying, that he has produced an amusing book; and if properly studied, an instructive one also.

The Public and Private Life of the Ancient Greeks. By HEINRICH HASE, Ph. D., Inspector of the Collection of Antiques and Medals at Dresden. Translated from the German.

In their early studies, the regularly-educated youths of England are crammed *ad nauseam* with Greek and Roman literature, and Greek and Roman history; and yet, after all this tedious, and too often painful and unsuccessful process, occupying several years, how few of them know what a private Greek or Roman lady or gentleman actually was, or how they comported themselves in their domestic circles. With a great deal of labour, assisted by profound erudition, the author of this work has supplied all the information that seemed to be wanting, to understand the Grecians familiarly. He has described their physical and social life, their manners, habits, and dress, their religion, their morals, and their festivals; in a word, he has made them again live before our eyes, and we know them better, perhaps, than if they were our next-door neighbours. We think that the reader will come to the conclusion, that, notwithstanding the brilliancy of many of their deeds, their great skill in statuary and architecture, and their wonderful oratory, they were, as a mass, but little better than barbarians, and by no means to be envied by the present inhabitants of any European kingdom. They seemed to have had luxuries enough, but few comforts, and lived more to display than to real enjoyment. Mr. Hase (which we hold to be a commendable practice) always gives the reader his authority: we shall, therefore, quote as a specimen of the work, an extract that, we are sure, ought to be pleasing to the ladies, an account of how the females of Greece dressed.

"But we cannot quit the female territory without a glance at the dress and the ornaments by the aid of which its fair rulers hoped to please. The dress even of the mother of the gods, when she seeks to captivate Zeus, is very simple; and we can only trace, in Homer, the beginnings of those cosmetics which the art of a later age multiplied to infinity. Around her freshly-bathed and spotless body, Heré throws a fine garment, which was fastened only at the breast (*κατὰ στήθος*), with golden clasps (*περσῆαι*). The name of the garment (*ἑώρα*) must be elucidated by *πέπλος*, as in most cases it is only an adjective; and the verb *ἔσαστο*, like the Latin *amicire*, shows that we must by no means understand it to mean putting on clothes, in our sense of the word; but merely throwing or wrapping the vestment around the body. The names which Homer employs for articles of female dress are so capriciously varied, that it is sometimes difficult to understand what he means. The simplicity of their form, which differed little from that of the men's, rendered such mistakes of easy occurrence. The chiton, the most frequently-named female garment, is generally understood to be the under-garment, reaching to the feet, which was worn next the skin, like the *tunica* of the later Romans. The more common expression, however, for this article of clothing was *peplos*, *πέπλος* (later, *πέπλον*), which, in Homer, signifies any covering whatever; but, at the time when two body garments were worn, was used for the upper one. Hence, therefore, a complete dress, especially that of women, was called *πέπλοι*, in the plural. The chiton was the more convenient dress for the house. The *peplos* was the garment for state occasions and times of peace, and was consequently adorned with embroidery, the work of Sidonian women. The Trojan women wore it with deep falling hems. Agreeably with this distinction, Homer says, that Pallas threw off the upper garment, the *peplos*, and put on (*ἐνδύειν*) the chiton, when she armed herself with the weapons given her by Zeus.

"All these vestments, including also the *pharos* of Calypso, were shawl-like draperies of woollen cloth, without any regular cut, and held together only by brooches or clasps (*πορκαί, περσῆαι*), or by the girdle (*ζώνη*). This Calypso binds round her, just above the hips; whereas the magic zone of Venus (*κεστός*) was worn close under the breast; according to Heyne, on the outside of the garment; according to Voas, next the skin (*ἐν κόλπῳ*). In the scene where Heré summons to her aid every art of the toilet, one of her ornaments is a veil (*κρήδεμνον*) radiant as sun-

beams, laid over the braids of hair which fell from the top of her head. According to several passages, which are best collated by Hr. von Kühler, we ought to consider this credemnon as a cloth which might either be drawn like a veil before the face, or folded together and twisted around the brow, not very unlike the simpler sort of turban of the eastern women. The head-dress of the Trojan women was more complicated, though essentially the same as the credemnon, which was merely used to bind the hair together.

"What Homer means by the ampyx (ἄμρυξ;) by the kekryphalon; the plaited band of hair (πλεκτὴ ἀναδέσμη;) and what were the precise differences between these various head-dresses, we can only guess from the figures on vases and coins. The two latter were probably nets for the hair, or caps of the Phrygian form.

"Ear-rings in the form of olives or of mulberries (μυρσάρα from μύραρ;) armlets (ἄλυκες) twisted around the arm like snakes; brooches or clasps (πρόσται, περίσται,) which, according to Hesiod, were wrought like the handle of a shield, and were fastened with a double tube; rosettes (κάλυκες,) which were probably stuck on the dress; necklaces or collars (ὄρμυι;) and splendid sandals with very strong soles, which were an indispensable part of every dress worn on public or state occasions; constitute the main ingredients of the state costume, which gave the last grace and dignity to an Homeric princess. An actual representation of this 'full dress' (to borrow an expression from the English world of fashion) may be seen in a figure copied from a vase in James Millingen's *Peintures antiques et inédites de Vases Grecs*, p. 41, which it will be interesting to compare with the description.

"The occasions on which such a dress was worn were, the visits of female friends; the festival of a god, which caused a suspension of the usual business; or a banquet at which women were permitted to appear; as, for instance, the wedding feast of Menelaus."

Madame Carson should study the above; for the classical may again be the fashion, and the Gallic genius of the *modistes* yield to the Hellenic.

A Residence in France, with an Excursion up the Rhine, and a second Visit to Switzerland. By J. FENIMORE COOPER, Esq, author of "The Pilot," "The Spy," &c.

We always liked Mr. Cooper's writings, of whatever kind, but we must say, that had he commenced his career as a producer of tours, it would have taken more than "The Pilot," and "The Spy," to place him in the high station that he now, and so deservedly, enjoys. As to the facts related in these volumes, we have had them re-dished up to us a thousand times; the manner in which they are recorded, and the reflections incidental upon them, are the only novelties; but the manner is pleasing, and the reflections good. Many pages of the work are occupied with political disquisition, and we find the author's views always temperate, patriotic, and well expressed. We have often had occasion to remark, that Americans in England are given to the affectation of decrying the institutions of their own free and great country, and expressing ultra-Tory and aristocratic opinions. Such conduct does them but little honour even in the eyes of those whose doctrines they appear for a moment to adopt. We find none of this in Mr. Cooper's writings. We shall conclude our remarks upon this work, that ought, and we think will, become popular, by quoting the author's observations upon Prussian despotism, which will give at the same time a specimen of his style, and an "inkling," not "of his adventures," but of his political bias.

"I have been amused of late, by tracing, in the publications at home, a great and growing admiration for the Prussian polity! There is something so absurd in an American's extolling such a system, that it is scarcely possible to say where human vagaries are to end. The Prussian government is a *despotism*; a mode of ruling

that one would think the world understood pretty well by this time. It is true that the government is mildly administered, and hence all the mystifying that we hear and read about it. Prussia is a kingdom compounded of heterogeneous parts; the north is Protestant, the south Catholic; the nation has been overrun in our own times, and the empire dismembered. Ruled by a king of an amiable and paternal disposition, and one who has been chastened by severe misfortunes, circumstances have conspired to render his sway mild and useful. No one disputes, that the government which is controlled by a single will, when that will is pure, intelligent, and just, is the best possible. It is the government of the universe, which is perfect harmony. But men with pure intentions, and intelligent and just minds, are rare, and more rare among rulers, perhaps, than any other class of men. Even Frederick II., though intelligent enough, was a tyrant. He led his subjects to slaughter for his own aggrandizement. His father, Frederick William, used to compel tall men to marry tall women. The time for the latter description of tyranny may be past, but oppression has many outlets, and the next king may discover some of them. In such a case his subjects would probably take refuge in a revolution and a constitution, demanding guarantees against this admirable system, and blow the new model-government to the winds!

"Many of our people are like children who, having bawled till they get a toy, begin to cry to have it taken away from them. Fortunately the heart and strength of the nation, its rural population, is sound and practical, else we might prove ourselves to be insane as well as ridiculous."

Violet; or, the Danseuse: a Portraiture of Human Passions and Characters. 2 Vols.

This is a modern novel, and an accurate picture of the manners of the day. We are half angry with it on account of its startling fidelity, and inclined to blush, in perusing it, at the natural depravity of the human heart. It is a tale of seduction, and the moral is bitter. In these volumes the utter selfishness of the male character is strikingly portrayed. We will give a slight sketch of the materials with which the story is worked up, and the reader may then form some notion of its force and tendency. Violet is the only daughter of a somewhat celebrated actress, and a first fiddle (we believe that is the term) at the opera. She is beautiful, almost beyond the beauty of women, and is both over and under educated. An old ballet-master, who has amassed property, takes a strong parental affection for her, and, as he conceives that the sublimity of the human character consists in dancing to perfection, she spends some nine or ten hours every day in acquiring his art. Violet is all nature, passion, and abandon. She has her contrast in an opera-dancer, Emily, who is almost as beautiful; but selfish, calculating, and *usée* to the worldliness of the world. Violet's parents wished to marry her to a gentleman: Emily wishes to marry herself to one. Now this Emily was to have performed a Venus, as scantily clothed as the manager dared: she sprains her ankle, and Violet is almost forced to supply her place. All the world, that is, the world who frequent the pit and *coulisses* of the opera, fall in love with her; and all those who are young enough wish to make her their property, some by offering her marriage, some by begging her to accept of settlements. Now, a Mr. D'Arcy, who is a mixture of a matured Don Juan and a Mephistopheles, sets about deliberately and systematically to seduce her;—this is, at once, the worst and the best part of the book; in one sense, it may be said to teach seduction scientifically; in the other, that it completely lays open and unmasks all the arts of man. Whilst Violet loves, her contrast, Emily, manœuvres; one becomes the wretched victim and the suicide, the other, the respected and courted lady of fashion, and the reputed virtuous matron; whilst to the reader, who is, of course, let behind the scenes, Violet is an angel of purity com-

pared with her more prosperous contrast. There is much pathos in the narrative, and the pages actually teem with sagacious reflection. Viewed in its proper light, these volumes are a satire upon our social vices and our social hypocrisies.

A Selection of Games of Chess, actually Played in London by the late Alexander M'Donnel, Esq., the best English Player, with his Contemporaries; including the whole of the Games Played by Mons. de la Bourdonnais and Mr. M'Donnel; with an Appendix, containing Three Games Played by Mons. de Chapelles and Mr. Lewis, in 1821. Selected and arranged by WILLIAM GREENWOOD WALKER, Hon. Secretary to the Westminster Chess Club.

When we read this title we were struck with consternation at the word "late," for it was but a few short months ago that we ourselves contended with Mr. M'Donnel, certainly with more profit than success. Alas! it is no odds now what odds he gave us then, for death, too truly, makes all things even. However, we cannot—it would be injustice to refrain from bearing our testimony to the gentlemanly deportment, the urbane manners, and the high intellect of this first of English chess players. The evenness of his nature was singular;—he had neither the proud reserve of success, nor the moroseness of disappointment. He could not but be conscious of his superiority, but he wore it with the most unpretending air of good-humour that we ever beheld. He was very unlike many of his contemporaries, greedy of the paltry gain of the stakes, fearful to play with a competitor of approximating excellence, or sullen and taciturn in his manners. We are sorry to say that the besetting sin of some, a few, of the principal chess-players, was a want of suavity in the general tone of their manners, to those beneath them in skill supercilious, of their equals jealous, of those above them envious. But none of this could M'Donnel be, for he was, in the most lofty sense of the word, a gentleman. But to the work before us. The chess-playing world are much indebted to Mr. Walker for putting these very excellent games upon record. In them the observer will see all the variations of the most scientific plans,—the long calculation, the sudden surprise, the well-concealed ambush. Many of the games are exquisite, both as to the skill of the attack and the defence; and we conceive nothing more likely to improve a student of chess, than sitting down quietly and playing them over on the board, *con amore*, as they are set down in the work. Really, we recommend this volume to general acceptance.

James's Naval History of Great Britain. To be continued in fifty Weekly Numbers. Edited by Captain CHAMBER, R.N., Author of "Ben Brace," "The Life of a Sailor," &c.

If this work be well done, it will be a great national benefit; and that it will be well done, we require no better assurance than that the gallant and literary captain has taken upon himself the responsibility of its editorship. Having passed some of the best years of our life in the navy, we have always felt drawn towards that noble service with something partaking of the feelings of filial affection, and our interest in all naval matters is consequently great. As we have yet received but the first number of this publication, and which number is merely an introductory one, we shall forbear to say more than that it promises one day to be the

text book of our naval history. We hear that Captain Brenton is also engaged upon a similar work, of which we cannot speak at all, not having even received the preliminary number. We know that the rivalry between the two captains will be a generous one, and only act as a stimulative to produce works worthy of the British public.

The Dublin Penny Journal. Conducted by PHILIP DIXON HARDY, M.I.A., Author of the "Northern Tourist," "Picture of Dublin," &c.

A penny thing now, in literature, must not always be so lightly regarded as a penny whistle; for, as the immensity of circulation brings in an equal degree of pence, the transition, at least, in the mind of a financier, is easy to shillings and pounds. We have, therefore, with due respect, received the volume of this penny, yet truly *sterling* affair, for 1835—6; and we are bound to state, that it contains a mass of information, instruction, and amusement, not surpassed in any other equal number of pages. It also abounds in originality. We recommend all playwrights and concoctors of novels to procure for themselves a copy: they will find in it excellent materials, as yet unused, to work upon; and we trust, they will be ingenuous enough to confess the debt. For occasional and desultory reading, we do not know a better volume. It does honour to the cherishing care of the talented editor.

Christian Theology: by JOHN GOODWIN, A.M. *Selected and systematically arranged; with a Life of the Author.* By SAMUEL DUNN.

It may be truly said of this good man, in the language of the quotation in the title-page, "He had a clear head, a fluent tongue, a penetrating spirit, and a marvellous faculty in descanting on Scripture." The work before us is, to the true Christian, eminently consolatory. He will see in it, if he will but regulate his conduct by the divine instructions of the scriptures, under what a pleasant governance we live, even as regards this life of trials, to say nothing of the happy assurances in the hereafter. The short biography attached to this volume is well written, but it hardly satisfies curiosity, and the natural desire that we have to know more of such a man. This book should be seen on the shelves of every library belonging to a serious and pious person.

Tales of a Rambler. Illustrated by H. C. SELLONS.

There is a great charm about the narrative of this elegantly-got-up volume, which, we must say, *en passant*, is very pleasingly illustrated. It contains eight tales, each unlike the other in subject, but all having a strong family likeness in the manner in which they are treated, but as this cast of features is a truly handsome and interesting one, it would be folly to complain of it. We shall give our preference to none of these, but content ourselves with enumerating the various titles, which, of themselves, form a very tempting list. We shall say nothing of the two pieces called the "Introduction" and the "Conclusion." First of all we have "The Mansion House," English thoroughly, and good—then "The Traitor's Hill, a Legend of Highgate;" think of that, Master Cockney—"The Painter of Antwerp, a tale of the Arts." We think we have seen this de-

corating one of the Annuals, though we do not speak with certainty. "Marian Glanville, a tale of the Plague," is one of those harrowing recitals that make us fear, yet fond to read. But we must pause, for in justice to other works, we really have not time to go through the list. This volume ought to become a favourite, and we think we are no false prophets, when we say we consign it to its own assured success.

The Penny Wedding. By JOHN GRANT, formerly Proprietor and Editor of the "Elgin Courier."

This is a very pleasant sketch of a remarkable feature of the Arcadian times of Scotland, a feature that Mr. Grant has done well to preserve. This process of wedding is illustrated by six plates, to name which will give a good idea of the work. The "Feet Washing," the "Meeting the First Foot," the "Bride's Welcome Home," the "Wedding Dinner," the "Shamit Reel," and lastly, the most important of the ceremonials, the "Throwing of the Stocking." For a description of all this, with its amusing details, we must refer the reader to the work. The engravings express the actions sought to be represented exceedingly well, though, as pieces of art, they are not superior productions, and are very stiff. We have found much amusement in this work, and can therefore conscientiously recommend it to our friends.

Observations on the principal Medical Institutions, and Practice of France, Italy, and Germany, with Notices of the Universities, and Cases from Hospital Practice; to which is added an Appendix on Animal Magnetism, and Homœopathy. By EDWIN LEE, Member of the College of Surgeons, &c.

This is, to all classes, an interesting work, to the members of the medical profession we should think a necessary one. A perusal of it will convince every Englishman, that, in no country in the world, is the healing art in all its branches so well understood, or the proportion of cures to death, so satisfactory as in his own. At the same time, whilst we enjoy this consolatory reflection, we must not disregard the few improvements that we might import from abroad into our own practice. The book is amusing, as to the mere statistical information that it conveys, and affords sufficient indices of the degree of civilization of the various places, by means of the state of their public medical establishments. The appendix we have before read in a separate publication, and we say that it ought to be the death blow to the infamous quackery on these two ridiculous subjects. Altogether, this volume is a public service, and we hope that the author will find his reward in the ample remuneration of an extensive sale of his work.

The Retired Lieutenant, and the Battle of Loncarty. By JOHN LAKE, author of "The Golden Glove," a Comedy, &c. &c. 2 Vols.

As these two volumes of verse are not destined to make much noise in the world, we may be excused for saying no more upon them, than that, as far as the reputation of their author is concerned, it would have been much better had he let them remain in manuscript, or, if urged by the fervid desire of publishing, he must print the story of the "Retired Lieutenant," that it would have been better, nay, even well in prose. The "Battle of Loncarty" is nothing more than a complete defeat of its author.

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

Arnaldo, Gaddo, and other Unacknowledged Poems, by Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries. Collected by EDWARD VOLPI.—Unacknowledged poems by Lord Byron! Unacknowledged they will remain by every one who reads them. This is a volume of imitations, rather good ones, but in real merit woefully short of the imitated. There is the dress of the various authors, sometimes even the gait.

A Few Remarks on our Foreign Policy. Second edition, with additions.—This is an excellent defence of the right of might. A more pugnacious treatise we never remember to have seen. The author loves his country, and we love him for the length he would go in serving it.

Serious Thoughts generated by Perusing Lord Brougham's Discourse of Natural Theology, with a few Broad Hints on Education and Politics. By a Student in Realities.—A pamphlet that three-fourths of the world will denounce as detestable in doctrine, as it is brilliant in the employment of misdirected talent.

Family Devotions, from the Book of Common Prayer; with Prayers at the Communion, from Bishop Beveridge.—A good companion, either at home or abroad.

The Church Review and Scottish Ecclesiastical Magazine.—We have received several consecutive numbers of this publication, which, upon looking into, we find admirably adapted to the purposes for which they are designed, and not a little interesting to readers on this side of the Tweed.

History of Banking in Ireland. By JAMES GILBART, general manager of the London and Westminster Bank.—A very important work to the commercial classes, and which should not only be read, but studied by the monied interest.

Report upon the Existing System of Public Medical Relief in Ireland, addressed to his Majesty's Commissioners of Inquiry into the condition of the poor in Ireland. By the late Sir DAVID BARRY, M.D., F.R.S., Deputy Inspector General of Hospitals, &c.; and J. R. CURRIE, M.D., Chief Secretary for Ireland in the district Lunatic Asylums.—Like all things connected with Ireland, this important pamphlet discloses a dreadful system of methodized malversation. We trust that speedy and efficient remedies will be applied. We believe that now there is the will, that the means also will be found to alleviate, if we cannot remove, the many grievances of Ireland.

Slavery. By WILLIAM E. CHANNING, (from the Boston U. S.) Second Edition, revised by the Author.—A little tract, written in the true Christian spirit, and with the logical acuteness of the philosopher. It is doubly amiable, coming from the pen of an American, in many states of whose country this horrible discrepancy to a free people exists.

Elements of Political Economy, intended for Young Persons.—And very well intended too.

First Report of the Western Australian Association.—This small tract of twenty-four pages contains matter of great national importance. We admire the temperate and fair spirit in which the report is got up. It is plain there is not the least desire to mislead, and equally plain that this colony is under that gradual transition to prosperity, which is at once the surest and safest.

The Book of the New Moral World; containing the Rational System of Society, founded on Demonstrative Facts, developing the Constitution of the Laws of Human Nature and Society. By ROBERT OWEN.—Mr. Owen is not, as he thinks, in the advance of his time; but altogether beside it, and himself.

Prize List Public Examination Day of the Edinburgh Academy. July 1836.—We can only say that the poems and other exercises richly deserve the prizes that have been awarded to them.

The Memoirs, Private and Political, of Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P., from the year 1776 to the Close of the present Session of Parliament, compiled from Official Documents. By ROBERT HUISE, F.R.S., &c. &c.—Let us see some more of this before we pronounce an opinion.

Remarks on the present State of Agriculture ; in a Letter addressed to his Constituents. By CHARLES SHAW LEFEVRE, Esq., M.P., Chairman of the Select Committee appointed to inquire into the State of Agriculture. Session 1836.—The most valuable pamphlet that we have yet read on the subject.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- Popular Songs of the Germans, with Explanatory Notes, by W. Klauer-Klattowsky. 12mo. 5s.
- Newman's Parochial Sermons. Second edition. Vol. II. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Sale's Koran. New edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.
- Melvill's Sermons at Cambridge. Third edition. 8vo. 5s.
- Grant's Penny Wedding. 4to. 7 plates, 5s.; proofs, 7s. 6d.
- Neuman and Baret's Spanish Dictionary. pearl, 8s.
- Soane's Plans, Elevations, and Sections of Buildings in Norfolk, &c. New edition. fol. 42s.
- Carleton's Traits and Stories of the Irish. Vol. III. 18mo. 5s.
- Gros' Elements of French Conversation. Eighth edition. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
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- Biographical Questions to Pinnock's History of England. 18mo. 1s.
- Draper's Book for the Lord's Day. 32mo. 2s.
- The Mother's Question Book. New edition. 18mo. 2s. 6d.
- The Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology, by Dr. Todd and others. Vol. I. 8vo. 40s.
- Robert Owen's Book of the New Moral World. 8vo. 5s.
- Jackson's New Check Journal. Fifth edition, 6s.
- Gumersall's Discount Tables. ($2\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 per cent.) Fourth edition. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Burnett's Views of Cintra. fol. prints, 30s.; proofs, 40s.
- Scott's Force of Truth, with notes, by the Rev. J. Scott. 12mo. 3s. 6d.; 18mo. 1s. 6d.
- Jowett's Father's Memorial. 8vo. 1s. 6d.
- Woolrych's Highway Act. Second edition. 12mo. 5s.
- Johnson on Tropical Climates. Fifth edition. 18s.; ditto, on Indigestion. Ninth edition. 8vo. 6s. 6d.
- Longinus on the Sublime in Writing, translated, with Notes, by W. T. Spurdens. 8vo. 15s., or 4to. 25s.
- The Promising God a Performing God; a Sermon, by the Rev. R. Erskine. 32mo. 1s.
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- Adventures during a Journey Overland to India, by way of Egypt, Syria, &c., by Major Skinner. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.
- The Works of R. Bentley, D.D., Edited by the Rev. A. Dyce, Vols. I. and II. 8vo. 24s.
- Essays, Letters, and Papers, of the late Rev. T. Charles, Edited by the Rev. E. Morgan. 12mo. 7s.
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- Theology for youth; a Catechism for Christianity, by John Campbell. 12mo. 1s. 6d.
- Gospel Recreations for Sabbath Evenings, by R. Mimpriss, in a case. 10s. 6d.
- A Guide to the Reading of the Greek Tragedians, by the Rev. J. R. Major. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

- The Old World and the New ; a Journal made on a Tour in Europe, by the Rev. O. Dewey. 2 vols. 12mo. 15s.
- The Practice of the Petty Sessions, by John Stone, Jun. 12mo. 8s.
- The Professional Practice of Architecture, by J. Noble. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Report of the Committee of the House of Commons on Ventilating, Warming, &c., with Notes, by W. S. Inman. 8vo. 7s.
- Partington's Account of the Steam Engine. Third Edition. 8vo. 6s.
- A Residence in France, with an Excursion up the Rhine, by J. F. Cooper. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.
- Rev. Dr. Buckland's Bridgewater Treatise on Geology and Mineralogy, with 57 Plates. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 15s.
- Antidote to the Miseries of Human Life. 11th edition, foolscap 8vo. 5s.
- Bacon's Essays, edited by B. Montague. 12mo. 5s.
- The Literary Remains of S. T. Coleridge, by H. M. Coleridge. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.
- Malthus's Political Economy. 2d edition, 8vo. 14s.
- Collections, Historical, Genealogical, and Topographical, for Bedfordshire, 114 Plates, by T. Fisher. 4to. 10l.
- Harmoniere's French and English Dictionary. New edition, oblong, 8s.
- Observations on some of the more important Diseases of Women, by Dr. J. Blundell. Edited by Dr. T. Castle. 8vo. 12s.
- The Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology, edited by Dr. Todd. Vol. I. royal 8vo. 2l.
- The Doctrine of Particular Providence Illustrated and Defended, by G. Pilkington. 12mo. 5s.
- Augustine's Confessions Abridged, by the Rev. E. Bickersteth. 32mo. 1s. 6d.
- Lectures on the 32d Psalm, by C. H. Bingham, B.A. 12mo. 5s.
- St. Thomas's Hospital Reports, by John F. South. Vol. I. 8vo. 12s. 6d.
- Tracts on Hydraulics, edited by T. Tredgold. 2nd edition, royal 8vo. 12s.
- Guy's Hospital Reports. Vol. I. 1836. 8vo. 12s. 6d. With 29 Plates.
- Johnson on Indigestion. 4th edition, 8vo. 6s. 6d.
- Johnson on Tropical Climates. 5th edition, 8vo. 18s.
- First Report of the Western Australian Association.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

The publication of the "PRINCE OF CANINO'S MEMOIRS" is unavoidably delayed in order to give time for completing the several editions ; the work will certainly appear on the 10th instant.

Mr. James's new work, "THE DESULTORY MAN," has just been issued.

"THE BOOK OF GEMS," for 1837, is nearly completed. The numerous engravings in this beautiful volume will, we, understand, in the forthcoming series, be particularly interesting. The publication of this volume will complete the design, that of presenting a centenary of specimens from the works of the most celebrated British poets, painters, and engravers.

The talented author of *Random Recollections of the Houses of Lords and Commons*, has in the press a new work, which is to exhibit the mighty mass of activity and enterprize presented by the first city in the world : it is to be entitled, "THE GREAT METROPOLIS."

Mr. H. L. Bulwer has nearly ready, a new work on the "PRESENT STATE OF THE COUNTRY."

The Rev. Professor Hoppus has nearly completed his new work, "THE CONTINENT IN 1835," with Remarks on the state of Protestantism in France, Germany, and Belgium.

The Countess of Blessington has a new work, which is nearly ready for the press.

Mrs. Shelley's new novel is, we believe, nearly completed.

"THE FLORAL TRIENGRAP," which has been delayed to complete the beautiful illustrative engravings, is expected to appear towards the middle of the month.

A new Novel, from the pen of the author of "Almacks Revisited," is in the press.

"THE PEDESTRIAN'S TOUR THROUGH WALES," with illustrations, is nearly ready.

Mr. Bulwer's new dramas, "CROMWELL," and "THE DUCHESS DE LA VALLIERE," may be expected speedily.

The Report of the Commissioners, Sir David Barry and Dr. Corrie, on the Medical Charities of Ireland.

A new and improved edition of Dr. Donnegan's Greek Lexicon.

Revolutions in Spain, from 1808 to 1836, by W. Walton.

Vandaleur, a novel.

A Biographical, Historical, and Chronological Dictionary of Remarkable Persons and Occurrences connected with the Art of Typography, by C. H. Timperley, is announced in Parts.

Journal of a Tour to Jerusalem and Mount Sinai, with a Series of Twenty-four Illustrations, from drawings taken on the spot, comprising the most interesting views of the country between Grand Cairo and Beirout, by F. Arundale.

The Biography of the Early Church, by the Rev. R. W. Evans, M.A., author of "The Rectory of Valehead."

Uncle Philip's Conversation with Children about the Whale Fishery.

Second Series of the Flowers of Loveliness, by T. Haynes Bayley, Esq.

Ackermann's Forget-Me-Not for 1837, edited by F. Shoberl.

Dr. Millingen announces "Curiosities of Medical Experience," a promising title, as there can be no richer fund of anecdote than this profession offers.

Washington Irving, we rejoice to see, is again coming forth with "Astoria," in three volumes, the nature of which is not stated.

Mr. John Weale's Catalogue of Books on Architecture and Engraving, with several Drawings and Prints, collected in England, and on the Continent, Sept. 1836.

Mr. John Millard announces a History of the British Museum, containing an analysis of its contents, with biographical sketches of the past and present officers of the establishment, and a copious digest of the evidence taken before the Committee of the House of Commons; with plates and portraits.

In the press, and will be published next month, Facts and Observations on the Efficacy of Galvanism, in the Cure of Indigestion, Torpid and Obstructed Liver and Bowels, Asthma, &c. Third edition.

Also, the History of the Chemical and Medical Powers of Galvanism, in Chronic Diseases. With Illustrations; third edition. By M. La Beaume, Medical Galvanist to the King, F.L.S., Member of the Medico-Philanthropic Society of Paris, &c. &c.

Introduction to Medical Botany, 3rd edition. By T. Castle, M.D., F.L.S.

Linnæan System of Botany, illustrated and explained. By T. Castle, M.D., F.L.S.

British Flora Medica, Part VI. By B. H. Barson, F.L.S., and T. Castle, M.D., F.L.S.

FINE ARTS.

Ryal's Portraits of Eminent Conservative Statesmen.

The first portrait in this second part is that of his Grace the Duke of Newcastle. It is engraved, and most beautifully, by W. M. Motes, from a painting by Pickersgill, R.A. The head and the brow of this nobleman is finely developed, and should seem, as it really is, the seat of high intellect and a comprehensive understanding. The expression of his features is extremely gentlemanly. Notwithstanding factious vituperation, England is still, and justly, proud of him. The next portrait is that of the Right Hon. Henry Lord Viscount Sidmouth. It is well engraved; yet, as a whole, it hardly does that highly-gifted nobleman justice. The attitude is neither imposing or graceful. Notwithstanding this unprepossessing portrait, we may truly say of him, in the words of his short biography, "His great object

has ever been to promote his country's moral and political welfare, and to control and direct its moral and political force; and he may, in truth, afford to the statesmen of the present day such a beacon-light as might enable them to hold the vessel of state on a safe and steady course, despite the breakers of agitation, and the sunken and dangerous rocks of infidelity and republicanism." The third portrait is that of Sir William Webb Follett, M. P., and both the painter, Chalon, R.A., and the engraver, Ryall, have shown great talent in the mutual production. It is a fine specimen of art, and must be gratifying to every person who knows the patriotic knight. We hail this publication with the greatest pleasure; it is the right sort of thing, and shows well the munificence of that party who is their country's best friends. A Whig or a Radical attempt of the same nature would be an absolute failure.

As connected with the fine arts, we see by the "John Bull," that that clever artist, Mr. Stanfield, has been offered knighthood, and that he most respectfully declined the well-merited honour. This redounds most highly to the party offering and that deferring; for we would not willingly believe the refusal was definite. We presume it was on the occasion of Mr. Stanfield taking his memorable picture of the "Battle of Trafalgar" to the palace, for his Majesty's inspection.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.—It was the opinion of three of the most acute and sagacious critics of our country, one of them, perhaps, possessed of greater imaginative powers than any poet of his age, Coleridge, Lamb, and Hazlitt, that Shakspeare's plays were more fitted for the closet than the stage. Whether this opinion be well founded or not as regards all Shakspeare's plays, *Hamlet* most assuredly suffers much by being transferred to the theatre. The character of Hamlet is hardly capable of being palpably brought before us. Why? Because its reality is in the mind. "It is we who are Hamlet. Whoever has become thoughtful and melancholy through his own mishaps, or those of others,—whoever has borne about with him the clouded brow of reflection, and thought himself 'too much i' the sun,'—whoever has seen the golden lamp of day dimmed by envious mists arising in his own breast, and could find in the world before him only a dull blank, with nothing left remarkable in it; he who has felt his mind sink within him, and sadness cling to his heart like a maledy; who has had his hopes blighted and his youth staggered by the apparitions of strange things; who cannot be well at ease while he sees evil hovering near him like a spectre, whose powers of action have been eaten up by thought; he to whom the universe seems infinite, and himself nothing; whose bitterness of soul makes him careless of consequences, and who goes to a play as his best resource to shove off, to a second remove, the evils of life by a mock representation of them;—this is the true Hamlet." It is, therefore, no disparagement to an actor to say, that in the character of Hamlet he fails. An actor must impress on the spectator what he delivers by a splendid exaggeration of manner, action, and emphasis. The passions and actions of humanity must be viewed on the stage, as if through a powerful microscope. Virtue there becomes more lovely, and vice more disgusting. Now Hamlet, "the most amiable of misanthropes," is pensive and sad, wrapped up in his own reflections, only thinking aloud—he has no one to talk to—the moment an actor in this character addresses his hearers, the illusion is dispelled, and Hamlet the Dane sinks into a moulder of verses. It cannot be a matter of surprise that this mighty effusion of the greatest of all dramatists, should be a popular character to personify with all our greatest actors, nor that they should not satisfy the canons of criticism. John Kemble, in the height of his fame, was said to fail from a want of ease and variety; Hazlitt thought Kean's Hamlet too splenetic and rash; Macready is unhappy in the poetry of the part. Charles Kemble, of late years, has attempted the character, and when we add, with no better success, we do not mean to depreciate the performance of this able actor: it is a performance full of unquestionable beauties, calm, quiet, unobtrusive, but perhaps its chief characteristic is care; he never runs over a passage with rapidity to produce a striking effect, he speaks with a due reverence for his author, never regarding the divinest passages

ever written as things to play tricks with—introducing no jokes, and but few sudden changes. As a piece of mere tragic acting—as the representation of a prince affected by the death of a most beloved father, and the cruel heartlessness of a mother, suffering under the loss of a kingdom, who is haunted by his father's ghost, disclosing that the usurper of his crown and the husband of his mother, is his parent's murderer, and goading the son to revenge, it is nearly perfect: but the princely gentleness, the beautiful relapse from individual grief to abstract musing, the glowing and fervent sense of pleasure with which the rigour of the destinies is occasionally beguiled, the graceful dalliance with fate, the fearful parleying with mortal instruments and unearthly counsellors, these, and the gentle philosophy and terrible passions which struggle in the mind of Hamlet, are not to be found in Charles Kemble's representation—occasional glimpses of them we meet with, but then suddenly the actor appears to despair of embodying that intellectual part of the poet's creation. The best scenes in the performance are the play scene, the rebuking the officious inquiries of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and the closet scene, which last was a most effective and impressive piece of acting; the beautiful and passionate soliloquy with which the second act closes, was the best spoken lines in the part. Mrs. W. West's queen never rises to, much less above, mediocrity; she has a harshness of voice, which she mistakes for feeling, and acts in too masculine a style; the character, although criminal, is not without sensibility and affection; for instance, in the beautiful apostrophe to Ophelia on throwing flowers into the grave. Miss Turpin's representation of Ophelia is evidently as distressing to herself as to the audience, and would be intolerable, were it not for the sweetness, with which she sings some passages of the music. Mr. Tilbury played Polonius, and sadly vulgarised the conception of Shakspeare; this gentleman is by no means equal to the representation of the old men of the legitimate drama; he should confine himself to his original line of characters, for although he sometimes extracts slight applause from the gods, he invariably possesses the silent censure of the judicious. Mr. H. Wallack's Horatio, like every thing this gentleman does, was an extremely careful and sensible piece of acting.

The addition of Messrs. Macready, Farren, Webster, and Mrs. Glover to Mr. Osbaldiston's present company will render it one of the most effective *rôles* we have had for several years, while his determination to uphold the legitimate drama with such a company will command success:—hitherto the houses have been exceedingly crowded. With every good wish for Mr. Osbaldiston, we must remark, that his wardrobe is sadly in want of new dresses; the eye as well as the mind needs beauty and freshness. We also think that pantomime ought to be confined to its legitimate season, Christmas.

THE HAYMARKET.—The tragedy of *Ion*, and the comedy of *The Twelfth Night*, have attracted crowded audiences to this house during the last month: this, in itself, is a sufficient answer to the reiterated charge of false taste brought against the present generation. The performance of Viola, in the *Twelfth Night*, by Miss E. Tree, is correct and fascinating in the extreme, and forcibly reminded us of her yet forgotten sister, Mrs. Bradshaw, in the same character. When the conception of the entire part is so perfect, it is almost unnecessary to point out any of its excellencies, but that which charmed us most was, when the truth flashes across Viola's mind, that Olivia has fallen in love with her in disguise,—the expression of archness, pride, and mischief, all commingled, with which Miss Tree struts off the stage was inimitable. Webster's Malvolio, in which part he cast off many of his ordinary peculiarities, was a spirited piece of acting. Sir Andrew Aguecheek was admirably represented by Buckstone, who in manner, action, and dress, well conceived the "foolish knight:"—the duel scene was irresistibly ludicrous. The little that Maria has to do was exceedingly well done by the clever Mrs. Humby, whose by-play in this and almost every other of her characters, is unequalled by any of her female contemporaries. Miss Taylor was not so happy as usual in Olivia; this lady invariably suffers when brought into contrast with Miss Tree.

THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—A new opera, by an English composer, *The Pacha's Bridal*, by Mr. Romer, and a new singer, Mr. Leffler, have been the fruits of the last month. The success of the opera is, we think, owing more to the excellence of the singing, than the composition of the music. There is nothing original or characteristic in the music, which is in general, however, happily adapted to the words. The singing of Miss Shirriff and Mr. Wilson was exceedingly good,

particularly the former, in a very pretty song in the first act—"I know a lone retana tree." It rarely falls to the lot of any candidate for public favour to rise so rapidly in popular opinion as Mr. Leffler has done, and we think justly. His voice is a sweet and rich, but not a powerful baritone: should he steadily improve, he will soon prove a formidable rival to Mr. H. Phillips.

We have not received the expected report of the doings at the Victoria—we only know that it draws good houses, by the performance of popular pieces, by excellent actors.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

JUDGING from the receipts of the customs, there is nothing to bewail in the aspect of our commerce, either with foreign nations or our own colonies. The thing most to be regretted is, that we have not more of the carrying trade; the more especially as, in the event of a sudden war, we have not those resources to man our navy in an emergency, that used formerly to exist. Our shipping interest is so much involved with other relations, both political and commercial, and our general taxation presses so heavily on all labour, that we see no chance of either building or working our mercantile navy at a less expense than our rivals; who, consequently, undersell us all over the world. The internal trade of the country is certainly, as a whole, flourishing; nor is agriculture in so entirely a depressed state as is generally represented. In Ireland, things are certainly bad enough; but whilst the miserable agitation that is afflicting the country is permitted to be carried on with impunity, capital will be driven from, instead of invited to, that country. We shall, however, still triumph over all our difficulties; and we see no signs, notwithstanding temporary embarrassments, of England being ever less than the richest, the most prosperous, and the most powerful nation of the earth.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Wednesday, 28th of September.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, shut.—Consols for Account, 86 one-half.—Three per Cent., Reduced, 89 one-quarter.—Three and a Half per Cent., Reduced, 97 seven-eighths.—Exchequer Bills, 2 p.—India Bonds, 5.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese Regency, Five per Cent., 40.—Columbian Bonds, 1854, 23.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 51 three-quarters.—Spanish Bonds, Active, 20 three-quarters.

MONEY MARKET REPORT.—During the whole of the last month there has been much anxiety, and no small degree of fear, in the monied interests. We are writing on the twenty-seventh, and we are happy to say, that the bankers and capitalists of the metropolis have got over another week of great consternation, without any appearance of a crisis. Still, there has been a great falling off, in all manner of public securities, principally to be attributed to the late decision of the Bank, as to raising its rate of interest on discounts to 5 per cent. We think that the Bank did wisely by coming to this resolution, and also that they acted prudently in refusing the American Liverpool Bills. We must not permit the wholesome gold circulation to be jockeyed out of the country. However, Consols during the close of last month have declined so low as 87½, and the New Three per Cents to 96½. Portuguese, Spanish, and Brazilian Stock so low as hardly to be worth quoting. Of course, their own political events are mainly instrumental to this. Government has endeavoured

to sustain the English market, by ordering the Sinking Fund to be applied to the purchase of Exchequer Bills, and also by raising the interest on them from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 per cent. The strong symptoms of a monetary crisis, render it a matter of prudence on the part of the banker to sell stock, in order to supply himself with a sufficiency of Bank notes and gold, to meet a run. The probabilities that the pressure for money will increase, are sufficiently obvious, the more so as the exportation of gold and silver continues, in spite of all the efforts of the Bank to stop the drain. The amount of gold in the Bank coffers was, at the close of last month, short of six millions. We have, however, notwithstanding these dismal indications, the greatest reliance on the resources and the elasticity of the country, and we trust that all classes will be able to eat their Christmas dinner, and meet their Christmas bills, with alacrity. The above was the state of the funds on the 28th ult.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM AUGUST 23, TO SEPTEMBER 23, 1836, INCLUSIVE.

Aug. 23.—H. and T. Stevens, Newington Causeway, Surrey, drapers.—S. Michael, Great Clyde Street, Glasgow, warehouseman.—W. and T. Topley, Nottingham, drapers.—S. Holland, Nottingham, lace maker.—C. H. Gresham, North Shields, ship broker.—W. Thurtell, Wighton, Norfolk, miller.—R. Park, Kingston-upon-Hull, underwriter.

Aug. 26.—D. Jones, Liverpool, auctioneer. C. Evans, Manchester, banker.—G. Collier, Wellington, Shropshire, mercer.—T. Bowlder, Shrewsbury, perfumer.—B. M. Crook, Cheltenham, draper.

Aug. 30.—J. W. Coster, George's Place, Holloway, colourman.—J. Wilks, Watling Street, Irish linen warehouseman.—R. Rogers, Pitfield Street, Hoxton, linen draper.—J. B. Hedges, Croydon, grocer.—J. Smith, Goldsmith Street, warehouseman.—W. C. Hobson, Dublin, mapseller.—E. Johnson, Lostock, Gralam, Cheshire, tanner.—W. Johnson, Wincham, Cheshire, tanner.

Sept. 2.—L. Hyman and S. Levi, Plymouth, jewellers.—J. Savill, Holborn Bridge, baker.—J. Twist Selby, Yorkshire, timber merchant. T. and H. D. Beale, Birmingham, saddlers.

Sept. 6.—J. Loader, Hungerford Street, Strand, furnishing ironmonger.—J. C. Geyde, Dawlish, Devon, music seller.—E. Mason, Manchester, hosiery manufacturer.—H. Sadler, Bristol, wine and spirit seller.—P. Gans, Manchester, cotton spinner.—J. Milner and J. Capper, Sheffield, stove-grate manufacturers.—J. Moxon, Manchester, boiler.—T. Williams, Bristol, tailor.—W. Croasley, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, builder.—J. Chesterton, Worcester, victualler.

Sept. 9.—J. Alps, Basinghall Street, hosier.—J. Jackson, Colnbrook, draper.—R. Smith, Regent Street, wollen draper.—T. Young, Nallison, Somersetshire, draper.—W. H. Howard, Cheltenham, upholsterer.—G. Stevenson,

Newport, Monmouthshire, builder.—J. Cunningham, Newport, Monmouthshire, builder.—W. H. Gall, Bristol, builder.—S. Martin, Nottingham, joiner.

Sept. 13.—H. H. Swan, Ryde, Isle of Wight, hatter.—J. Hayes, Clapton-terrace, surgeon.—W. Crosby, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, joiner.—J. Charters, Manchester, joiner.—J. V. Jose, Reeds, Cornwall, coal merchant.—T. Rowlandson, Liverpool, victualler.—R. Meaden, Manchester, innkeeper.—T. Hill, Uppingham, Rutlandshire, woolstapler.—J. T. Hill, Uppingham, Rutlandshire, woolstapler.—T. H. Dobbs, Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, innkeeper.—J. Banks, Keswick, Cumberland, black lead pencil manufacturer.—W. Poulton, Broad Leaze, Wiltshire, cattle salesman.

Sept. 16.—W. T. Weston, South Andley Street, Grosvenor Square, coal merchant.—E. W. Williams, Gerard Street, Soho, grocer.—J. A. Molteno, Pall Mall, printseller.—F. W. Jackson and T. Williams, Bristol, woollen drapers.—W. Bruerton, jun., Gloucester, auctioneer and appraiser.—J. Menham, Stonehouse, Devon, shipowner.—T. R. Furniss, Bolton, Lancashire, jeweller.—J. Looker, Oxford, scrivener.

Sept. 20.—J. Wicks, Basinghall Street, warehouseman.—C. Perry, Billiter Street, Leadenhall Street, dealer in watches.—C. Aders, Crutched Friars, merchant.—T. Welch and J. Seils, New Islington, Lancashire, cotton spinners.—G. and T. Francis, jun., Cambridge, corn merchants.—J. Teasdale and J. A. Swales, Sheffield, timber merchants.

Sept. 23.—J. Christmas and W. Hart, Church Passage, Rotherhithe, cement manufacturers.—R. Speechly, Fenchurch Street, commission agent.—J. H. Walduck, Birmingham, wine dealer.—G. Rickards, Upton-upon-Severn, Worcestershire, malster.—G. Lawton, York, dealer.—J. Watts, Bristol, bootmaker.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1836.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Aug.					
23	61-53	29.64-29.54	N.	.15	Cloudy, raining generally all the day.
24	61-47	30.05-29.83	N.E.	.875	Generally clear, except the morning.
25	66-43	30.67-29.98	S.E.		Generally cloudy.
26	61-46	29.93-29.90	W. b. S.		Aftern clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the morn.
27	60-43	29.80-29.85	S.W.	.05	Morn. clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the even.
28	64-52	29.93-29.88	S.E.	.05	Generally cloudy, rain in the morn. and aftern.
29	66-44	30.02-29.90	W. b. S.	.25	Generally clear, except the evening.
30	67-50	30.67-30.06	S.W.		Generally clear, except the afternoon.
31	71-52	30.61-29.94	S.W.		Generally clear.
Sept.					
1	68-44	29.83-29.73	S.W.		Generally clear.
2	67-40	29.75-29.66	W. b. S.	.025	Morning cloudy, otherwise clear, rain in morn.
3	64-40	29.83-29.59	S.W.	.075	Generally clear.
4	67-52	29.36-29.32	S.	.525	Cloudy, rain in the morning and evening.
5	60-50	29.52-29.42	W. b. S.	.125	Generally clear, except the morning.
6	59-47	29.36-29.16	W. b. S.	.075	Cloudy, a violent storm of thunder and lightning.
7	59-47	29.60-29.50	N.E. & W. b N.	.3	Generally clear.
8	60-48	29.70-29.65	W. b. N.		Generally clear.
9	57-47	29.79-29.66	W. b. S.		Generally cloudy, except the afternoon.
10	56-30	29.83-29.72	W.	.375	Generally clear, except the morn. a shower of rain.
11	57-40	29.80-29.86	W. b. N.		Generally cloudy, with showers of rain.
12	59-47	29.96-29.90	N.	.1	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
13	57-50	30.61-29.96	N.	.04	Gen. cloudy, a few drops of rain in the morning.
14	59-46	30.45-30.03	N. b. W.		Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
15	59-43	30.66-30.43	N. b. E.	.0125	Generally clear.
16	59-47	30.62-29.96	N. & N.E.	.05	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
17	59-46	30.61-29.97	N.	.025	Generally clear.
18	61-48	29.94-29.91	N.		Generally clear.
19	59-45	29.80-29.57	N.W.		Generally cloudy.
20	59-45	29.90-29.88	W.		Generally cloudy, a shower of rain in the even.
21	53-36	30.69-30.00	N. W.	.075	Generally cloudy.
22	63-30	30.17-30.10	N.W. & W. b.S.		Generally cloudy.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

NEW PATENTS.

N. Bailey, of Leicester, Leicestershire, Frame Smith, for certain improvements in, or additions to, machinery for manufacturing stocking-fabric. August 1st, 6 months.

J. T. Betts, of Smithfield Bars, in the city of London, Rectifier, for improvements in the process of preparing spirituous liquors in the making of brandy. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. August 3rd, 6 months.

W. Flockton, of the Spa Road, Bermondsey, Surrey, Turpentine and Tar Distiller, for certain improvements in preserving timber. August 3rd, 6 months.

J. Archibald, of the parish of Alva, in the county of Stirling, Scotland, Manufacturer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for carding wool, and doffing, straightening, piecing, roving, and drawing rolls or cardings of wool. August 4th, 6 months.

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R. R. Reinagle, of Albany Street, Regent's Park, Middlesex, Esquire, for improvements in the construction of carriages for the conveyance of persons, and goods or merchandise. August 6th, 6 months.

T. Binna, of Mornington Place, Hampstead Road, Middlesex, Engineer, for improvements in railways, and in the steam-engines to be used thereon, and for other purposes. August 6th, 6 months.

T. J. Fuller, of the Commercial Road, Limehouse, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, for a new or improved screen for intercepting or stopping the radiant heat arising or proceeding from the boilers and cylinders of steam-engines. August 9th, 6 months.

J. B. Smith, of Salford, Lancashire, Spinner, and J. Smith, of Halifax, Yorkshire, Dyer, for a certain method or methods of tentering, stretching, or keeping out cloth to its width, made either of cotton, silk, wool, or any other fibrous substances, by machinery. August 10th, 6 months.

H. P. Parkes, of Dudley, Worcestershire, Iron Merchant, for improvements in flat pit-chains. August 11th, 6 months.

J. Douglass, of Morpeth, Northumberlandshire, Rope Maker, for improvements in the manufacture of oakum. August 11th, 2 months.

E. Light, of Royal Street, Lambeth, Surrey, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in propelling vessels and other floating bodies. August 11th, 6 months.

W. Newton, of 66, Chancery Lane, Middlesex, for improvements in the means of producing instantaneous ignition. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. August 11th, 6 months.

R. A. Hurlock, of Whaddon, Cambridgeshire, Clerk, for improvements in axle-trees. August 11th, 2 months.

J. B. Bacon, of Regent Square, Middlesex, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the structure and combination of certain apparatus employed in the generation and use of steam. August 13th, 6 months.

T. Gauntley, Nottingham, Nottinghamshire, Mechanic, for certain improvements in machinery for making lace, and other fabrics commonly called wash machinery. August 15th, 6 months.

G. Leech, of 25, Norfolk Street, in the parish of Islington, Middlesex, Carpenter, for a certain improved method of connecting window sashes and shutters, such as are usually hung and balanced by lines and counterweights with the lines by which they are so hung. August 15th, 6 months.

W. F. Cooke, of Bellayse College, Durham, Esq., for improvements in winding up springs to produce continuous motion, applicable to various purposes. August 17th, 6 months.

J. Hall, of Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, Middlesex, Plumber, for certain improvements in the manufacture of salt. August 17th, 6 months.

F. de Tausch, of Percy Street, Bedford Square, Middlesex, Military Engineer to the King of Bavaria, for improvements in apparatus or machinery for propelling of vessels, for raising water, and for various other purposes. August 25th, 6 months.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.—Sir Alexander Johnston in the chair.—Captain Cogan, of the Indian navy, who navigated to this country the noble seventy-four gun-ship, the Liverpool, presented by the Imaum of Muscat to his majesty, attended and received from the hands of the president the diploma of an honorary member, which the society had unanimously conferred on his highness, in order that he might convey the same to the Imaum on his return to Muscat, whither he is now on the eve of sailing in command of the beautiful yacht sent to that ruler by the King of England. The document is splendidly written on royal paper, besprinkled with gold, rolled in silk, and finally enclosed in a velvet-covered case, sealed with the seal of the society. The chairman read a minute on the occasion, in which he pointed out the maritime power of the Imaum, whose possession on the coast, and navy, gave him the control of the Persian and Arabian Gulfs; while his occupation of Zanzibar

enabled him, at pleasure, to put an end to the slave-trade, 65,000 annually, between the north-east coasts of Africa and the eastern seas. *Saïed Sultan Ben Hamed* may indeed be considered as a valuable ally to England and British India. He has already aided the Indian navy in putting down piracy in the Persian Gulf; and he has expressed his readiness to assist in abolishing the odious slave-trade, to which we have just alluded. His own position is one of growing strength, and he is a man of great vigour of mind, energy, and comprehensive views. Looking even to the Euphrates expedition, and to the future, when that and other Asiatic rivers may become the sites of competition and contest, not in science, but in war for the dominion of the East, the expediency of cultivating the best understanding with this friendly prince needs no demonstration; and we trust that the interchange of the courtesies we have mentioned will tend materially to promote this desirable end.

Sir C. Forbes and Col. Francklin cordially concurred in the sentiments of the chairman's minute. A becoming letter was addressed to the *Imaum*, in which the committee expressed the pleasure it afforded them to approach a sovereign whose desire it appeared to be to introduce moral and political improvements among the people whom he governed; and they solicited from him such information as might promote the objects of the Asiatic Society, and prove beneficial to both countries. Captain Cogan took leave, highly gratified by his mission; and said he was convinced the compliment thus paid would be very acceptable to the *Imaum*.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—T. F. Stephens, Esq. in the chair. Various donations of entomological works and of insects, were announced, and thanks returned to the donors thereof. Several new members were elected. Various interesting species of insects were exhibited, including several remarkable varieties of *Argynnis paphia*, by Mr. Ashton; and *Philanthus androgynus*, lately found in Epping Forest, by Mr. Shuckard. Mr. Westwood called the attention of the meeting to the ravages committed upon turnips, broccoli, &c. by a small species of *Aphis* in the market-gardens round London, and which had swarmed to so great an extent as to be highly injurious. It had not been before noticed, and was called by the gardeners a new kind of blight. Various suggestions were made for its destruction, such as limewater, tobacco-water, soap-suds, &c. The memoirs read consisted of, 1. Notices of the entomological proceedings at the meeting of the British Association at Bristol, communicated by the Rev. F. W. Hope. 2. Some account of the habits of various lamellicorn beetles, inhabiting the East Indies, in a letter from W. H. Benson, Esq. to the Rev. W. Kirby. Mr. Sells made some observations upon the new species of silk-worm recently introduced into this country, which, from the small quantity of silk produced, and the brittleness of the thread, he considered would not be a serviceable substitute for the old species. Various other communications were made by different members.

MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

We visited, on the occasion of one of its *fêtes*, the beautiful ruralities of the Beulah Spa, at Norwood. We were prepared for something magnificent, and out of the way; but our experience went far beyond our expectations. The natural advantages of the place alone would be more than sufficient to induce a frequent pilgrimage to it; but when these are combined with its health giving mineral waters, and the elegant amusements provided for the company, it ought and does command a great and well-deserved patronage. This place must be sure to be appreciated; and now, when its foliage is beginning to assume the rich tints of autumn, the view must be beautiful beyond description. Whilst the declining year yet affords time and opportunity of weather, we entreat our friends, for once, to visit this place—to go there repeatedly after, will require no entreaty, either from us, or from any other person.

FOSSILS.—Dr. Klippstein, a German savant, who has been long devoted to geology, and who directs the researches in the environs of Alzei, (a little town of the Rhine Heese,) has lately made a discovery. On digging twenty-eight feet under the soil, near Eppelsheim, and a league from the Alzei, his workmen found a head

of the *Dinotherium giganteum*, in perfect preservation. This is probably the most colossal of all antediluvian animals, and the existence of which was first pointed out by the learned zoologist, Dr. Cuvier. This head is six feet long, and three and a half broad. Near the head was also found a shoulder bone, supposed to belong to the same animal, both of which remains have not been met with elsewhere. Also, at one thousand feet below the surface, in the mines of Anzin, an entire fossil palm tree has been found in an upright position. Its roots pierced the soil to a depth of several feet; its trunk measured thirty-six feet in diameter; and it is to be brought to the Museum of Natural History in the Jardin des Plantes. Professor Gompert, of Breslau, who has long and laboriously sought for a fossil flower among the lignites of Wetteravia, announces that he has at last been successful, having procured one with its anthers covered with pollen, the grains of which may be distinguished.

DIVING APPARATUS.—The use of Dean's diving apparatus has recently been curiously productive off Spithead. An iron forty-two pounder has been fished up from the Royal George; and from between that vessel and the wreck of the Edgar, two handsome brass pieces, a forty-two and an eighteen pounder, and also another iron gun, and part of a third, of the same material. The latter appear to be of great age, (the entire one fourteen feet long,) constructed of thin iron bars, and loaded with stone shot. They appear to have rested on wooden stocks, and to have moved on slides. The brass cannon are of the time of Henry VIII., and weigh, severally, 4377 and 2622 lbs.; the larger bearing the royal arms, with roses and fleurs-de-lis; the smaller the rose only, and inscribed, "Colveryn Bastard."

FRENCH STEAMERS.—A grand French enterprise of steamers in the Mediterranean is nearly completed. Ten of them, each of five hundred tons, and magnificently fitted up on English models, are in the port of Marseilles, ready to commence the service. There are to be two lines, one from Marseilles to Constantinople, the other from Athens to Alexandria. They will intersect each other at the little island of Syra, and exchange passengers and despatches. Between Marseilles and Constantinople they will touch at Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, Naples, Messina, Malta, Syra, and Smyrna. The departures will be so managed that three times per month three steamers, one coming from Marseilles, the second from Constantinople and Smyrna, and the third from Alexandria, will arrive at the central station at Syra; so that a person at Marseilles can receive on the twenty-ninth day an answer to a letter written to Constantinople or Alexandria, while at present forty-five or fifty days are employed in going and returning between Marseilles and either of those places.

IRON SMELTING.—At the late meeting of the British Association in Bristol, Mr. Mushet exhibited some specimens of malleable iron, which he prepared by a peculiar process, and gave an exposition of his views in reference to the theory of smelting as usually conducted. The iron, when first reduced in the upper part of the surface, is in the malleable state, but in its progress downwards is in virtue of exposure to a higher temperature, and the redundancy of charcoal it encounters, converted first into steel, and finally into pig metal. The new process consists in submitting the ore to the action alone which it experiences in the upper part of the furnace—that is, in restraining the heat and furnishing but a limited supply of carbon; and operating by such method, and without the use of lime, he stated that he was able to obtain at once, and by a single process, iron soft enough to be forged into nails.

VALUABLE DIAMOND.—The diamond, the Saucy, the last pledge of friendship given by King Charles IV. to his favourite, is, it is said, likely to be purchased by the French government, who are desirous of having the most valuable collection of diamonds which can be obtained. The government, hitherto, has not offered a very large sum, but it is said that the diamond in question is valued by weight at five hundred thousand francs, and the jeweller's price would be eight hundred thousand francs.

VALUABLE LIBRARIES OF ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS.—The Chapter of the Cathedral at Vercelli, in Piedmont, possesses an extremely rich and precious collection of ancient manuscripts on vellum; and there is a similar library at Novara. They are known to the curious by the notice given of them by the Padre Andrea, but access to these treasures is extremely difficult.

NEWSPAPER STATISTICS.—There are in Spain only 12 newspapers; in Portugal, 17; in Switzerland, 36; in Belgium, 62; in Denmark, 80; in Austria, 82; in Russia and Poland, 84; in Holland, 150; in England, 274; in France, 234; in Prussia, 288; and in the other German States, 305; in Australia, 9; in Africa, 12; in Asia, 27; and in America, 1,138. The number of newspapers published in Europe, is 2,148.

METEOROLOGY.—According to the observations of M. Peltier, the greater part of the clouds of last year were electrical, and almost all of these positively so. This year, almost all the clouds are neutral, and those few which are electric, have the negative fluid. M. Peltier earnestly invites those who possess the opportunities, to extend observations of this nature in mountainous countries.

GERMAN LITERATURE.—The number of works produced annually in Germany is 7,882. In 1828 there were only 5,654; from this time till 1831 about the same. The number of philosophical works has been reduced nearly one-half during the last fifty years, while those relating to trade and manufactures, published in 1786 and 1836 are in the proportion of one to eight. It appears, therefore, that the Germans are, in a great measure, delivered from that mania for philosophical systems which was so rife among them during the two last centuries, and that for the last fifty years the commercial and industrial sciences have occupied the greater part of their attention.

SUBLIME MATHEMATICAL CALCULATIONS.—What a noisy creature would a man be were his voice, in proportion to his weight, as loud as that of a locust! A locust can be heard at the distance of one-sixteenth of a mile. The golden wren is said to weigh but half an ounce; so that a middling-sized man would weigh down not short of 4,000 of them; and it must be strange if a golden wren would not outweigh four of our locusts. Supposing, therefore, that a common man weighs as much as 16,000 of our locusts, and that the note of a locust can be heard one-sixteenth of a mile, a man of common dimensions, pretty sound in wind and limb, ought to be able to make himself heard at the distance of 1,600 miles; and when he sneezed, "his house ought to fall about his ears!" Supposing a flea to weigh one grain, which is more than its actual weight, and to jump one and a half yards, a common man of one hundred and fifty pounds, with jumping powers in proportion, could jump 12,800 miles, or about the distance from New York to Cochín China. Aristophanes represents Socrates and his disciples as deeply engaged in calculations of this kind, around a table on which they are waxing a flea's legs to see what weight it will carry in proportion to its size, but he does not announce the result of their experiments.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

MEMOIRS OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

THE LATE NATHAN MAYER ROTHSCHILD.

The following memoir of this extraordinary man was published in the "Agriculturist," as a more correct one than any which had previously appeared:—

The present object of our remarks was the third son of the late Mayer Anselme Rothschild, of Frankfort-on-the-Maine. Mayer Anselme was intended originally for the priesthood of his persuasion, but was, by desire of his father, placed in a mercantile house in Hanover. This alteration in his early prospects was, to a very strong degree, in opposition to the bias of his own inclinations; but, with the acuteness of the members of his faith, he turned the change to good account, and thus became the founder of the eminent house of Rothschild.

The changes in the dynasties of the princely houses of Germany, which may be traced to the influence of the French revolution of 1792, soon reduced the inferior princes of Germany literally to a state of painful obligation to the leading members of the Hebrew persuasion, who so long had been treated with scorn and contumely in the cities of the European continent.

The progress of civil and foreign warfare on the Continent gave an amazing power to the despised race, who, however, on several occasions, by their actions evinced to their oppressors a great degree of the milk of human kindness; and in many instances, by their probity, obtained the confidence of the chief houses of Germany. In confirmation of these opinions the "*Journal du Commerce*" says that—

"Mayer Anselme, although he did not renounce his taste for science, did his commercial duties with skill and success. The Landgrave, since Elector of Hesse, tried his intelligence and his probity; he trusted several important affairs to him, and appointed him, in 1801, banker to his court. He had not placed his confidence in vain, for he was repaid by immense services. During the domination of Napoleon in Germany his private fortune was saved by the devotedness of his banker. At the same time the house of Rothschild became one of the most celebrated in Germany. M. de Dalburg, in conformity with the intentions of Napoleon, who wished to see the Jews enfranchised, caused M. Rothschild to enter into the electoral college. But after the French had evacuated Germany a re-action took place against that nation, and once more the Jews of Frankfort, whatever their rank or whatever their fortune, were confined to their dirty quarter, and excluded from every public meeting; scarcely has a month passed since one of the Rothschilds obtained admission into the Casino.

"Mayer Anselme died in 1812, leaving for inheritance to his sons not only an immense fortune and unbounded credit, but also the example of his life and wise counsels, which has been religiously followed. He especially recommended them to remain united, and it is sufficiently known whether they followed his advice. After the fall of Napoleon, the system of credit which originated in England became general throughout the Continent, and with that system all its abuses and the mania of loans. The Rothschilds were called to take part in the financial re-organization of Austria. The Austrian effects which they put into circulation in 1823, will remain so until 1840. In the year 1817 Prussia borrowed 13,000,000 from the house of Frankfort. The five brothers have taken part in most of the great financial affairs of France, of England, and almost every country. They have formed among themselves an invincible phalanx. By themselves, or by their agents, they have exercised a great control over the principal places in Europe, and, faithful to their habit, never to undertake anything separately, and to concert all their operations, they have followed one unvaried and identical system. Their power was such, that at one time they were free to make either peace or war."

We have drawn so largely upon the columns of the "*Journal du Commerce*," because we believe that they present a tolerably accurate picture of the early days of the first founder of the gigantic house of Rothschild. However, in this hasty sketch we do not intend to compromise our own private opinions upon the subject. But turning from this necessary digression to the more immediate history of the late Mr. Rothschild, we understand, on pretty good authority, that he was born somewhere about the end of the year 1775, or the early part of the year 1776; consequently he must have about entered his sixtieth year. His education was undoubtedly of a mercantile character; and just at the period when the rage for British prints became prevalent upon the German continent. Mr. Nathan Mayer Rothschild came to this country, and after a short sojourn in London, settled in Manchester, about the end of the year 1799 or the early part of 1800, as a dealer in prints, &c., where he acquired a great deal of confidence from the probity of his conduct. The celebrated Berlin decrees of the year 1808 interrupted his trade; but, with the restless ambition that so particularly distinguished his character, he came to London in the early part of the year 1809, and, in two or three different residences, continued his dealings in the Manchester trade. He finally settled in New Court, St. Swithin's Lane, and gradually withdrew himself from that description of commerce, and entered into the bullion and foreign banking business, which the eventful times, aided by the information that he always received from his brothers, soon fostered into the highest degree of prosperity. About the year 1812-13 his monetary transactions acquired a considerable degree of notoriety. In fact, he rose upon the ashes, as it were, of the Goldsmids, and accumulated an enormous property by the aid that he afforded to Bonaparte in the importation of bullion to France, for which he had a *carte blanche* from Napoleon, and of which it has been hinted that he availed himself to serve the British government. This we state without prejudice. His greatest trial was in the year 1822, when the French crossed the Bidassoa, which event caused a fall in Consols from 84 to 72; had he closed his

concerns at this period, he confessed he should have lost 800,000*l.*, not from the fall in Consols, but from a recent purchase he had made of a million of Spanish Stock. Mr. Rothschild, however, stood his ground, and even the grand crisis of 1824 to 1826 left the house of Rothschild unshaken. The bank notes of England inundated every place; the capitalists rivalled each other as to who should grant the greatest credit. The unexpected changes which took place in the constitutions of Southern America cost immense sums to Europe. In the midst of so many unfavourable circumstances, the house of Rothschild suffered no loss. By a happy chance, no bill of exchange drawn on that house was at that epoch in circulation. The most important houses, such as that of Goldsmid, of London, and M. M. Reichensbach, at Leipsic, failed; two of the richest houses in Frankfort suspended their payments; at Berlin, Benceke was ruined. Well! what has happened? asked, calmly, the Rothschilds. They went through unhurt, the grand financial crisis of the Grand Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt; they supported the still more dangerous recent crisis in Spain; they risked thirteen millions advanced to the government of Ferdinand. It is true that the New Spanish Loan escaped from Lionel, who had left in all haste for Madrid; but the thirteen millions were saved.

Mr. Rothschild's fortune, however, made a most astonishing progress after the peace; and though it has been denied that the resumption of cash payments under the operation of Mr. Peel's Bill increased that gentleman's means of accumulating wealth, it must have given a practical governing power over the foreign exchanges to Mr. Rothschild and his continental correspondents, of which he was too acute a gambler not to avail himself. The monetary operations and the loans which the late Mr. Rothschild entered into with the European powers and the British Government, must be so fresh in the memory of our readers, that we need not recapitulate them; the few joint-stock associations with which he has been connected have been generally successful. It is understood that Mr. Rothschild, when he left this country for the joyous celebration of his eldest son's marriage with his niece, the daughter of Baron Anselme Rothschild, of Frankfort, never was known to leave this capital so lightly engaged throughout the course of his prosperous career. We believe that one of the most eminent discount brokers has stated that at no former period has he known so few of that gentleman's acceptances to be in the market.

We understand, also, that a note has been addressed to the Bank of England, announcing the demise of Mr. Rothschild, and, at the same time, admitting a unity of partnership, so far as foreign banking and money dealings went, between the houses of Rothschild at London, Paris, Vienna, Frankfort, and Naples. This does not, however, imply but that the late capitalist carried on a great deal of independent business, since it is known that he has often speculated in spices, indigo, &c. His transactions on the Stock Exchange have always been immense, and they were so admirably managed, that he has frequently been known to sell a quarter of a million of stock, by employing a number of brokers, before the majority of the members of the Stock Exchange were aware of it, or the cause of the depression; and his operations have often rendered him the terror of the Bears of that house. Previous to and during the panic in Spanish Bonds in the month of May, 1835, he is supposed to have made an enormous sum of money. He was very secret in his operations, and it is supposed that he knew of the escape of Napoleon Bonaparte from Elba twenty-four hours before the British government. It was also his custom for years to keep a fast-sailing lugger on the coast, ready to sail at the shortest notice.

In the year 1806, Mr. Rothschild married Hannah, the third daughter of Levi Barnett Cohen, Esq., a highly-respectable merchant, who has left some much respected scions behind him. The sisters of Mrs. Rothschild married equally well, since one married Simeon Samuels, Esq., and the other Moses Montefiore, Esq. By the union of Mr. Rothschild with Miss Cohen, he has left four sons and three daughters, the eldest daughter having married a son of Baron Anselme Rothschild, of Frankfort, whilst the eldest son married his daughter, whose marriage feast has too soon been changed to a scene of mourning.

In contradiction to many rumours that have been circulated, we learn that the family of the deceased gentleman are fully satisfied with the surgical treatment that he received at the hands of Dr. Cheleus, of the University of Heidelberg, and his assistants, which we believe Mr. Travers confirmed.

There are those who are without the pale of the late Mr. Rothschild's domestic circle that are disposed to speak harshly of his conduct in some instances: this is not a subject for our discussion. We, however, find that, as a husband and a father, his most intimate friends have ever found him to be pre-eminent; and, we

believe, that the faithful attentions of his lady during his painful illness and death-bed affliction, were unceasing. The filial and fraternal affection of his family we cannot fail to notice, and the kindness with which he always maintained as a maxim that it was a duty of parents to make the home of their children happy and grateful to them, will compound for many of his presumed errors. A letter from Frankfort, of July 27, in the Paris papers, says—"On the 27th Mr. Rothschild made his will. That document, it is said, disposes of a private fortune of 50,000,000 of florins, (4,280,000*l.* sterling,) left by the opulent banker. A family consultation took place this morning, and it was agreed that the remains of the deceased should not be interred at Frankfort, although that city be the birth-place and principal seat of the family." This is a matter of mere gossip. We believe, however, that it is something near the mark. He retained his senses to the last moment, and we trust that the noble acts of charity which have distinguished the career of the late fortunate and gifted Rothschild, may avail his spirit at the bar of that bourne from which neither Jew nor Gentile shall return.

The remains of Mr. Rothschild were interred in the Jewish burial-ground in Whitechapel. The carriages of several noblemen and most of the foreign ambassadors attended the funeral procession. When the remains of Mr. Rothschild were landed at the Custom-House Quay, it was discovered that the hearse which was in waiting to convey the deceased gentleman's body to his residence was too small to admit the case which contained it. After considerable delay, and various attempts had been made to alter the hearse without success, a common fish-van was hired, in which the case, containing all that was mortal of the eminent capitalist, was deposited, and conveyed to the deceased's counting-house in the city.

THE LANDGRAVE OF HESSE CASSEL.

The Landgrave Charles of Hesse Cassel died suddenly at the Castle of Louisenbend, in Denmark. He was the oldest Prince in Europe, father-in-law of the King of Denmark, a Field-Marshal, and Governor of the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein. He was in the ninety-second year of his age, being born on the 19th of December, 1744. In 1766, he married the Princess Louisa of Denmark, daughter of Frederick V., and in 1826 celebrated, with that Princess, a matrimonial jubilee of sixty years.

VICE-ADMIRAL LAMBERT.

Vice-Admiral Lambert died lately at Thames Ditton. This officer was Commander-in-Chief of the squadron stationed at St. Helena for the secure detention of Napoleon Bonaparte, and during his command that individual died there on the 5th of May, 1821. The island was afterwards transferred to the East India Company, and the Admiral returned to England, and struck his flag in January, 1822. Captain H. Lambert, a brother of the Vice-Admiral, was killed in command of his Majesty's ship Java, in a severe action with the American frigate Constitution.

Married.—At Edinburgh, John Gilbert Lander, Esq., of Gray's Inn Square, to Eliza Jane, daughter of the late John Duncan, Esq., of Old Meldrum, Aberdeenshire.

At Hampstead Church, Samuel Bush Toller, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law, to Elizabeth Mellor, daughter of Mellor Hetherington, Esq.

At Bishop Sticks, Hunts, the Rev. Charles Pilkington, Rector of Stockton, Warwickshire, to Maria, only daughter of the Rev. Thomas Garner, Prebendary of Winchester Cathedral.

At Dover, Lieutenant-Colonel Bowyer, C.B. to Caroline, daughter of Captain Hopkinson, R.N.

Henry Standish Barry, Esq., son of the late Standish Barry, Esq., of Lemlara House, county of Cork, to Angelina Anne Maria, youngest daughter of the late William Brander, of Morden Hall, Surrey, Esq.

Died.—Emity, the wife of Edward Forster, Esq., Southend, Kent.

At Drylaw, Captain Charles Hope Watson, R.N.

At Hampton Court, in her 88th year, Miss Poplett, sister of the late Earl of Usborge.

At Bath, aged 78, the Right Hon. the Baroness Rayleigh.

At Greenwich, John Pond, Esq.

At Lansdowne House, the Earl of Kerry, in his 26th year.

Hon. Lady Jane Lyon, in her 20th year.

At Datchet, Vice-Admiral Sir John Gore, K.C.B., G.C.H.

Captain Sir Christopher Cole, R.N.

Lieutenant-General Butler, of the Royal Artillery.

At his house, in Tilney Street, Arthur Smith, Esq., in his 84th year.

THE METROPOLITAN.

NOVEMBER, 1836.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Book of Gems. The Poets and Artists of Great Britain.
Edited by S. C. HALL.

This is no Annual. It is something better. Annuals are crowded with the *flowers* of literature. Flowers, though beautiful, are but perishable things—annual, when longest lived; but gems are everlasting—imperishable; they will be as good in the year 1937, as they are in the present year of fine writing and of sin; and all this may be most truly said of the splendid work before us. As far as the letter-press is concerned, in it, nothing is offered to the public that has not passed through the fiery ordeal of criticism, or withstood the corroding tooth of time. In it, the reader will find no sickly sentiment pirated from the last new novel, and manufactured into more sickly rhyme by Ladies Georgiana and Araminta—no chips, and odd ends, and leavings, in prose, of the puff-established popular authors of the day; but good, sterling English poetry, such as a sensible person may not blush to be found reading, which none who read can help remembering, and the quoting of which would be an ornament to any conversation. In this work are collected the choicest morceaux from the works of Addison, Akenside, Armstrong, Barnard, Beattie, Blair, Bloomfield, Brooke, Burns, Chatterton, Churchill, Cotton, Cowper, Cunningham, Darwin, Dyer, Falconer, Gay, Glover, Goldsmith, Gray, Green, Hamilton, Hayley, Hurdis, Jones, Johnson, Langhorne, Lloyd, Lyttleton; but we might go through the alphabet in this manner, and, at almost every letter, find two or three authors ready to fling down their *gems* before the reader. Of the fifty-three exquisite engravings, it is not possible for us to give a list, or a nomenclature of the painters and the artists who have produced them. This book, taken as a whole, is not only a mental, but a manual, triumph. What the painter has so beautifully conceived, the skilful manipulation of the artist has beautifully worked out. In brilliancy of effect, and clearness of touch, we have never seen the engravings of this volume surpassed. Numerous and excellent as they all are, it would really be invidious to make particular mention of any. There is, among them, something that must suit every taste, however fastidious that taste may be. What is technically called the getting up of this volume, is most beautiful and *recherché*. The type

was never excelled, and vellum only could surpass the paper in smoothness, and in that substance which ensures durability. The money expended in producing this work is so enormous, that we will not try the credibility of any one by stating it; but large as it is, judging from the results, we think it has been most excellently applied. This work is equally suited to the drawing-room and the study; and its classical contents entitle it to the free masonry of every library. We do not know a better book for foreigners to purchase, as it contains specimens of the best of our poetical literature. We cannot conclude our remarks, without doing justice to the ability the editor has displayed, not only in selecting the best pieces, but in the judicious and spirited manner with which he has commented on their various authors. We ought, perhaps, to mention, that all the plates are both designed and executed by the best artists of which England can boast.

The Great Metropolis. By the Author of "Random Recollections of the House of Lords." 2 Vols.

There are hundreds of thousands of persons who have resided nearly, or perhaps quite, for the whole of their lives in London, without ever having had the spirit of adventure strongly enough upon them to ascend to the top either of the Monument or of St. Paul's, being content to live like mites in a vast cheese, regardless of everything but getting as large a share of the said cheese, not as they can enjoy, but as they can possess. But these are narrow souls, fit only to burrow in the earth, and by no means such as those that the clever author of this work would address. What St. Paul's or the Monument is, in a physical sense, this work is in a moral one. It enables us to see all that is most worth seeing in our metropolis, to know what is most worth knowing. It brings to our view, without the labour of ascending wearisome flights of circular stairs, but through the medium of rounded periods and well-turned sentences, the grandeur, the vastness, and the vices of London. Yet it is not so much a book of statistics, as of moral observation; for the author has contrived not only to pour his strain of philosophy through the palace and the theatre, but also down the filth-encumbered channels of Drury Lane, and the dirt-piled precincts of St. Giles's. Every one in town should read the work, in order that they may know accurately the kind of Babel that he inhabits, and every one out of town should read it also that, according as he is a disciple of Democritus or Hæraclitus, he may either laugh at the follies or weep over the miseries of, perhaps, the greatest mass of congregated beings in the world. In the first chapter, the author treats of London's general characteristics; he then passes on to the theatres. On this latter subject, notwithstanding two or three trivial mistakes, he is peculiarly happy. We have then one chapter on the clubs, which is interesting and generally authentic it. The author rises, as he walks up-stairs into the hazard-room at Crockford's, nor does he at all sink when he descends into the hells of a minor description, that surround, like so many pits, that great abyss facetiously called "the fishmonger's." The chapter treating on the higher classes is decidedly bad: it is untrue in its general application, and, because it is untrue, unjust to that degree of injustice, that nothing but the purity of the author's motives can extenuate. The sixth chapter, which describes the state of the middle classes, is more fair and far-seeing; and of the seventh chapter, which concludes the first volume, and is devoted to the lower classes, we may say with good old Polonius,—"*'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true.*" The whole of the second volume treats of the

literary doings of the metropolis,—a dangerous subject, that the author has handled with consummate tact,—leaning, however, too much to the laudatory, having, generally speaking, a well-buttered sop to cram into the maw of every throat of this many-headed Cerberus, the fourth estate; and yet the author has scarcely done the different periodicals more than justice. There is merit in all of them; though, certainly, the merits of the “Times,” and those of the “Examiner,” are very different kinds of merit indeed. Notwithstanding the author’s desire to give to each its due share of praise, we feel assured that not one of them will be satisfied; but who will not admire the magnanimity of the man who has thus voluntarily thrust his head into the dens of so many animals, from that of the lion down to the obscene satyr. It is thus that he speaks of the overgrown “Times.”

“The journal which is first entitled to notice is ‘The Times.’ The distinction of being the first journal in the country, will be conceded to it by every one, however much he may differ from it in politics. ‘The Times’ once called itself the Leading Journal of Europe; and it has since been sneered at, at least ten thousand times, for so doing, by its opponents. Perhaps the assumption of the title by itself, was not in the best possible taste; but few who know anything of what Sir Robert Peel once called the ‘Journalism’ of Europe, will dispute the justice of its claims to it. For the last twenty years and upwards, during which it has been under the control of Mr. Barnes, it has exercised an influence over the destinies of England such as no other journal ever exercised in this or in any other country. It is not to be denied that it has often represented rather than created public political sentiment; but it is equally true, it has frequently given a tone to public opinion, and a stimulus to public action, on questions of the greatest importance, on which the public mind had been asleep before its voice of thunder was heard. And what no less strikingly attested the power of ‘The Times’ in many of the instances to which I refer, was the wonderfully short time in which its articles produced their intended effect. I recollect that on various occasions the public mind, not only in the metropolis, but throughout the country, has, through its instrumentality, evinced the most intense interest on questions which, but a few weeks previously, no one even thought of, much less talked about.”

After this the author tells us of the abuse lavished on this paper, and the resolutions passed against it, and thus proceeds:—

“Well, and what then? Why, the assemblage have no sooner dispersed from Vite Condict ‘Us,’ (White Conduit House,) Mr. Savage’s ‘Circus Street Institution,’ or wherever they may have met, than they hasten to the coffee-rooms they respectively ‘use,’ and in gruff tones, throwing at the same time their twopence-halfpenny on the table, holloa out—‘A cup of coffee, slice of bread and butter, and ‘The Times.’”

“It is the same with others in the middle classes of society, who are in the habit of denouncing ‘The Times.’ They also heartily abuse it, and say it ought to be read by no respectable person, at the very moment they are themselves devouring its contents with the utmost voracity. Cobbett was a striking instance of this. The staple matter of his Register, as every one knows who was in the habit of reading it, consisted, sometimes for many consecutive weeks, of the richest specimens of abuse of ‘The Times.’ He excelled all men I ever knew in the art of abuse. When abusing ‘The Times’ he excelled himself. There were a mingled consciousness and cordiality in his vituperation of that journal, which showed that his whole soul was thrown into it: it seemed, indeed, to be ‘marrow to his bones.’ And yet he was a regular reader of ‘The Times;’ it was the first journal he called for in the morning; and it was often the only one he read. I recollect feeling very much surprised one morning I had occasion to be in his house before nine o’clock, not only to see that the ‘Bloody Old Times,’ as, in his own coarse way, he used to call it, was on the table on which he was writing, but that it was the only journal in the house.”

We will now quote a little of the history of the paper.

"*The Times*' was established in 1788. For a long period it was inferior in circulation and influence to '*The Morning Chronicle*,' then under the management of Mr. James Perry. It was not until after the peace of 1815, that '*The Times*' began to take the lead among the daily papers of England. It soon after established its claim to the title, which it subsequently appropriated to itself, of being the leading journal of Europe. Mr. Walter, the father of the present Mr. Walter, was for many years the principal proprietor of the paper. That gentleman also took an active part in its general management. His son, the Member for Berkshire, was the principal contributor of leading articles to it during some of the most eventful years of the war with France. Dr. Stoddart, now Sir John Stoddart, the Governor of Malta, conducted '*The Times*' for several years, ending in 1815 or 1816, when the extreme virulence of his attacks on Napoleon Bonaparte was such, that the proprietors saw the expediency of putting an end to his engagement. So annoyed did Bonaparte, when in the zenith of his power, feel at some of Dr. Stoddart's attacks, that he caused the question to be submitted to some of the leading counsel in the English bar, whether he could proceed against the journal for various articles which he pronounced the grossest libels. Dr. Stoddart, in 1817, started '*The New Times*,' with the double view of opposing '*The Times*,' and still further wilying Napoleon. The result is well known: '*The New Times*' promised well for some time, but then began gradually to decline. It eventually expired, and '*The Morning Journal*,' conducted by Mr. Alexander, late editor of '*The Liverpool Standard*,' arose, phoenix-like, from its ashes. Its term of existence, however, was of much shorter duration than that of its predecessor—it only lived two or three years. It ceased in 1830,—its circulation having fallen so low as nine hundred copies.

"Mr. Barnes, the present editor of '*The Times*,' succeeded Dr. Stoddart. Mr. Barnes had previously, in 1810 I think, brought himself into favourable notice by a series of sketches of some of the leading public characters of that period, which appeared in '*The Examiner*,'—then the property and under the editorship of the late Mr. John Hunt, brother of Mr. Leigh Hunt. These sketches by Mr. Barnes were afterwards republished in a detached form, and excited much interest from the vigour of their style, and the general accuracy of the author's estimate of the intellectual and political characters of the personages of whom he spoke. Since Mr. Barnes' first connexion with '*The Times*' as editor—he had previously been a reporter—he has, up to the present time, had the entire conduct of the paper. I have seen various statements of his supposed salary as editor. The sum most frequently mentioned is twelve hundred guineas; but it is, I believe, all guess-work, even with those who speak most confidently on the subject. He is understood to have, some years since, become one of the proprietors.

"Captain Stirling has often been mentioned as one of the editors of '*The Times*,' and sometimes as the principal editor. There is not the slightest truth in the report. He has not, and never had, any control whatever over its columns; nor does he ever go to the office. The only connexion he is understood to have with '*The Times*,' is that of having for some years past contributed occasional articles; for which he is said to receive a higher rate of remuneration than was ever paid in any other case for newspaper contributions. It is stated with much confidence, by some parties who affect to be conversant with the most secret arrangements in the leading newspaper offices, that Captain Stirling receives one thousand guineas per annum for the articles he contributes to '*The Times*.' This, like the amount of the salary of Mr. Barnes, is all conjecture. No one either knows the sum he receives or the number of articles he contributes. Perhaps there is no newspaper-office in London, of the private arrangements of which less is known than of those of '*The Times*' office.

"Mr. Alsager, brother of Captain Alsager, Member for the Eastern division of Surrey, has for many years supplied the city article of '*The Times*.' Those who know him intimately give him credit for having a more thorough knowledge of our monetary system and financial regulations than any man alive. If private report speaks truth, he has, by means of his articles in '*The Times*,' on more than one occasion, saved the Directors of the Bank of England from some serious errors, and the country from the consequences of their blunders. I have heard Mr. Alsager's salary, for his contributions to '*The Times*,' stated by some at seven hundred, and by others at eight hundred guineas per annum. I believe the amount of his remuneration is somewhere about either of these sums."

There is still much more said on the same subject; but we must re-

frain from further extract. That this work will become a valuable addition to our literature, and one equally interesting to foreigners as to ourselves, it would be almost a folly to doubt. That it will meet with severe strictures from ultraism on either hand, we know will be its fortune, and its commendation also.

The Continent in 1835. Sketches in Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Savoy, and France, and Statements relative to the existing Aspect of the Protestant Religion in those Countries. By JOHN HOPPUS, M.A., Professor of the Philosophy of the Human Mind and Logic in the University of London.

This talented and learned gentleman, the author of the above work, deeply imbued with the vital and eternal importance of Scripture truths, made what may be called, in one sense, a theological tour over the greatest part of the continent, visiting numerous villages, towns, and cities, earnestly inquiring after the progress of the gospel in whatever part he directed his steps. Upon a review of the whole excursion, he sees nothing that should warrant despair in the mind of the enlightened and evangelical Christian. He finds that, even in those districts that deism and infidelity might once have claimed as their strongholds, the people have begun to hunger after something more substantial than the sophistries of mere human philosophy, and to tremble at the awful idea of annihilation after death. But the crying evil that most afflicts Mr. Hoppus is, that as Papistry has always been the nursing mother of infidelity, so, on the other hand, those who have become horrified at infidelity, instead of seeking the pure waters of Christ, rush into the opposite extreme, and, from believing nothing, believe everything, and embrace Romanism, with all its mummeries of relics, pardons, and indulgences. There is one thing that has much surprised us personally. When we have spoken to any enlightened English Roman Catholic of the absurdities of the Romish faith, its gross superstitions of doctrine, and its still grosser impositions upon the ignorance of the multitude, he will never admit them. Is then, we ask him, this, which follows, true?

"On the day of our arrival at Liege, we were witnesses to one of those pieces of superstition, the frequency of which, in these Catholic countries, every Christian philanthropist must deplore. The whole of that district of the city which is near the church of St. James appeared in motion; and great numbers were flocking toward this point from all quarters: infants were drawn in their cots, and sometimes three generations were seen in companies. The church was full of people: about fifty persons at a time knelt without the rails of an altar; and within stood a priest, who slightly and rapidly touched the eyes of each individual, with a sort of box, or ring, which was fastened on his finger, and which he wiped, every time, with a cloth. The ring was held to every person to kiss, and this precious relic was said to be no other than the 'true' and 'veritable' eye of St. Odilia, enclosed under glass, in a gold case, and pronounced to be an infallible cure for sore eyes! Once a year, on this day,—the festival of the saint,—all come to this ceremony who have bad eyes, or who are anxious to avoid having them. The guide who led us to the church said that he had formerly received the application;—though quite a youth, the poor fellow seemed perfectly priest-ridden; and when he told us some strange stories about miracles and relics, we found it impossible to shake his belief, and were obliged to leave him fully persuaded of the supernatural virtues of St. Odilia's 'veritable eye!'

"Here, as usual, the poor deluded devotee was obliged immediately to pay for a supposed benefit: an acolyte carrying the never-forgotten money-box, followed the priest, and every person contributed a coin. It would require more than an ordinary degree of charity—not to have the impression that this was a shocking spectacle

of extortion and imposture. At the west end of the church they were bringing buckets of water from the ground-floor of the tower, and selling it in tumblers and bottles. A woman, on being asked what this meant, replied that it was some of the *eau bénite de Sainte Odile*, *bonne pour les yeux, et bonne pour la purification de l'asthme*:—they were giving it to several very young children; whose minds are thus enlaved by superstition, at the moment when reason dawns! It was humiliating to behold the degradation of the human intellect, in this ridiculous affair; and it was yet more painful to reflect on the deeper moral mischief it involved. We thought the priest did not appear quite comfortable, as we stood gazing, with a variety of emotions, on this piece of folly. Surely this rubbing is more likely to communicate diseases of the eye, than to cure them. It was a relief to turn away from this impious farce, to notice the stained windows, and the coloured ceiling of the church."

And if true, what has the English Catholic gentleman to say in its defence? Is it not a mocking of the Deity on the steps of his own altar? Do the immediate bishops of the district, or does the Pope, interfere to put a stop to this infamous cheat? If the person we address abjures and disintegrates himself from all this, we tell him plainly that he is no longer a Roman Catholic, and that he has much to be thankful for.

Merely as a book of travels, this volume will be found most instructive, and nothing could be better than the moral reflections to which the scenery which has surrounded the author, has given birth. There is also a rapid, but clear and energetic history of each country visited, given with impartiality and elegance. Two volumes more instructive than these cannot be produced, and hardly any, notwithstanding the serious tone of their remarks, more amusing. The only thing about them which we can possibly construe into anything objectionable, is the too liberal tone of the author's politics; but his opinions on this subject are seldom intruded; and we are sorry to say, that this will be held as no fault in a vast body of those who are likely to read the work. We call earnest attention to the vivid representation of the cankered heart of Parisian society, to be found in the last volume—the sure, but dreadful fruits of looseness of opinions on religious subjects.

The Desultory Man. By the Author of "Richelieu," "The Gipsy," &c. 3 vols.

Mr. James stands deservedly amongst the first of the popular writers of the day, and in the work before us he has not only justified, but enhanced, his reputation. This production consists of a ground-work, or to speak more properly, of a column of chaste design and elegant proportions upon which he has festooned his various and brilliant bouquets, in the form of independent tales. "The Desultory Man" is an autobiographical hero, a second son, and doated on by his mother, his father having died during the infancy of the hero. He is a spoilt child; and, upon the death of his elder brother, he becomes the heir-apparent of twelve hundred pounds per annum, and the actual possessor of the sovereignty of his maternal home, the lady having remarried a wealthy banker. This banker, a Mr. Somers, had, like Jephthah, one fair daughter, whom he loved passing well, and whom the "Desultory Man" contrives to love much better. But being a desultory, which, when closely scrutinized, means really a foolish man, having won the young lady's affections, (by-the-bye, this Emily Somers is a sweet delineation of female, moral, and physical loveliness,) he insists upon her keeping their betrothment secret, for no better reason that we can gather, than the pleasure of seeing the mouths of so many disappointed foxes watering for the forbidden

grapes; and this concealment is so effectually preserved, that neither the father nor the mother of the respective parties entertain the least suspicion on the subject. Consequently the good man sees nothing unreasonable in promising a half-caste Jew, the son of a Jew bullionsaire, his interest in bestowing upon him the hand of his daughter. Indeed, a sort of contingent bargain was made upon the subject. Now this Jew rival is a sort of a Hebrew Adonis, half bandit and half dandy, and his name is Alfred Wild, and he is nearly as deep as his namesake, the far-famed Jonathan of Newgate celebrity. At twenty-one years of age, to a day, the "Desultory Man" asks Emily of her father; this, for the moment, is a check upon the worthy banker that he cannot readily meet; but he compounds with his conscience, and he stops for the present the ceremony, only giving his consent, providing that he will absent himself six months on the continent, in order that the Jew may make love to Emily unmolested, so that he may duly receive from the lady herself the preconceived refusal. This endeavour to do the Jew had, in the sequel, very disastrous consequences. In the meantime James Young, in all the plenitude of desultoriness, goes idling about the continent, and is supposed to pick up the many interesting tales that form the principal material of the three volumes. They are all good, many excellent, and some of them exquisite. We are not going to give, in an extract, one of the best of these, for alas! the weekly and daily periodicals have been before us, as well in these friendly robberies, as in deserved commendations; but from the following, the reader may form some judgment of the playful style of the narrative.

"LA GALETTE.

"Hunger, that most domineering of all tyrants, took advantage of our ramble so badly as badly; and though we had not neglected to satisfy his morning demands, before we set out from Dieppe, he contrived to force us into a dirty little cottage at Arques, which the people called 'l'Auberge!' It was the strangest combination of kitchen, and pigsty, and hen-roost, that ever I saw.

"Cooking and cackling and grunting, were all going on at once when we arrived, and some of the joint produce was offered for our luncheon, in form of a dish of eggs and onions swimming together in lard. The people of the house seemed to consider this mess as the acmé of cookery; but in spite of sundry epithets bestowed upon it, such as *charmant*, *délicieux*, &c., we had had taste enough to prefer some plain boiled eggs, whose friendly shells had kept them from all contamination.

"I suppose that particular dishes become as it were national property, because they are so nasty that no one can eat them, except those who are brought up to it; but certainly when our mouths have been seasoned to any of these national messes in our youth, everything else seems flat, stale, and unprofitable. They are so intimately combined with all our recollections, that, in after years, they form no small link in that bright chain of memory which binds our affection so strongly to the days of our infancy.

"It is all very bathetic and gross I know, but, nevertheless, salt salmon and peas to a Fleming, gruyere to a Swiss, or barley broth and oatmeal porridge to a Scot, will do more to call up old and sweet remembrances of home and happiness, and early days, than the most elaborate description. But all this is nothing to the power which a *galette* has morally and physically upon a native of Brittany.

"I do not mean to speak anything profanely, but had Eve been a Bretonne, Satan might have offered her an apple to all eternity. She would not have said *thank you* for it. Nay, had it been a whole apple-pie, she would but have turned up her nose, and we might all have been in Paradise up to this present one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven. He might have prated about knowledge too, as long as he liked; it would not have made any difference, for the Bretonnes have seen no blue stockings since Madame de Sevigné's time, and I never could find ten of them that knew the difference between London and Pekin, or that wished to know it. But if the tempter had offered her a *galette*, good-bye, Paradise! She could never have withstood it. She would but have bargained for a little milk, and a piece of butter, and gone out as quietly as my fire is doing at this moment.

"But it may be necessary to explain what sort of a thing a *galette* is; the receipt is as follows:

"Take a pint of milk or a pint of water, as the case may be, put it into a dirty earthen pan, which has never been washed out since it was made; add a handful of oatmeal, and stir the whole round with your hand, pouring in meal till it be of the consistency of hogwash. Let the mess stand till next morning, then pour it out as you would do a pancake, upon a flat plate of heated iron, called a *galetier*; ascertain that it be not too hot, by any process you may think fit. In Brittany they spit upon it. This being placed over a smoky wood-fire, will produce a sort of tough cake, called a *galette*, which nothing but a Breton or an ostrich can digest.

"In this consists the happiness of a Breton, and all his ideas somehow turn upon this. If you ask a labouring man where he is going, he answers, '*Manger de la galette*!' If it rains after a drought they tell you, '*Il pleut de la galette*;' and the height of hospitality is to ask you in '*pour manger de la galette*.'

"I remember a curious exemplification of what I have said above, which occurred to me during a former residence in Brittany. All orders of monks except that of La Trappe, having been long abolished in France, it is very rare ever to meet with any, except when some solitary old devotee is seen crossing the country upon a pilgrim's grimage, and then he is always distinguished by the 'cockle hat and staff,' under which insignia he passes unquestioned, being considered as *bon*, as *moreau* the folks would say. However, as I was passing one day through Evran, I was surprised to see a regular Capuchin, walking leisurely through the streets without any symptoms of pilgrimage about him. He was a very reverend-looking personage, clad in his long dark robes, with his cowl thrown back upon his shoulders, and his high forehead and bald head meeting the sun unshrinkingly, as an old friend whom they had been accustomed to encounter every day for many a year. His long beard was as white as snow, and a single lock of hair on his forehead marking where the tonsure had ended, made him look like an old Father Time turned Capuchin.

"He was a native of Brittany, I learnt, and had quitted his convent during the revolution; not, indeed, with any intention of breaking the vow he had taken, as of abandoning the mode of life he had chosen: but it was in order to seek an asylum in some foreign country for himself and his expelled brethren. This he found in Italy, and now, after a thirty years' absence, he had returned under a regular passport to sojourn for a while in his own land.

"The motives for such a man's return puzzled me not a little. The ties between him and the world were broken. Memory and early affections, I thought, could but have small hold on him: or was it because the past was so contrasted with the present, that it had become still dearer to remembrance?

"It was not long before I found means to introduce myself to him, and discovered him to be both an amiable and intelligent man. After some conversation, my curiosity soon led me to the point. 'It is a long way to travel hither from Italy, father,' said I, 'and on foot.'

"'I have made longer journeys, and for a less object,' replied he.

"'True,' I went on, 'this is your native land, and whither will not the laws of our country lead us?'

"The Capuchin smiled, 'I did not come for that,' said he.

"'Probably you had relations or friends whom you remembered with affection,' I added; my curiosity more excited than ever.

"'None that I know of,' replied the monk.

"'You think me very inquisitive,' said I.

"'Not in the least,' he answered; 'I am very willing to satisfy you.'

"'Then let me ask you,' I continued, 'if you came hither for some great religious object?'

"'Alas! no, my son,' he replied. 'You give me credit for more zeal or more influence than I possess.'

"'Yet, surely, you had some motive for coming all this way on foot,' said I, putting it half as a question, half as an established position.

"'Oh, certainly,' he replied, 'I had a motive for my journey, and one that is sufficient to a native of Brittany. But it was not from any great religious or any great political motive; nor was it either to see my country, my family, or my friends.'

"'Then for what, in the name of heaven, did you come?'

"'Fear *manger de la galette*,' replied the monk.

In the style of Mr. James, there is often a great approximation to that of Sterne, when the latter is neither half-mad, nor wholly indecent. We meet often, in the work before us, with those sudden and touching passages in which nature goes straight to the heart, as well as the delicately implied humour, and the well-marked assault of wit that characterise the author of "*Tristram Shandy*." But we must make haste to shorten our notice. The hero, after recording several stories similar to the one that we have quoted, is suddenly roused from his state of apathy, first by a duel, and then, when on the bed of sickness, the consequence of his pugnacity, by the news of the death of his mother, and the probable loss of his Emily. His servant, who had formerly been the valet of his rival, is treacherous, and sends home such a naughty account of his master, as to kill that master's mother, and estrange from him the affections of his love. He posts over to England, and arrives just in time to have one exciting interview with the lady, and to pitch the Jew down stairs. The Jew challenges him, and notwithstanding a warning from Emily, that she will never marry a man that kills another in a duel, James Young goes forth and shoots him. As love introduced him to folly, folly introduced him to madness, and it is some time before he recovers the senses of which he formerly made so ill a use. For a long time afterwards, like Nicholas the bookseller, he saw an optical illusion in the countenance of the slain Alfred Wild. He then begins another kind of sentimental journey through some of the least visited and most interesting parts of the continent—much to the benefit and amusement of the reader. We have also many more tales and anecdotes. At length, towards the conclusion of the third volume, these pleasant things are wound up rather suddenly, at the little town of St. Martin, among the Pyrenees. Alfred Wild is now discovered at the inn really dead. He has been murdered by the false servant, who had spread so much ruin by giving the false accounts that brought on all the misfortunes of the Desultory Man. Alfred Wild and his father had concealed the resuscitation of the former, in order to annoy and distress James Young, and to force Emily to a marriage. Mr. Somers is afterwards a bankrupt, though ultimately he pays everybody, and saves a little property. The hero finds them in the neighbourhood, everything is explained, and, just before the old banker dies, at his request, the marriage between his step-son and daughter takes place. The whole is concluded by a most exciting and melancholy story of the *last*, as yet, French revolution, entitled, "*The History of the French Artisan*." We endeavour thus to give a general, though necessarily vague, account of these meritorious volumes. They will be found to be, on perusal, more than ordinarily amusing, and not a little instruction will be imbibed with the sensations of pleasure that must accompany the reader throughout the work.

The Student's Cabinet Library of useful Tracts.

Hitherto these have been strangers to us, and now we only know of their existence by two brothers of the family appearing before us of the mature ages of nineteen and twenty, eighteen of the numbers having, it appears, been previously published. They are welcome, late though they be. They have also afforded us much amusement, though of a painful nature, for it is very possible to be amused and pained at the same time. No. Nineteen consists of Professor Hitchcock's "*connexion between Geology and the Mosaic account of the creation*." The professor says that the Jewish lawgiver's version of the creation is strictly consistent with the science of geology, provided that he will give way a little, and allow his text to be modified in a *trifling* manner. Mr. Hitchcock thinks, that,

as there can be no errors of transcription or of the press in the different strata of the earth, and the arrangement of the fossil remains, that the book written by divine inspiration, and which must therefore be wholly and undeniably true, ought to be altered a little here and there, to make Revelation and geology tally. He suggests these alterations, and then, with religion on one hand, and geology on the other, he slides on as smoothly and rapidly, all the way down hill of course, as a losing gamester out of his estate. Well, when the professor has thus concluded, with satisfaction to himself in the nineteenth number, in the twentieth up rises, somewhat in ire, the professor Moses Stewart, and knocks down, with his philological club, all the fine-spun and lofty hypotheses of his geological brother professor. Mr. Stewart, with much Hebrew, and still more indignation, asserts that the account we have in Moses must be accepted in its plain and common-sense view, and that God did truly create out of nothing, in six days, of twenty-four hours each, the whole of the earth, and the materials of which the earth was formed, about six thousand years ago; and, let there be as many fossils produced as would build the tower of Babel, that man was the first created animal on this earth which we inhabit. With a dignified candour, Mr. Stewart confesses that he knows nothing about geology, and he insinuates that every one else is in the same blissful state of ignorance as himself on the subject, when they assert anything not consistent with philology. How dare you, says this philological professor, judge, weigh, and endeavour to correct a Hebrew text by geology, infidels, and half-infidels as you, not perceiving that, at the very same time, he is prejudging and condemning geology by the Hebrew text? They have nothing to do with each other, and he was a fool who first mingled them together. Will people never remember the divine maxim of "render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and to God the things which are God's."

The History of Brazil, from the Period of the Arrival of the Braganza Family in 1808 to the Abdication of Don Pedro I. in 1831; compiled from State Documents and other Original Sources, forming a Continuation to Southey's History of the Country. By JOHN ARMITAGE, Esq. 2 Vols.

We have read these volumes with a deep and painful interest; for in them we see proofs still more convincing, if proofs were wanted, of how little conducive to public happiness and national prosperity, is the too great control of popular opinion over the executive, let the form of government be whatever it may. The historical epoch contained in this work is nothing but a chronicle of jealousies, dissensions, and insurrections,—the people discontented, and the monarch, at first idolized, when he administered to the passions and the weaknesses of his subjects, and afterwards, when concession after concession produced in them insolence and extortion, almost execrated, and, finally, driven to abdicate. This portion of the history of Brazil is an ambitious undertaking; and, though we do not think it quite equal in style to Southey's, to which this would be a continuation, in information, in impartiality, and that many-sidedness so necessary to an historical work, we think it may fairly be placed alongside its precursor. We would willingly give an extract from this work, did we think it would be of essential service to its author, but, as his strength consists principally in the unimpeachableness of his facts, and in the closeness of their arrangement, and not at all in the brilliancy of his manner in relating them, we might be doing him an injustice whilst we meant to benefit. Not that we would have it thought, for a single moment, that his language is faulty or his sentences ill-con-

structed ; we only mean to say, and we say it under correction, that the author's style has not all that polished majesty that the importance of history has a right to demand. It is certainly the best chronicle of the epoch that it has recorded, and as such we recommend it to general attention.

Speech of William Clay, Esq., M.P. on Moving for the Appointment of a Committee to inquire into the Operation of the Act permitting the Establishment of Joint Stock Banks.

Though this is but a pamphlet, it is a most important one. Every day we feel more and more that we are labouring under the grievance of an inadequate circulation ; a circulation neither sufficient in its quantity, nor trustworthy in its quality. Every fresh inlet for the pouring paper money into circulation is virtually a repeal of Sir Robert Peel's bill, whether that inlet be made through Joint Stock Banks, or by any other means ; and, as this will always bring the price of bullion above the standard value, the Bank of England being obliged to pay in the precious metals, will, to defend themselves, do what they are now doing, limit their issues, and thus hamper all our commercial transactions. As matters now stand, it appears to us, that ultimately these joint stock companies must either ruin the Bank, or force a repeal of Sir Robert Peel's bill ; therefore, we ought not to blame the Bank directors, if they would rather that other parties should be ruined than themselves ; for to hope for the repeal of the bill would be futile. Already, no one can doubt, but that five sovereigns are worth more abroad than a five-pound note ; that this will shortly be the case at home, we have too much reason to apprehend. But Mr. Clay's pamphlet treats of the most judicious manner of bringing this about, and he advocates that the supply of our deficient circulation should be from joint stock banks, the members or partners of which should be liable, in case of failure, to the amount only of their subscriptions, and not to the extent of their fortunes ; but to secure the public, the capital of the bank must be wholly paid up, and its accounts published annually or half-yearly. This plan is better than that of unlimited liability ; the reasons of which it would be too long to state in this notice ; but though this plan is good, it is not the best. In our opinion, there should either be no legislation at all on the subject, and the trading in money should be as free as that in butter or bacon, or the government only, ought to have the power of coining ; in other words, of producing tokens of value, be they either of paper or of metals. Let us be wholly taken care of, or let us wholly take care of ourselves in our money transactions. By the present imperfect laws, there is just so much appearance of security given as to betray us. Joint stock banks will break, legislate upon them as we will. However, every mercantile man is bound to study this pamphlet ; indeed, every person who is so respectable as to draw a check should be acquainted with it. Mr. Clay will make many converts.

Catechism of the Currency and the Exchanges. A new edition enlarged ; to which is prefixed, the Case of the Industrious Classes briefly Stated. By JOHN TAYLOR, Author of "Junius Identified."

This very able work should be read in connexion with the foregoing ; the reader will then perceive that Mr. Clay wishes to reform the hand,

Mr. Taylor the head,—the former to improve the servant, the latter the master. We have formerly spoken in praise of this work; we will not repeat the terms, but we will merely put this question to all persons;—supposing that some one who was apparently deserving of credit informed another, that he was daily robbed by his servant of a few shillings, would not the person warned immediately set about the most minute inquiry? What then shall we say of a nation that is yearly robbed of many, many millions, being the value of the excess of their exports over that of their imports, being told of this astounding fact, and yet her governors and her legislators dozing quietly over the information? That there is too much reason to suppose this to be the case, a perusal of this work will establish.

Gymnasium sive Symbola Critica; intended to Assist the Classical Student in his Endeavours to Attain a Correct Latin Prose Style.
abridged. By the Rev. ALEXANDER CROMBIE, LL.D., F.R.S., and
 M.R.S.L.

This work ought to be familiar to every reader studying the Latin language, and a severe attention to it cannot fail to improve the style of any one who wishes to express himself in his own language with purity and elegance. It consists principally of nice distinctions between words nearly synonymous, but which cannot be accurately used in the same sense in various predicaments. After stating the different distinctions, there is always a subsequent exercise, in which the student may apply them correctly. So well is this work completed, that had it been written in Latin nearly two thousand years ago, it would have been a valuable acquisition to Rome in the Augustan age, and its classical writers convicted by it of a few errors. In the simplicity of our hearts we cannot help thinking that it would have been more generally useful than it is now. This volume could not have been produced without a combination of first-rate talent with the deepest erudition. But as it is a work very widely known, we may be excused for not dwelling longer on the subject, but commend it to its deserved reputation.

On the Disease of the Hip Joint, with Plain and Coloured Plates.
 By WILLIAM COULSON, Consulting Surgeon to the London Lying-in Hospital, &c. &c. &c.

The thousands of lives that have been sacrificed by persons held to be fully competent in general practice, but who have neither had the time nor could gain the experience necessary to the study of occult and particular diseases, should make the public grateful to those benefactors of the human race who, like Mr. Coulson, devote their talents to the elucidation of a specific disease. We had almost said, after a careful perusal of this work, that science had nothing more to demand on the subject on which it treats. Though we use the authoritative we, the opinion expressed in this short notice is that of a physician, than whom a more enlightened judge does not exist. The plates will be found of a very superior description, and we hold it to be a duty of every practitioner to make himself acquainted with this publication; for there is no excuse for those who stumble on in the dark when the light is offered to them.

The Old World and the New; or a Journal of Reflections and Observations made on a Tour in Europe. By the Rev. ORVILLE DEWEY, late of New Bedford, U. S. 2 Vols.

With the tour, strictly so called, the English reader will be but little interested. The description that the author has given us of localities, both on the continent and at home, will be found, though animated and elegantly narrated, to have nothing like novelty to recommend it. The most striking features in the work, are certainly the "author's reflections and observations," and to which we should wish to call the general attention. We never before met with a republican so ardent, and, at the same time, so liberal and so graceful. With intrepidity quite uncommon in controversial subjects, and subjects at the same time political, he admits all the weaknesses and the errors of his countrymen, and the unhappy results of the faults of the constitution under which they live; yet, notwithstanding their mob domination—their wholesale practices of lawless law, and the surprising strides that the whole fabric of their society appears to be making towards disorganisation, we do not mean to minute masses, but into large portions of adverse interests, Mr. Dewey still believes that the Americans are living under the most perfect form of government now existing—a belief certainly very honourable in an American. He accounts for all transatlantic evils and crimes, by stating, that the American republic is in a state of transition. It is so—but it is progressing to what? To the greatest state of perfection to which human institutions can arrive, he asserts. For the sake of humanity we hope; of what our reason bids us doubt. There can be no public happiness without repose, and no repose under the sway of democracy; for, after all, when the matter is sifted thoroughly, what is democracy but the collision and contention of many little tyrants in order to establish one great tyranny. But this is not a place in which to endeavour to confute the notions of this amiable gentleman. Adverse as we are to tread on politics, we cannot help liking him for the benevolent and Christian tone of his work; and we, hardened as we are against all attempts of writers to take our feelings by surprise, felt a thrill all over us, when we found this gentle American so unaffectedly and warm-heartedly hailing England as his *Father-land*. For very many and cogent reasons, we recommend this work, and the author will be not the less respected by an Englishman for the love of the domestic hearth, and the manner in which he thus concludes his two excellent volumes. "May 22.—Land! land! Were there ever four letters that expressed so much as these four? Yes, there are four letters that express more—the four that spell—*home*."

History of Southern Africa, comprising the Cape of Good Hope, Mauritius, Seychelles, &c. By MONTGOMERY MARTIN, F.R.S.

This work, in one neatly bound volume, is an acquisition to our geographical and statistical literature. It gives a clear and succinct account of all that is most necessary to be known of the places of which it treats, in a style at once clear, easy, and unaffected. We have every reason to believe that this portion of the globe is rising rapidly into importance, and that, as yet, its vast resources are only beginning to be appreciated. We would recommend this work for the use of the school-room, whether in public seminaries or private families.

Zohrab, or the Hostage. By JAMES MORIER, Esq.

This highly-popular novel is now reprinted in one volume, and forms the fifty-fourth number of the "Standard Novels." Though the last in the list, at present, it stands among the very first in merit. The whole tone of the work is completely Persian; and it has everything of the truth of history about it, excepting in mere matters-of-fact. It can be very well understood that a person may accurately describe the manners, feelings, and costumes of a people, and yet not one of the incidents upon which he hangs all these relations be true, and this fabrication may give one a better idea of the nation, than a mere dry detail of absolute facts. There is a great deal of humour in this tale, as well as the boldest delineations of morals and of character. Nor are the events recorded so widely errant from truth, as to make those well versed in Persian history start. The frontispiece and the vignette title-page of this volume are exceedingly well executed; so well, indeed, that we look upon it as a matter of justice to record the painter and the engraver, the former of whom is Mr. Cause, the latter Mr. Greathatch. Very few people care to read a novel twice, ourselves among the number; yet when we took up this "Zohrab," may his father's grave be defiled! so fascinating did we find the record of his actions, that, much to our after annoyance, we could not again quit the book until we had fairly read it through, even from its Alpha to its Omega, and found ourselves the next day, when a friend called and asked us, "How we did?" answering, "I am your sacrifice—well."

Observations on the Curiosities of Nature. By the late WILLIAM BIRT, Esq. of Plymouth, Devon, Author of "Rambles in London," "Reflections on Banks," &c.

This is the most discursive volume with which we have lately met. The contents of it are, however, generally good. The book is edited by the author's nephew, T. Seymour Birt, Esq., M.R.S., M.R.A.S., &c. of the Bengal Engineers, and this gentleman has done his work creditably. It would be impossible, without writing a work as large as the one that we are noticing, to remark upon the numerous essays, much over one hundred, that it contains. We can only say generally, that they are written in an amiable and Christian spirit; that the author never speaks upon a subject without being fully acquainted with it in all its bearings, and that he has produced an excellent book for desultory reading. If we were compelled to mention a fault, we should say that, at times, the author appears to be a little too credulous.

Lessons for the Heart, selected from the best Examples for the Improvement of Young Persons. By the Author of "The Odd Volume," "Cabinet of Youth," &c. &c.

This is only a selection, but it is a good one, every portion of which is directed to the eradicating of some vice, or the implanting of some virtue. It is very handsomely got up, and though it has no pretensions to the splendour of an Annual, it would form a very elegant gift at this season of the year to youths of either sex. Our commendation of it, though brief, is sincere.

A History of British Quadrupeds. By THOMAS BELL, F.R.S., F.L.S.,
Lecturer of Comparative Anatomy at Guy's Hospital.

This third number is a most interesting one, giving the reader accounts but hitherto little known of the habits of the mole, three or four different species of field-mice, the badger, the otter, and the weasel. The instincts of these various animals are wonderful, and, we think that the mole especially will gain in the public estimation by a perusal of this part. But few persons can know that this little animal is very voracious, and that abstinence of a few hours duration is fatal to it. Like other great eaters, it requires a constant supply of drink, and this want is administered to by this natural earth-borer sinking wells for itself, and with so much tact as to situation, as almost always to be nearly filled with water. The wood-cuts and the vignettes are of the highest order of the art; indeed, the latter are equal in design to those exquisite productions of Bewick, and much superior in execution. Those representing the badger-bait and the otter-hunt are proofs of this. This work will be an acquisition to the literature of the country.

The Pictorial Bible, being the Old and New Testaments, according to the authorised Versions. Illustrated by many Hundred Wood-cuts, &c. &c. To which are added, Original Notes, chiefly explanatory of the Engravings, and of such Passages connected with the History of the Sacred Scriptures as require Observation.

The eighth part of this enterprising work, carrying the Holy Scriptures forward to the 8th chapter of the 1st of Samuel, is now before the public; and in no point does it fall off from that excellence with which it was begun, and in which it has been hitherto maintained. The plates descriptive of the various species of shields in use among the different nations of antiquity will be found curious and instructive; whilst there can be no doubt of their being authentic, as they are taken from statues and bas reliefs. The notes contain a fund of useful information, and are very properly chary of doctrinal and polemic reflections. This will, when complete, make a splendid Bible.

The Naturalist; illustrative of the Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Kingdoms, (to be continued Monthly,) with a highly-finished Coloured Engraving, and illustrated with Woodcuts. Conducted by B. MAUND, and W. HOLL, Esq., assisted by several eminent scientific men.

We proceed shortly to notice the second number of this well-intentioned periodical, and to inform our friends that it contains, firstly, an account of the lesser Whitethroat, from the pen of Edward Blyth, Esq., and a paper on the differences between the vertebrated and invertebrated animals, by Robert Mudie; very interesting notices of cuttings in a district of the London and Birmingham railway, by the Rev. Mr. Ball; an account of the level of Hatfield Chase, by the Rev. Mr. Morris, and several shorter papers, all of a very instructive nature. This work ought to procure for itself an extensive patronage.

Library of Fiction; or, Family Story Teller, consisting of Original Tales, Essays, and Sketches of Character.

This periodical has taken a more lofty, a more discursive, and consequently a much improved flight. The present, the seventh number, twin-born with the Pickwickian drollery, contains some tales of a very high order. The first, called "The Old Farm House," is edited by the Countess of Blessington, an assurance of merit on which all may safely rely. This tale is familiar to us. It formed the plot of a piece, the title of which we forget, that was banished from the stage by all the audience rising with a universal shriek of horror, at the dreadful catastrophe. Though it is an atrocity of nature too agonising for a theatrical performance, it is well adapted to narrative, and it is here well narrated. "The Hebrew Brothers" has about it a very classical air, and the "Miss Smith at Home" is very Bozzy, which means very good after a good model. Of the last piece, "The Imageman," we cannot speak so highly; but it is, after all, above mediocrity. We should be doing an injustice to the publishers, did we not remark, that in all the novelties that have yet appeared in the Library of Fiction, there is not one that has contained aught that might shock the purity of the most rigid moralist, or wound the feelings of the most serious Christian. It may safely be admitted into families.

The Botanist; containing accurately Coloured Figures of Tender and Ornamental Plants; with Descriptions, Scientific and Popular, to convey both Moral and Intellectual Gratification. Conducted by B. MAUND, F.L.S., assisted by the Rev. J. S. HENSLOW, M.A., F.L.S., &c. &c. &c., Professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge.

Ladies! for you all love flowers; and ye, the admirers of nature, does not the title of the above periodical promise you great enjoyment? and can that promise be falsified when it is guaranteed by such names as are to be found in this title-page? If we may judge from this, the first number, the promise will not be falsified. The engraving and the colouring of the flowers are really excellent specimens of art. The size of this publication is most convenient, and the numbers will hereafter bind up into beautiful volumes. In our next we shall describe, at length, the judicious manner in which each particular flower is treated. We would recommend our readers to become early subscribers to this work, as we anticipate confidently, that it will become not only extremely popular, but from a general demand be likely to become extremely scarce.

Valpy's History of England, by Hume and Smollett. With a Continuation, by the Rev. T. S. HUGHES, B.D.

We have now this history of England brought down to the last year, and there can be no doubt that it is the most complete at the present instant. In the progress of this work, we have continually given it our meed of deserved praise, and we now congratulate the continuator on his having so triumphantly completed his labours *pro hoc vice*, but we heartily wish that he may persevere in supplying the public with a continuation for, at least, half a century to come. We add to this, our brief notice, a short extract, in order that the reader may form his own opinion of the style and diction of the historian.

"CHARACTER OF GEORGE CANNING.

The close of the session of 1827 was soon followed by a public calamity, which again dismembered the government, and disappointed all those hopes, which the genius and enlightened principles of Mr. Canning had raised in the British nation. Parliament had no sooner separated, than this able minister issued orders to the heads of different departments, that they should transmit to him accurate and detailed accounts of the expenses connected with their several establishments, with a view to the reduction of our national burdens: on the fifteenth of July he became seriously indisposed; but after a few days of rest he determined to resume his official duties, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his medical attendants: on the twenty-fifth he retired, for change of air, to the beautiful seat of the Duke of Devonshire at Chiswick; but the fatigues and cares of office, with the desertion and bitter hostility of his ministerial colleagues, acting on a frame naturally irritable, and enfeebled by recent illness, hastened his dissolution, just when the ebullition of that hostility was contributing to develop his genuine constitutional principles. His disease terminated in a severe inflammation of the bowels; and, after suffering the most exquisite tortures, he breathed his last, on the 8th of August, in the same room where his great predecessor, Charles James Fox, expired: he was buried in Westminster Abbey, at the foot of Mr. Pitt's grave; and his funeral, though private, was attended by a large concourse of noble and estimable personages, among whom was scarcely one, to whom the illustrious deceased was not endeared by the ties of relationship, or the recollections of friendship and kindness.

The public character of Mr. Canning was clearly seen in the altered policy of our government, both foreign and domestic, during his connexion with the Liverpool administration: his ambition, like that of Chatham, to whom as a minister and statesman, he bore the nearest resemblance, was lofty and imperious; but it was directed to noble ends; to the glory of his own country, and the advancement, through her greatness, of the best interests of other nations: his anxiety was, that all should benefit, not only by her commercial prosperity, but by the blessings of her constitution; and when he was constrained to wield her thunders, it was only to check the spirit of despotic tyranny, and to keep Great Britain in her natural sphere as the protectress of those who aspired to freedom. He exhibited a splendid contrast to certain characters of the present day; who, having entered on public life as the advocates of liberal and patriotic sentiments, have degenerated into bigoted defenders of antiquated opinions, and selfish supporters of intolérable abuses: Mr. Canning, on the contrary, though party introduced him into the senate, and tory principles long secured to him a place in the administration, gradually imbibed, and became insensibly influenced by, the free spirit of the British constitution: until at length, enlightened by experience, he cast off the trammels of that oligarchy, with which early ambition had associated him, but to which he owed no natural allegiance. Being determined to uphold the noble fabric reared by our satefathers, he contemplated with horror any attempt to endanger its foundation; or to alter its character; but when he found that the principles which he once pe-
fessed began to threaten its safety, he abandoned them as far as he thought expedient; and, conciliating his political opponents without submitting to their dictation, he availed himself of their assistance to carry on his measures of regeneration. England regretted in him the most accomplished orator that the enlightened spirit of the age had yet produced; and the liberal portion of Europe mourned over the loss of his moral influence, as a great calamity to the world at large."

—REV. D.

The Naval History of Great Britain; a New and greatly Improved Edition brought down to the Present Time. By EDWARD PELHAM BENTON, Captain R.N. Dedicated by Permission to his Majesty.

The field of literature that the gallant captain has selected to cultivate, and a noble one it is, he has planted with no flowers, but filled it with oern even to abundance. He has given us the substantial and the useful, and crowded upon each other so closely, genuine facts and sterling

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observations, that he has left no room for the flourishes of rhetoric, or the meretricious ornaments of style. We extremely regret that we did not receive these numbers regularly in the order in which they appeared, so that we might have commented upon each separately, and thus have done justice to them in the detail; but booksellers generally remind us of the English proverb, that "it never rains but it pours," and still more appropriately of the Portuguese aphorism, being, like their national devil, "never good but they are too good." In conformity with these sayings, we have five numbers of this Naval History sent us at once, thus preventing us, by the multiplicity of their contents, from giving the work that attention that its genuine merits, and the zeal and talent of Captain Brenton, may justly demand. The author commences his work by giving the reader the state of the nation in 1784, and from which point his naval history commences. There is always, and very properly, a running accompaniment of general history connected with the great naval events that he records; and the first great naval action of which he gives an account, is, singularly enough, one between the Russian and Swedish fleets; but this is not at all extraneous to his subject, as it is one bearing strongly on English maritime affairs. We have a very graphic description of the occupation and abandonment of Toulon, under the superintendence of Lord Hood; on which operation the author lavishes his strictures freely, and, we think, justly. The first great English naval engagement that his work commemorates, is Lord Howe's action of the 1st of June, and we much admire the fearless manner in which the captain comments upon that affair. We think the judgment that he passes upon it correct. Our opinion is, that it was begun on the part of the English with judgment, fought with a truly British spirit, and followed up with an imbecility that would disgrace a tea-drinking old woman. Yes, it was a victory, but a most vexatious one—not one such as we hope that our future Nelsons will win. Of course, in the interims of the general actions, we have all the skirmishes between fleets, the single encounters between ships and small squadrons, and other minor nautical enterprises, most of which will be found to have been highly glorious to the British name. Sir John Jervis's action on St. Valentine's day is spiritedly narrated, and that justice is done to the admiral, which seems to have been but too grudgingly yielded to him by the administration of the day. Duncan's battle of Camperdown is the next in order, and was, on both sides, well contended for. Indeed, this was a more momentous affair than it is generally supposed to have been. Till then the English sailor, though he always *knew* that he could beat the French equal-handed, only *thought* that he could beat the Dutch. This glorious victory made him sure of it. We will make no remark upon Nelson's unfortunate attack upon the capital of Teneriffe, further than saying, that it was what heroes sometimes like to attempt—an impossibility. But we see this wonderful man in all his glory at the battle of the Nile. Brenton, in his energetic manner of relating it, has almost done it justice. It certainly is a spirit-stirring account, and should be read and re-read by our youth, whether they be destined for the naval service or not. But we cannot thus follow the gallant captain step by step through the five numbers of his work that we have received. Though there are no limits to the glory and superiority of our navy, and those who command it, there must be some to our notice of the work that records it. But we must still be permitted to say a few words more on this history, by giving that part of it that treats of the mutiny at Spithead and the Nore, our unqualified approbation. While the mutineers are properly reprobated, they have justice done to them for all that was upright in their motives, and honourable in their conduct, whilst they had the safety, nay, the very existence of the empire in their keeping. That transaction was a melancholy, yet proud event for England. What nation, either ancient or modern, could show the sub-

line spectacle of the many in open and successful revolt against authority, yet never for a moment forgetting their respect to those officers who had behaved to them with common humanity, their primal duty to their country, or their loyalty to the king. We say, that though mutiny is at all times detestable, their after conduct, when their great guilt was incurred, was most noble, and almost sanctified their previous conduct. Would the glory-worshipping French have done thus? Let us ever treat our gallant seamen with that respect that their conduct as a body has always commanded—let us be more eager to remedy their grievances than they are to mention them—and, above all, let us do all that we can, by liberality towards them, to raise them to that rank in the social scale, that their fidelity, their gallantry, and their generous hearts deserve. We are now going to scold a little, but a very little, our gallant author; we know well that the fault which we are about to attribute to him can be extenuated by a thousand honourable feelings, but he should always bear in mind, that the noblest office in history is not merely to chronicle events, but to teach, to amend, and to reform; and that when he took in his hand the pen of the historian, he should have done it with the same independent feelings with which he girded on his sword on the quarter-deck, his bosom swelling with high resolve to do his duty fearlessly, and in the common parlance of his profession, without “favour or affection.” Why then does he throughout his work evince this trepidation when he censures? why usher in deserved castigation with so many hesitating apologies? It is true, that the apologies are made to the service, and not to the offender—but the service needs them not. This service has been ours, and we love it still, and much are we attached to most that belong to it; but it is composed of men—*Englishmen* of course, or it would not be the glorious thing that it is—but there have been, there are, and there ever will be, black sheep amongst them. The good officers are in the proportion of about ninety-five in the hundred; but among the black five there are to be found some of the most prejudiced, pig-headed, overbearing brutes and ninnies, that ever made themselves fools, or those under them miserable. There is a moral and an inevitable cause for this, which we have here no room to elaborate. Let not Captain Brenton pay the naval service the ill compliment to suppose that it cannot have its acts and its members freely commented on.

An Historical Account of the Circumnavigation of the Globe, and of the Progress and Discovery of the Pacific Ocean, from the Voyage of Magellan to the death of Cook.

It would scarcely be possible to find a more attractive title than the above, and the work to which it is prefixed is perfectly in accordance with it. This volume forms the twenty-first number of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, an undertaking that has been always remarkable for the excellence both of its original and selected matter. Cook's voyages and life are well known—those of Magellan and his fate much less so. Though one of the vessels of the latter explorer completed the circumnavigatory voyage, the bones of the chief were left to decorate the triumph of an obscure and savage race of islanders, upon whom, in the arrogance of his heart, he unnecessarily made war. We are sure that the work before us must become highly popular, particularly among the young. Though its contents were already so familiar to us, when we had taken up the work, so absorbing is the interest which it inspires, that we were beguiled, to the detriment of other business, to peruse the whole of it.

C. Crisp's Sallustii Opera, with an English Commentary, and Geographical and Historical Indexes. By CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D.
A new Edition, thoroughly revised and greatly enlarged.

We have not the time, or verily but little inclination, to compare the text of this well-produced edition with others that have preceded it, but we have read the notes, and the biographical sketch of Sallust, and we find them exceedingly well done. Indeed, the sketch will be found deeply interesting in a critical as well as an historical point of view. We are bound to state, taking everything into consideration, that, in the words of its own advertisement, it will be found to be one of the most accurate school classics yet produced in England.

The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club, containing a faithful Record of the Perambulations, Perils, Travels, Adventures, and Sporting Transactions of the Corresponding Members. Edited by Boz. With Illustrations.

Boz goes on triumphing, and has again proved to the world that the comic muse is not yet quite defunct. The seventh number of this Pickwickian risibility has more than rivalled the preceding six. The sporting excursion on the 1st of September, which was undertaken with all the strength of the club, still more strong in its adjutant, Sam Weller, is one of the best things of the sort that we have ever read. The impounding of the dignified leader in a barrow, among the pigs and the asses, in the village receptacle for the wandering, is a happy hit, and, though a most powerful, still a most probable one. For quiet humour, and keen satirical acumen, the interview with the lawyers is really not to be surpassed. The next number promises us a rich treat. We are just admitted into the vestibule, with the folding-doors partially opened, that are to disclose some rich scenes—upon which we are impatient to enter.

Coulson on the Deformities of the Chest.

As friends of the fair sex, we earnestly recommend this little volume to their serious consideration. It fully describes the frightful evils which are the result of tight-lacing, and distinctly shows that such unnatural compressions of the chest rather tend to detract from than add to the symmetry of the frame. To those suffering from the evils on which this work treats, it will be invaluable, and we trust that its hints may not be lost on those in the full possession of health, if they wish to preserve that blessing.

Popular Songs of the Germans, with a Translation of all unusual Words and difficult Passages, and Explanatory Notes. By WILHELM KLAUER-KATTOWSKI, from Mecklenburg Schwerin, Professor of the German and Northern Languages, &c. &c.

We most heartily welcome the arrival of this stranger amongst us, and rejoice to see that advent honoured by names so august and noble in the subscription list. Much of the character of a nation is indicated by the lyrical effusions that are patronised by the majority of the middling, and by all the lower, classes. Germany was always a musical nation; but, of

late years, it has become eminently so ; and yet, with the increase of their refinement, they not only have popular songs, but songs that remain so. We have also popular songs in England, with the popularity of a month ; for all our songs, with but very few exceptions, pass away with the fleeting fashions of the day. When we have a school of music of our own, these evils will no longer exist. We think that the edition of the German popular songs now before us would have been much improved, and certainly have commanded a much wider circulation, had there been a literal translation on the opposite page to each song. At present, it is a sealed book to all that are not well acquainted with the German language.

Sir Orfeo, and other Poems.

If this be the first flight of a young poet, and we presume that it is, it is a bold and a lofty one, and one from which we augur future good things. "Sir Orfeo" is a versified old romance, and the writer seems to have well taken up the spirit of the ancient lay. Many of the sonnets, and of the shorter pieces that are found at the conclusion of this little volume, have just pretensions to be called beautiful. Heartily do we wish that the author may find a patron—in the public.

Essays towards the History of Painting. By Mrs. CALCOT.

We much admire the modesty of the title prefixed to this clever work. It might, very justly, have assumed one much more imposing. The reader will find, in this volume, almost as much as is necessary to be known, concerning the skill of the ancient professors of this art. As to attempts to inquire into its origin, they must always be as futile as they are ridiculous, and will remind us of Sancho's simple gratitude to the man who first invented sleep. Wherever man is found, will also be found some attempt at the imitative art. Mrs. Calcot, therefore, does rightly in passing rapidly over this part of the subject. She is very diffuse and instructive on the Grecian painters ; and has, altogether, produced a very amusing, as well as an improving, work.

The Parent's Guide for the Mental and Physical Education of their Children. By CHARLES WALL.

This is a very ably-executed work, and really deserves the most serious attention from all who may have children under their care. Almost every contingency that may happen to them is noticed and provided for, and, as far as their moral government is concerned, nothing could be more complete than the instructions that are laid down in this little volume. We make no doubt but that the medical directions are equally good ; but still we always think that, when physic is to be administered, it should always, if possible, be under the immediate direction of a medical adviser. There can be no question but that the remedies mentioned in this book are the best ; but parents may possibly mistake the disease. With this caution we recommend this work heartily.

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

The Grammatical Spelling Book, arranged for the Simultaneous Teaching of Orthography and Grammar; with Parsing Exercises and Reading Lessons. By CHARLES WALL.—We think this a very good elementary work, well-calculated to shorten the first paths to learning, and likely to supersede many of the old-fashioned, quaint, and tedious spelling-books.

Memoirs of Madame Malibran de Beriot, with Anecdotes, &c. By J. NATHAN, Author of "The Hebrew Melodies," "Musurgia Vocaſis," &c.—This is very well as far as it goes; but it is a mere sketch, with which the public will not, and ought not to be, satisfied. Mr. Nathan has brought to his task a very commendable enthusiasm for the object of his memoirs, and, therefore, they do not lack energy.

Lays of Poland. By the Author of "The Sea Walk."—The poet has caught that enthusiasm that noble spirits will always feel against oppression, and which is an inspiration that is quite as lofty as any that can be derived from sources the most classical. Nor do these aspirations want literary merit.

Alice, or, Love's Triumph; a metrical Romance: with other Poems. By JOSEPH MIDDLETON, a Minor.—There is some promise in this that the minor may one day succeed in the weaving of sweet verse. We will not recommend any one to read these poems—for we have read them.

The Garland; or, Chichester, West Sussex, and East Hampshire Repository. Edited by P. L. SIMMONDS.—We have received the fourth and fifth numbers of this neat little periodical, and find them contain many readable, and some really good contributions. The editor's own productions are always excellent.

THE ANNUALS.

THERE will be a brilliant muster, this season, of these pageantries of literature, of this quota of household troops, voted by the fourth estate for the public service of the ensuing year. Already is our drawing-room table crowded with specimens of velvet and morocco gorgeousness, in all manner of glorious colours. But, for this month, we will notice none of them individually. They profess themselves to be the "Literature Militant for the year 1837;" if, therefore, we give them our introductory flourish of trumpets a whole month before they have legally made their appearance, it ought to be held as highly satisfactory. In the month of November they shall pass in review before us—and then—woe to the absent—scourges and the halberds.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman, by the Countess of Blessington, with six Plates, from drawings by E. T. Parris. 1 vol. post 8vo. 14s.
The Human Brain; its Configuration, Structure, &c. By S. Solly. 12mo. 12s. 6d.
Transactions of the Zoological Society of London. Vol. II. Part I. 20s. plain, 32s. coloured.

- Facts and Cases in Obstetric Medicine. By J. T. Ingleby. 8vo. 9s.
 Four Lectures on Evidences and Doctrines of the Christian Religion. By Thomas Wood. 8vo. 4s.
 Dissertation on the Duration of our Lord's Ministry. By Dr. Lant Carpenter. 8vo. 5s.
 Description of the Ancient Marbles in the British Museum, with Engravings. Part VII. 4to. 2l. 2s.
 Elements of the Practice of Medicine. By Dr. R. Bright and Dr. Thos. Addison. Part I. 8vo. 4s.
 Lectures on the Doctrines, &c. of the Catholic Church. By Dr. N. Wiseman. 2 vols. 12mo. 8s. 6d.
 Collections of Vases, Candelabra, &c. &c. By H. Moses. One hundred and fifty Plates. 4to. 3l. 3s.
 Select Plays from Shakespeare. By E. Slater. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
 Brande's Manual of Chemistry. Fourth edition. 1 vol. 8vo. 30s.
 Floral Conversation Cards, in case. 12s.
 Historical Treatises. Translated from the German of A. H. L. Heeren. 8vo. 15s.
 The Book of Christian Gems. By the Rev. Joseph Jones, M.A. 12mo. 7s.
 The Fleur-de-Lis. By E. L. Cope. 18mo. 1s. 6d.
 Affection's Keepsake. Original Poetry, for 1837. 32mo. 2s. 6d.
 T. B. Curling on Tetanus, being the Jacksonian Prize Essay for 1834. 8vo. 8s.
 Gory's Hospital Reports. Vol. I. 8vo. 13s.
 Twelve Months in the British Legion. By an Officer of the 9th Regiment. 12mo. 10s. 6d.
 Cater's Law and Regulations of the Customs, 1836—7. Foolscap 8vo. 7s.: ditto, Duties of Customs. Foolscap, 1s. 6d.
 Dr. Tholack on the Doctrine of Sin, &c.; translated from the German. Foolscap. 8vo. 5s.
 The Philanthropist; a Tale. By a Lady. Foolscap, 6s.
 Gems of Beauty; twelve Engravings, from designs by E. T. Parria, Esq. Edited by Lady Blessington. Imperial 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d.
 The Keepsake for 1837, with eighteen Engravings. Edited by Lady E. S. Wortley. 8vo. 1l. 1s. in silk; royal 8vo. proofs, 2l. 12s. 6d.
 Book of Beauty, 1837. Edited by the Countess of Blessington. With nineteen Plates, 21s.; India Proofs, 2l. 12s. 6d.
 A Practical Treatise on Banking. By J. W. Gilbert. 4th edit. 8vo. 6s.
 An Account of the Watering Places on the Continent, and their Mineral Springs. By Edwin Lee. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
 Practical Demonstration of the Human Skeleton. By George Elkington. 12mo. 7s.
 Cruttwell's Original Housekeeper's Account Book for 1837. 4to. 2s.
 Phrenology Vindicated. By Joshua T. Smith. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
 Temper Sweetened. By J. Thornton. 18mo. 1s.
 One Hundred Sketches and Skeletons of Sermons. By a Dissenting Minister. Vol. II. 12mo. 4s. 6d.
 Collection of Decisions for Revising the List of Electors. By W. F. A. Delane. 2nd edit. 12mo. 12s.
 Ellis's British Tariff, 1836—1837. 12mo. 5s.
 Sketches on the Continent in 1835. By Professor Hoppus. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.
 Juvenile Forget-me-Not for 1837. 12mo. 8s.
 The Christian Keepsake for 1837. 15s.
 Fisher's Juvenile Scrap Book. 1837. 8s.
 Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap Book, 1837. 21s.
 Discourses on the Grand Subjects of the Gospel. By Wm. Oram. 12mo. 5s.
 Scripture References. By C. Leckie. 12mo. 6d.
 A New Italian Triglot Grammar in French and English. By Docca. 12mo. 7s.
 The Son of Duplicity, royal 12mo. 7s. 6d.
 The Gleaner. 32mo. 1s. 6d.
 Guide to Bury St. Edmunds. 12mo. 4s.
 Astoria. By Washington Irving. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
 White's Tithe Act. Second Edition, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
 Sir Thomas Lawrence's Cabinet of Gems. 4to. 21s.
 Elkington on the Human Skeleton. Fcp. 7s.
 Beauties of Gilsland. Royal 12mo. 3s.
 Showell's Housekeeper's Account Book, 1837. 4to. 2s.

The Diary of a Désennuyée. 3 vols. post 8vo. Second Edition, 21s.
 Two Months at Kilkee. By Mary Knott. 12mo. 6s.
 Scottish Christian Herald. 8vo. Vol. I. Part I. 4s.
 Manning's Proceedings in the Court of Revision. 12mo. 10s. 6d.
 Leslie's (Miss) One Hundred and Fifty Receipts for Pastry, Cakes, and Sweetmeats, 12mo. 2s.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

WE perceive that the volume of "THE BOOK OF GENI, for 1837," which has just appeared completes the design of giving specimens of one hundred British Artists and one hundred British Poets; it is embellished even in a more costly manner than the preceding volume, and is incomparably superior to any of the illustrated works so plentiful at this season of the year.

The author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons," has just put forth a new work, which must create a considerable sensation: it is entitled, "THE GREAT METROPOLIS," and contains much new and original information on many subjects of great interest.

The title of the Countess of Blessington's new novel is, "THE VICTIM OF SOCIETY," it may be expected in the course of the month.

The forthcoming edition of "MR. LODGE'S PERRAGE," much enlarged and improved, will be embellished with the ARMS OF THE PRESS, beautifully engraved, and incorporated with the text.

"THE STATE PRISONER, A TALE OF THE FRENCH REGENCY," is just ready for publication; it is said to be the production of the Hon. Miss M. L. Boyle.

The success of Captain Marryat's "MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY," is almost unprecedented; the inimitable Peter Simple scarcely circulated more extensively.

Mr. Henry Bulwer's Pamphlet, "THE LORDS, THE GOVERNMENT, AND THE COUNTRY," has already reached a fifth Edition.

Miss Mitford has nearly completed for the Press a new work of Fiction; it may be expected within the next two months.

A second volume of "Sayings worth Hearing, and Secrets worth Knowing." By the Author of "Streams of Knowledge from the Fountain of Wisdom," &c. &c. Also, a third edition of the first volume.

Kidd's Comic Scrap Book for 1837; a Parlour Portfolio of unique Engravings, from the pencils of George and Robert Cruikshank, and the late Robert Seymour; engraved in the first style by Thompson, Williams, Slader, &c. &c.

Mr. Hood, as usual, has announced his forthcoming "Comic Annual" with infinite humour, by a Protocol, addressed to his publishers.

Paynell; or, the Disappointed Man.

The Book of Christmas for 1837; descriptive of the Customs, Ceremonies, Traditions, Superstitions, Fun, Feeling, and Festivities of the Christmas Season, will appear with the forthcoming Annuals for the new Year.

A new Annual, entitled "The Sacred Album," with splendid embossed embellishments by Messrs. Rock, is announced for publication in November. It is also calculated to serve all the purposes of an album.

"The Botanist," No. I. By Professor Henslow and B. Maund, F.L.S.

The original edition of the Antiquities of Athens, by the celebrated Stuart, is now in course of publication, so arranged that each Edifice is complete in one Part or Number; with brief explanations of the Engravings. By this means the student can obtain the first authority in any particular order of Grecian architecture, separate from the rest of a work of twenty-four guineas value, and now become very scarce.

FINE ARTS.

Ariel. Engraved by F. BACON, from the original Portrait painted by E. T. PARRIS.

Not to feel a great degree of enthusiasm on a view of this admirable production of the fine arts must evince either an apathy towards the beautiful, or a deficiency

of taste that, we trust, is no longer to be found among the educated classes of England. This portrait is one of the clearest specimens of the fine manner of engraving that ever was produced by the burin, and shows how far superior this elaborate method must always be to every other. The attitude of the lady is light, graceful, and spiritualized. It is true that the feet of this gentle being greet the earth, but it is only with the greeting of a kiss. The ground beneath her is not necessary to her; she touches it but to do it at once a grace and an honour. The face is eminently beautiful, and the proportion of the figure perfect. If, to prove that we are nice judges of matters of this sort, we were compelled to mention what was least perfect in this almost perfect production, we should mention the hair. Its form and the disposition of its flowing tresses are admirable, but the hair itself seems a little too hard and wiry in its texture;—but this is really hypercriticism. The drapery is peculiarly light and appropriate: the figure seems clothed in a mit of glory manufactured into a garment by the gentlest hands of the young ladies belonging to the establishment of *la gentille Madame Carson*. Altogether, it is that sort of poetical creation of the beautiful on which it is happy to cast the eyes the first moment of awakening in the morning in order to secure a day of blissful associations.

A Series of Heads after the Antique, illustrative of the Ideal Beauty of the Greeks, and designed as a Drawing Book for advanced Pupils, accompanied by descriptive Letter-press. Drawn and lithographed by BENJAMIN RICHARD GREEN.

This useful publication appears but at long intervals, and has now reached no farther than the fifth number, containing the heads and busts of a marine god, a bearded Bacchus, and the Venus of Melos, with several smaller outlines of statues. They are all well drawn and finely grained, forming appropriate and beautiful patterns for chalk and pencil drawings. Independently of the skill that will be necessarily acquired in copying these, the student will obtain a high and a right feeling for classic beauty, and if his genius be but the least above common-place, he will ever after be an elegant artist. The study of the purely beautiful must always elevate and improve; and feeling the importance of this truism, we recommend this work to youth, and to those who have the direction of the studies of youth.

THE DRAMA.

COVERS GARDEN.—The tragedy of *Werner* is now seldom read or noticed by even Lord Byron's most enthusiastic admirers: we trust it is not heresy to think that had it not been for the popularity and great talents of Macready, and the influence of his lordship's name, any judicious audience would have pronounced it "weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable," the first night of its representation. The publication of *Werner* exhibits, perhaps, more than any of his productions, Lord Byron's fatal propensity of wishing to be ever before that public which he affected to despise so much. As a poem, this drama has scarcely any pretensions to merit; invention it has none: the story is not only taken from the "*Canterbury Tales*," but frequently Miss Lee's very words are measured off into ten feet per line, with this drawback, that the excellent moral inculcated by Miss Lee is almost lost sight of by her noble plagiarist: the plot, which is well calculated for dramatic effect, is weakly developed, and the catastrophe wound up after the fashion of *George Barnwell*; the old stale trick of making the parties tell one another the events of their past lives is resorted to, the attention is too much directed to Gabor, a most nondescript personage, who constantly leads us to expect a mysterious grandeur, which dwindles down to the character of a common-place informer; while the intervention of the police is to be called in to dispose of the principal offender Ulric; the only addition to Miss Lee's story by Lord Byron, is the introduction of Ida, a young lady, who is possessed of the very original desire of an early marriage; and in order to give her an opportunity of exhibiting her hysteric powers, she is made to form an attachment to her father's murderer, a cold-hearted, reckless villain, who must have disgusted any female possessed of sensibility and refinement. The versification in *Werner* ex-

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hibits all Lord Byron's worst faults, redeemed by very few of his characteristic beauties; it is without vigour, poor, and unfinished; every tenth line ends with a preposition or a conjunction; and the blank verse is too frequently a mere transmutation of prose, or as Dr. Maginn severely said, "as plain prose as a turnpike act." Among the few beauties in this play, (the fine scene between Werner and his son, where the former palliates his crime, is given almost in the words of Miss Lee,) the apostrophe of Idenstein to the diamond, with which he is bribed, will take the first rank, but even this is far from being one of Byron's happiest effusions.

How then is it, it may be naturally asked, that *Werner* is successful on the stage? Lord Byron professed not to write for dramatic representation; nay, he went so far as to assert that his plays could not be produced on the stage: the admirers of Byron—and who is there that does not admire him to a certain extent?—were anxious to add one more laurel to his lordship's brow, and give an additional proof of their own discrimination; thus the announcement of *Werner* was hailed with enthusiasm, and any expression of adverse opinion as to its merits at the time, was denounced as heterodoxy.

Werner too was brought forward under favourable auspices: the judgment and talents of Macready were embarked, and most materially aided, in its success. Colley Cibber, in his *Life*, remarks, "that there cannot be a stronger proof of the charms of harmonious elocution, than the many even unnatural scenes and flights of the false sublime it has lifted into applause," and he illustrates this remark by the fate of Nat. Lee's "*Alexander the Great*," which play, so full of fustian and turgid rant, was "blown into a blaze of admiration" by the acting of Betterton, but which, since then, has never been able to impose upon the public, or become a stock piece.

Such—when the enthusiasm for Byron becomes rational, and Macready no longer performs the hero of the piece—will, we predict, be the fate of *Werner*; how soon we care not. After these remarks, any lengthened criticism on the performance of this tragedy, as revived at this theatre, would be misplaced. The cast of the characters, although not so strong as when first produced, was efficient, with the exception, we are rather surprised to say, of Mr. H. Wallack's Ulric. Either Mr. Wallack does not like the part, or does not understand the character; he appeared not to know what he was about. Mr. G. Bennett's representation of Gabor, although marred by his usual defects of enunciation and manner, was a sensible piece of acting, and without that pretension which is too often to be observed in his performances. In seeing Macready play *Werner*, we always imagine that he has studied Mrs. Lee's *Kruitzner* more deeply than Byron's hero: the agonies he displays on the recollection of his crime, are more strongly marked by him than the tragedy warrants, particularly in the scene where Ulric retaliates on him the sophistical arguments he himself had formerly urged in defence of his own error.

Shakspeare's historical plays have been, and let us trust ever will be, favourites with the people of England, illustrating, as they do, some of the most interesting events in the history of our country; for although the incidents of these plays are seldom such as to create feelings of respect or admiration towards the principal characters, yet the manly sentiments, and the accurate and spirited descriptions of our manners, morality, and institutions, they contain, the enthusiasm with which the glory and honour of England is upheld, the truly, but not circumscribed, national feeling they inculcate, and the sound principles of political action they lay down,

This England never did, (nor never shall,)
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself,

excite in our minds a conscious pride of our country, and an enthusiastic admiration of the poet who has dramatised her history. Notwithstanding this pride and admiration, we cannot be satisfied with the representation of Shakspeare's historical plays: the events they treat of are to us full of grandeur and interest; they are not only occurrences which circumstances might have brought about, but realities to which we now, in a great measure, owe our moral and political greatness; they are not the offspring of the poet's dream; not the conjuring up of fancy, but irrevocable good or ill; the actual truth of particular events; the land which we now inhabit is the scene of these stories; the people from whom we are sprung are the performers in these narrations; we have in them too deep an interest to behold with satisfaction

the great battles which have decided the fate of England, arbitrated by some twenty mock combatants on the dramatic stage, or the pomp and greatness of our ancient kings represented by the glitter and tinsel of a theatrical wardrobe. Other plays of Shakspeare may be unsuited for the stage, from the impossibility of the actor realising the passions developed, but the historical dramas fail from the impossibility of portraying the events commemorated. Thus the artist may fully represent the position and actions of his character, but the story which vanity and national feeling have perhaps magnified, is presented to us on the stage as if through a powerful conclave lens. Such were the feelings produced by witnessing the performance of *King John*, the representation of which, however, does infinite credit to the management of this theatre. King John is certainly one of Mr. Macready's most successful characters. What must strike every person in Macready's acting is the reverence he has for his author. Shakspeare has made this cowardly and contemptible monarch anything but a prominent character in the play, that he might not disgust the spectator too much by his manners and cruelty. Macready on no one occasion ever thrusts the tyrant beyond the line drawn by the poet; he throws about him no intellectual grandeur or strength of mind; he excites no feeling but loathing and hatred. In the scene in which King John suggests to Hubert the murder of Prince Arthur, Macready forces us to forget the cold-blooded cruelty of the suggestion in the contempt he creates for the cowardice of the suggestion;—it is a master-piece of dramatic skill. The mean joy he shows on learning that Arthur is not killed is finely contrasted with his terror of the consequences of the supposed murder. The whole performance is as a fine specimen of the necessary effects of the cold and selfish policy of cowardice as can be realised on the stage. Falconbridge, the favourite character of Shakspeare in this play, has always been one of Mr. C. Kemble's most successful performances. He is the very personification of railleury and insolence; his volubility of tongue is only equalled by his forwardness of action; "he makes his enemies feel the sharpness of his blows, and the sting of his sarcasms at the same time;" while the denunciations he hurls against Hubert over the dead body of Arthur exhibit the generosity of an honourable mind. It is impossible to surpass the fine burst of ridicule and contempt which Mr. C. Kemble makes against Austria, and that without any stage trick of action belonging to commonplace actors. Miss H. Faucitt is most unfortunate in her choice of characters; she is occasionally effective in the passions of youth, but she is suited neither by age or abilities to perform Lady Constance: she has not tenderness to adorn the character of the mother, nor dignity to grace the action of the princess. In Lady Constance, the succeeding passions of hope, fear, and despair, are crowned by "that love of misery,"—death. Miss Faucitt mistakes melancholy for grief, and resolves tenderness into hysteric sobs. In the whole range of dramatic literature there is nothing that surpasses this portrait of Constance; all the vicissitudes of human life coalesce to destroy her; to the fickleness of friends is added the injustice of fortune; her wrongs as a princess are surpassed by her griefs as a mother; we know not whether to admire most her determination of purpose in asserting her son's rights, the dignity of her answer to Philip, her indignant reproaches to Austria, her successful appeal to the Dauphin, or her uncontrollable affliction for the wrongs of "her pretty Arthur." Lengthened and most profound study, and deep acquaintance with the human heart, are indispensable to success in this character, and yet Miss Faucitt, young, with twelve months' knowledge of the stage, and a few weeks' preparation, attempts it, and is rewarded with a failure:—applause is not always success. The greatest praise that the manager of this house can receive is, in mentioning some of the performances; such as, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *King John*, *Othello*, *Ion*, *The School for Scandal*, *The Clandestine Marriage*, and *The Provoked Husband*, and the performers by whom these plays have been supported, Macready, Kemble, Vandenhoff, Farren, Webster, Mrs. Glover, and Miss Faucitt. The new tragedy, by Bulwer, which is announced, is highly spoken of.

DRURY LANE.—The introduction of Mr. Edwin Forrest, the American tragedian, in an American play, to the British stage, so long the subject of speculation in theatrical circles, has at length been brought about by the laudable exertions of Mr. Willis Jones, at Drury Lane. It is impossible to speak in terms of great praise of *The Gladiator*—the name of the tragedy in which Mr. Forrest made his debut. Although written in blank verse, the language of this play is neither poetical nor choice; the author appears cramped in his versification, from a deficiency of words, and occasionally attaches meanings to some, which are not recognised on this side

of the Atlantic; there are, however, some fine descriptive passages, in which Dr. Bird appears to excel, which are extremely beautiful, particularly the contrast between the state of Thrace before the invasion, and her condition after the conquest of the Romans. The plot of the tragedy, which is the Roman story of the gladiators under Spartacus, is a powerful and stirring tale, full of action and opportunities for situation, but is detailed in somewhat an incoherent and melodramatic manner, and the catastrophe wound up in a deluge of blood more suited for Sadler's Wells than this theatre. The character of the hero, Spartacus, is preserved throughout the drama with admirable consistency, and the severity and roughness of the courageous and discerning barbarian are exquisitely softened down by some fine touches of connubial and parental affection. Mr. Forrest, the new candidate for British fame, has great natural requisites for an actor; he is endowed with a symmetrical and exceedingly robust person, is possessed of a very powerful, and rather melodious voice, to which may be added, a handsome, although by no means an expressive face, and a dignified and natural manner. His chief merit as an actor, so far as one representation will enable us to judge, consists in a complete freedom from the mannerism and stage tricks for effect, too often to be observed in our actors. His enunciation is simple and easy, neither marred by drawling or affectation, nor painful from rant or noise. His action, also, is plain and natural, without any consequential strut, or lengthened attitudes. In wild bursts of frenzy and passion, Mr. Forrest is exceedingly energetic and effective, but in tenderness and pathos is somewhat deficient. While there is an evenness and consistency in his acting, there is at the same time a great monotony. Mr. Forrest never allowed the attention of the audience to flag for a single moment, yet we doubt whether he ever awakened any great sympathy for his character; he created pleasure and satisfaction with the entire performance, but left no passages of surpassing excellence fixed for ever in the memory; he pleased without deeply exciting the passions. There is more study and good taste in Mr. Forrest's performance than genius. Although we consider Mr. Forrest by no means equal to at least three of our established favourites, yet his engagement at the present time is a great acquisition to the British stage, and we trust he will long continue to enjoy the applause which he has met with on the metropolitan boards. Our remarks are the result of first impressions, and may be modified on Mr. Forrest's appearance in those tests of dramatic skill, Shakespeare's plays.

THE ADELPHI.—The audience of this theatre is again enlivened by their favourite, Mr. John Reeve, whose sojourn in America, although it has diminished his bulk, has not lessened his love of humour and fun. Jack Reeve, as his admirers familiarly call him, is one of those persons whose acting it is impossible to criticise; he is too often gross, sometimes takes liberties with the house, is at times imperfect in his part, but the spectator overlooks all these faults in his jokes, his queer faces, his comic bustle about the stage, in his perfect delineations of low-life characters, of London along. His sense of the ridiculous of Cockney manners and customs is exquisite: go down by steam to Gravesend, or up to Richmond, on a summer Sunday, you will meet a dozen originals of Reeve's characters, from which he culls the sweets that are sipped at the Adelphi theatre. Buckstone supports Reeve admirably; his representation of a mean, helpless, or cowardly character, is irresistibly ludicrous—so completely master of his face, and so helpless in his limbs. The voice, which may be well said to be his fortune, of Mr. O. Smith, is nightly raised in support of villainy and horror, while the dry humour and quiet acting of Wilkinson, are a fine contrast to the hearty jokes and boisterous humour of his friend Reeve. When to these performers we add Mrs. Yates, whose delineations of female passions and character, in despite of a tinge of mannerism, are not surpassed by any actors now on the stage, Miss Tree being in America, and the indefatigable exertions of her husband, the manager, we cannot wonder at this being a popular house.

VICTORIA THEATRE.—We are very glad to be able to state, that lately there has been a great accession of power to the already very efficient strength of this handsome theatre. The pieces now acting there are all good, and the *Mulester's Vow* has had a most decided success. We hope and confidently trust that Mr. Levy will reap the reward due to his liberal exertions.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

We have but little to remark on this subject, excepting that large mercantile operations have been paralyzed by the uncertain state of the Money Market; and that the mania for railroads and other speculations, seems to have taken the direction of Joint Stock Bank Companies. Our manufactories are doing well, and notwithstanding the disadvantages under which we labour, our shipping appears to be greatly on the increase.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Wednesday, 26th of October.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 296 one-half.—Consols for Account, 88 three-eighths.—Three per Cent., Reduced, 87 seven-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cent., Reduced, 86 three-eighths.—Exchequer Bills, 1 d.—India Bonds, 5 p.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese Regency, Five per Cent., 34 three-quarters.—Columbian Bonds, 1824, 33.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 53 three-eighths.—Spanish Bonds, Active, 20 three-eighths.

MONEY MARKET REPORT.—At the early part of last month, (October,) money again became plentiful, owing to the sale of stock; and the rate of discount on banker's bills was $4\frac{1}{2}$; the fall in the price of Consols from 92 to 88, brought, very naturally, many buyers into the market, who had been waiting for months for an opportunity like this. There was still a scarcity of gold, the decrease of bullion in the bank, in the short space of three months, being to the amount of nearly three millions. Spanish and Portuguese stock tumbling down almost to nothing. About the 8th of the month, Consols were still at 88, and everything abroad and at home looked threatening, gold still scarce, and the Bank of England and Ireland rose their discounts to 5 per cent. However, the revenue of the country was found to have increased materially. Up to the 15th the same indications of distress in the Money Market were apparent, and it was rumoured that the national banks intended to increase the per centage in discounts to 6 or $6\frac{1}{2}$; but as a relief to this state of gloominess, the revenue continues to increase. From the quarterly account just published, it seems that on the year ended the 10th of October, 1837, there is an increase of 2,727,693*l.*, and on the quarter an increase of no less than 1,026,852*l.* The great increase is in the Customs, being no less than 999,799*l.* in the quarter. In the Excise, though there is on the year an increase of 606,976*l.*, there is on the quarter a decrease of 145,346*l.* In the Stamps the quarter's increase is 73,537*l.* In the Post-office the increase on the quarter is 27,000*l.* The most sanguine anticipations of improvement in the revenue have hitherto been exceeded.

The Money Market suddenly assumed a much better appearance on the 22nd, Consols having advanced 1 per cent. The official monthly statement of the Bank circulation and stock of bullion during the quarter ending on the 25th October (which includes the demand for gold made by the receivers of the October dividends) is highly satisfactory, showing that the store of gold has not been reduced much below five millions, and perhaps the return of a portion of the coin so drawn out has raised the amount to above five millions by this time. The Directors seem to have shrunk from the responsibility and obloquy of maintaining the increased pressure for money which we described in our last publication. They persisted in withdrawing the loans on the deposit of securities on Thursday, but they counter-acted the effect of this by greatly increasing the amount issued upon discounts. With respect to the advance in Consols, it was remarked, that the Hebrews were exceedingly active in operating to advance the quotations; the Government also purchased Exchequer Bills, and the increased facility in discounting at the Bank

dispelled the gloom which previously existed. It seemed to be understood among the Jews that some plan had been concocted between the Bank and the dealers in Foreign Bills to alter the state of the exchange here by operations in the Money Market at Paris and elsewhere. For the present, however, the exportation of the precious metals is unchecked; the danger of a panic in the United States remains impending; the London and provincial newspapers teem with new schemes for joint-stock companies; and the issuers of private Bank paper continue to multiply their notes and make the most of the high rate of interest obtainable on dubious bills. The *screw*, therefore, will again be applied by the Bank.

In the Foreign Market Spanish Bonds have been greatly depressed, owing to the nonpayment of the dividend, and the success of the Carlist chiefs. Portuguese Bonds have likewise fallen; for if Carlos should succeed, the throne of Donna Maria will totter.

The above was the state of the funds on the 27th.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM SEPTEMBER 27, TO OCTOBER 21, 1836, INCLUSIVE.

Sept. 27.—C. P. Chapman, Cornhill, metal broker.—M. Priest, Reading, Berkshire, nurseryman.—S. Shepherd, Richmond, milliner.—G. Cowell, Great Russell Street, Covent Garden, hatter.—J. Lashmar, Brighthelmstone, Sussex, merchant.—A. W. and J. Oxley, Sheffield, iron founders.—W. Foster, Hollinwood, Lancashire, manufacturer.—R. Hodgkinson, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, builder.

Sept. 30.—J. Appleton, Three Crown Square, Southwark, hop merchant.—T. Wells, Mincing Lane, sugar broker.—C. E. Dibsdell, Marylebone Lane, grocer.—G. Dumbrell, Brighton, grocer.—C. Challenger, Bristol, linen draper.—W. Rowe, Truro, grocer.—W. Young, Bath, pawnbroker.

Oct. 4.—J. Mason, Cornwall Place, Holloway, coal merchant.—T. C. Andrews, Holles Street, Cavendish Square, coal merchant.—W. Nettleton, George Street, Hanover Square, tailor.—W. Hawkins and C. Smith, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, builders.—J. Ecroyd, Liverpool, tea dealer.—R. Parkinson, Farsley, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer.—J. Buckle, Walton Hill, Gloucestershire, cattle dealer.

Oct. 7.—S. Coxhead, Westminster Bridge Road, oilman.—W. Houston, Crane Court, Fleet Street, printer.—M. Hobling, Elizabeth Street, Pimlico, carpenter.—G. Wheeldon, Wood Street, City, laceman.

Oct. 11.—J. G. Lynch and J. Kite, Macclesfield Wharf, New North Road, coal merchants.—T. Wigginton, Sheerness, Kent, jeweller.—R. Tennant, Goswell Street, St. Luke's, licensed victualler.—J. Whiting, Birmingham, stationer.—W. Sheppard, Hoxne, Suffolk,

cattle salesman.—C. Weall, Preston, Lancashire, draper.

Oct. 14.—J. Bennett, Three Tan Passage, Newgate Street, bookseller.—G. R. Naylor, Exmouth Street, Spa Fields, grocer.—W. May, Fenchurch Street, merchant.—G. Topham, Richmond, Surrey, coal merchant.—T. P. Birks and G. Grundy, Bury, Lancashire, manufacturers of oil of vitriol.—J. Robins, Portsea, wollen-draper.—W. Thompson, H. Leonard, and R. B. Dawes, Ashted, Warwickshire, manufacturers.—T. Holt and E. Howard, Birtle-cum-Bamford, Lancashire, cotton spinners.—I. Knight and J. Martin, Manchester, corn merchants.

Oct. 18.—C. Butler, Tunbridge Wells, ware manufacturer.—J. Ablitt, Silver Street, City, haberdasher.—D. Davis, Aylesbury Street, Clerkenwell, oilman.—W. W. Mansell, Birch Lane, bill-broker.—T. Scott, Watling Street, wine merchant.—J. Catt, Tunbridge Wells, ironmonger.—S. Holt, Heaton Norris, Lancashire, coal merchant.—J. McGregor, Over Darwen, Lancashire, calico printer.—J. Wilkes, Cheltenham, builder.—W. Newstead, Thetford, Norfolk.—B. Walker, Sheffield, cabinet maker.—J. Edmer, Preston, Lancashire, hop merchant.

Oct. 21.—R. W. Smart, Aldermanbury, cloth factor.—S. Ratcliffe, Faversham, Kent, bookseller.—W. Satchwell, Birmingham, victualler.—J. Walker, Leeds, cloth merchant.—A. Milns, Rochdale, Lancashire, dyer.—H. Skerritt, Manchester, cabinet maker.—L. Lomas, Sheffield, grocer.—J. Marsden, Manchester, corn dealer.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1836.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Sept.					
23	63-50	29.92-29.85	W. b. S.	.125	Generally cloudy, rain in the morning.
24	67-51	30.03-30.01	W. b. S.	.1	Generally clear.
25	68-50	30.10-30.04	W. b. S.		Generally clear.
26	67-56	30.06-29.90	W. b. S.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
27	65-55	29.76-29.75	W. b. S.		Generally cloudy.
28	58-49	29.65-29.53	S. b. W.	.05	Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, with rain.
29	60-49	29.28-29.26	N. & N. b. W.	.55	Generally cloudy, with frequent rain.
30	52-42	29.50-29.32	W. b. S.	.4	Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, with rain.
Oct.					
1	53-36	29.38-29.34	S. E.	.125	Cloudy, with rain.
2	52-39	29.29-29.15	W. b. S.	.375	Gen. clear, a few drops of rain in the afternoon.
3	50-41	29.35-28.36	W. b. S.	.375	Generally clear, except the morning, a little rain.
4	53-30	29.51-29.11	W. b. S.		Generally clear.
5	55-32	29.88-29.72	W. b. S.		Generally clear, except the morning.
6	57-36	29.82-29.58	E. b. S.	.025	Cloudy, with frequent rain.
7	66-51	29.43-29.37	S. E. & N. b. S.	.9	Generally cloudy, with rain.
8	56-52	29.35-29.33	S. b. W.	.275	Cloudy, with a little rain in the afternoon.
9	53-43	29.36-29.31	S. W.	.125	Generally clear.
10	58-46	29.33-29.26	S. b. E.	.1	Cloudy, with frequent rain.
11	57-51	29.34-29.12	W. b. S.	.525	Generally clear.
12	57-42	29.51-29.32	S. W.		Generally clear, except the aft. a shower of rain.
13	60-48	29.35-29.05	S. W.	.075	Generally cloudy, with rain.
14	58-50	29.67-29.62	S. W. & S. b. E.	.025	Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, with rain.
15	61-48	29.66-29.77	S. W.	.0125	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
16	59-40	30.13-30.11	E. b. S.	.1125	Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy.
17	63-48	30.10-30.09	E. b. S.		Generally cloudy, with rain in the evening.
18	63-52	30.07-30.05	S. b. W.		Generally cloudy.
19	59-51	30.29-30.09	W. b. N.	.125	Generally clear.
20	56-32	30.34-30.28	N. E.		Generally clear.
21	54-36	30.23-30.21	S. E.		Generally clear, except the morning.
22	55-41	30.30-30.29	E. b. S.		Generally clear.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

NEW PATENTS.

R. Griffiths, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Machine Maker, and J. Gold, of the same place, Glass Cutter, for certain improvements in machinery for grinding, smoothing, and polishing plate glass, window glass, marble, slate, and stone, and also glass vessels, and glass spangles and drops. September 1st, 6 months.

J. Pickersgill, of Coleman Street, in the city of London, Merchant, for improvements in preparing, and in applying India-rubber (caoutchouc) to fabrics. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. September 1st, 6 months.

J. Surrey, of York House, in the parish of Battersea, in the county of Surrey, Miller, for a new application of a principle by which mechanical power may be obtained or applied. September 1st, 4 months.

W. Bush, of Wormwood Street, Bishopsgate Within, in the city of London, Surveyor and Engineer, for improvements in the means of, and in the apparatus for,

building and working under water, part of which improvements are applicable for other purposes. September 3rd, 6 months.

C. Farina, of No. 7, Clarendon Place, Maida Vale, in the county of Middlesex, Gentleman, for an improved mashing apparatus. September 15th, 6 months.

W. H. Cox, of Bedminster, near Bristol, Tanner, for an improvement or improvements in tanning hides and skins. September 15th, 6 months.

J. F. W. Hempel, of Oranienburg, in the kingdom of Prussia, but now of Clapham, Surrey, Officer of Engineers, and H. Blundell, of Hull, Yorkshire, Painter and Colour Manufacturer, for an improved method of operating upon certain vegetable and animal substances in the process of manufacturing candles therefrom. Communicated by F. Hempel, of Oranienburg, aforesaid, deceased. September 15th, 6 months.

J. Bates, of Bishopsgate Street, in the city of London, Merchant, for improved apparatus or machinery for making metal hinges. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. September 15th, 6 months.

P. A. Tealdi, formerly of Mendovi, Piedmont, but now residing in Manchester, Lancashire, Merchant, for a new extract or vegetable acid obtained from substances not hitherto used for that purpose, which may be employed in various processes of manufacture, and in culinary or other useful purposes, together with the process of obtaining the same. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. September 15th, 6 months.

W. Bates, of Leicester, Fuller and Dresser, for improvements in the manufacture of reels for reeling cotton. September 16th, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's Inn, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in the description of public vehicles called cabs. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. September 21st, 6 months.

W. Crofts, of Radford, Nottinghamshire, Machine Maker, for certain improvements in machinery for making bobbin-net lace, also called twist net or lace, part of which improvements are for the purpose of making figured or ornamented bobbin-net lace, or figured or ornamented twist lace. September 22nd, 6 months.

R. Jupe, of New Bond Street, Middlesex, Cabinet Maker, for improvements in apparatus applicable to book and other shelves. September 22nd, 6 months.

H. V. Wart, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Gentleman, and S. A. Goddard, of the same place, Merchant, for certain improvements in locomotive steam-engines and carriages, parts of which improvements are applicable to ordinary steam-engines, and to other purposes. September 22nd, 6 months.

J. Smith, of Halifax, Yorkshire, Dyer, for certain improvements in machinery for dressing worsted and other woven fabrics. September 22nd, 6 months.

Married.—At the residence of the Minister of H. B. Majesty, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Viscount Fincastle, eldest son of the Earl of Donmore, to Catherine, fourth daughter of the late Earl of Pembroke.

Capt. Francis Gould, of Gloucester Place, Portman Square, to Agneta, youngest daughter of the late William Henry Beauchamp, Esq., of Forthampton.

At Bouleton, Pembrokeshire, Lieut.-Colonel Wedgwood, Scots Fusilier Guards, to Anna Maria, eldest daughter of the late Admiral Charles Tyler, G.C.B., of Cotrell, Glamorganshire.

Thomas Wathen Waller, Esq., eldest son of Sir Wathen Waller, of Pope's Villa, Twickenham, Bart., and G.C.H., to Catherine, eldest daughter of the Rev. Henry Wise.

L. M. Murray Prior, Esq., of the 12th Royal Lancers, to Letitia, only daughter of J. W. Unett, Esq. of the Woodlands, Warwickshire.

Died.—At the Island of Guernsey, in the 80th year of his age, Admiral the Right Hon. Lord de Saumarez, G.C.B.

At Paris, John Lewis Fleming, of Old Brompton, Esq., and Baron Fleming, in France.

Aged 66, Colonel John Watling, of HM House, Gloucestershire.

At Manor House, Deptford, in the 70th year of his age, John Hillman, Esq.

At Henley-upon-Thames, George Herbert, Esq., of his Majesty's Treasury, in the 56th year of his age.

At Blackheath, Charles Wray, late Chief Justice of British Guiana.

At Binfield Park, Lady Walsh, widow of the late, and mother of the present Sir John Walsh, Bart., aged 78.

At Belton House, near Grantham, Anna Maria, eldest daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Henry and Lady Anna Maria Cust, aged 19.

THE
METROPOLITAN.

DECEMBER, 1836.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Flowers of Loveliness: Groups of Female Figures, emblematic of Flowers. Designed by various Artists, with Poetical Illustrations, by THOMAS HAINES BAYLY, Esq.

The leaves of this splendid production will be turned over with a glow of admiration, accompanied by a sigh, springing from a sentiment not quite so pure,—a sentiment made up of envy, regret, and rebellion. Those who feel as we do, will acknowledge the truth of this remark without any explanation on our part, and to those who do not, it would be waste of time to explain anything. The volume contains groups of beautiful figures from eminent artists, excellently engraved; but they have but little connexion with the flowers they are meant to illustrate, or by which they are sought to be illustrated. We may very pertinently and honestly quote Juliet's sentence respecting these ladies, who are thus named,—“Yellow Rose,” “Ivy,” &c., by saying, “By any other name they'd seem as fair.” But, as they are all so intrinsically charming, we welcome them with delight, and linger over them with pleasure. The best among them are designed by Ruvins and Fanny Corboux, and Adcock is one of the cleverest engravers employed upon them. Of Mr. Haines Bayly we must say, that he is an ingenious ballad-maker, and has well performed a very difficult task of binding together discrepancies, and of pressing into his service a train of very refractory allusions. We have no doubt but that this annual will become a drawing-room favourite, for how sweet will be the occupation, when the young ladies are tired of looking at the plates, of sighing over such lines as these, addressed to the lady represented by the hollyhock,

“Frivolous woman! how heartless, how vain!
Bright is thy poison-cup, golden thy chain!
Tears are distilled in each drop thou shalt drink!
Anguish is molten in every link!”

and of endeavouring to ascertain the strength of distilled tears mixed in poison, and the appearance of melted anguish amalgamated with a golden chain.

Dec. 1836.—VOL. XVII.—NO. LXVIII.

Gems of Beauty. Displayed in a Series of Twelve highly-finished Engravings, from Designs by E. T. PARRIS, Esq. With fanciful Illustrations in Verse, by the COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

The same objection will apply to this beautiful work as to the "*Flowers of Loveliness*," the little relevancy between the *Gems* and the portraits to which they are attached. In other respects, we are bound to say, however invidious the office may appear, that the *Gems* are, in all respects, superior to the *Flowers*. In the pictorial department both the artist and the engraver of the *bijouterie* have excelled those employed to do honour to the ladies of the parterre. In the literary department, the lady has also left the gentleman, her rival, at a respectable distance. The verses of the Countess are more epigrammatic, and (excellence of too seldom occurrence) much shorter. As we can hardly praise as it deserves, we will escape from the attempt.

Humility, a Tale. By MRS. HOFFLAND, Author of "*Africa Described*," "*Patience*," &c.

A Christmas present for the Christian youth of both sexes, bound up annual-wise, and forming an elegant little volume. But it is to the contents that we must look for its primal and best beauty. The title explains the moral that it conveys, the language is pure and perspicuous, and the characters throughout well supported. As a mere tale, it will be found to be deeply interesting, and must make an impression almost indelible on the juvenile mind. Mrs. Hoffland will increase her reputation by this work, and we trust that it will prove fruitful of good works in the large class of readers that its merits will command.

The Christian Keepsake, and Missionary Annual. Edited by the Rev. W. ELLIS. 1837.

In getting up a work of this sort, however rigid the notions and piety of the editor may be, he should most pertinaciously keep in mind the advice of the apostle, to be "all things to all men," within the scope of righteousness, in order that he may be of service to many. This advice has not been adhered to in the volume before us. That which is excellent in two or three articles, is not, in a worldly sense, expedient in all. The tone of this Annual is too sombre, and it seems, to its manifest injury, to take some evangelical magazine as its model. Who can feel a general interest in the biography of sectarian ministers?—men, undoubtedly of great intrinsic worth, and inestimable to their own circle of acquaintance, but for whom the world at large neither cares nor thinks; or if it thinks, thinks that such persons are doing more injury to society by their secession from the Established Church, than they can ever repair by their private virtues. We heartily wish that, for the success of this work, intermingled with such religious articles as are befitting it, there were some lighter and amusing specimens of profane literature: it would then have commanded a greater portion of readers, and the sphere of its utility have been proportionally enlarged. The plates are generally good. There is one that is sweetly domestic: it is the mother of the infant Doddridge teaching him the Scripture history by means of the pictorial Dutch tiles around the fire-place. But whilst we admire the delicious home feeling that such a picture inspires, we denounce it as a

lesson to parents, or as a plan of tuition. Early associations are almost indelible. What an elevated idea a boy must have of the sublime instruments of his salvation, as he sees them portrayed in Dutch apostles, and Flemish evangelists; to say nothing of the profanation of these tiled representations of our Saviour. The poetry is not, taken altogether, of a superior order, though, among it, we find some exquisite lines by Mrs. Abdy; and the whole notice of Mrs. Hemans, which teems with poetry, is a very superior article. The communication, called "Sailors' Missionaries," it was, to say the best of it, impolitic to insert, the more especially, as they are there intruded on board of a man-of-war. We look upon all the crews of his Majesty's ships as the rightful communicants of the naval chaplains; and as we are members of the Established Church, we do not like to see dissent introduced where all ought to be obedience and uniformity.

The Keepsake for 1837. Edited by LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

If we live to be very ancient, we shall not be so foolish as to hope that our sinews will not stiffen, and our senses fail of their wonted activity; but we certainly do hope that we shall never grow old-womanish enough to join in the too vulgar sneers of what is beautiful, merely because that beauty is made something common to the general eye. Taken altogether, the *Annals* now are better than they were when they first made their appearance; but, somehow, the envious have endeavoured to make them a by-word of reproach, as the receptacles of grandiloquent dullness and aristocratic flippancy. Heartily do we wish that dullness and flippancy were confined to the aristocracy. What a witty, merry world we should then live in; but, as the aristocracy will not take these unpardonable sins upon their backs exclusively, for the relief of all the other classes, we must be content to receive from their hands, and to praise them too, many excellent pieces both in prose and verse; and the "*Keepsake*" for this year has more than a fair share of them. We cannot even name the titles of the sixty pieces that fill this splendid volume. The variety of matter is truly great. The "*Keepsake*" does not even disdain a riddle: it is an uncommonly good one, by Theodore Hook; but the greatest riddle to us is, why a thing so palpable should be called a riddle. There is also a tale by Lord Nugent, entitled "*The Sea! Sea!*" Of course it is a nautical tale, with the only blemish of being too nautical. Seamen do not always talk slang—they sometimes make use of their feet, without "*heaving a-head,*" and hold their tongues without "*clapping a stopper on their jaws.*" But the tale is a good tale notwithstanding; and we hope soon to see another one from the same pen. There are some sweet lines from the Countess of Blessington. Mrs. Abdy, and the Honourable Mrs. Norton, have also enriched the volume by their productions. But, with all our admiration of this annual, we must confess that "*Thursday Morning*" was a rather unlucky commencement, which should have been postponed *sine die*; though we know that it will meet with many well-pleased readers. The artists have well supported the talents of the authors. The frontispiece, the "*Lady Ellen,*" is a fine specimen of the burin, and the vignette title-page is a romantic view, and very delicately engraved. The plate of the picture by Turner, which marshals in Lord Nugent's tale, is a splendid production, and the ships are more ship-shape than that poetical painter usually condescends to make them. Taken as a whole, this year's *Annual* is an honour to the editor, and to the able friends that she has rallied round her.

The Oriental Annual: Lives of the Mogul Emperors. By the Rev. HOBART CAUNTER, B.D. With twenty-two Engravings, from Drawings by WM. DANIELS, R.A.

This annual puts forward claims of more than usual solidity for the public patronage. All that is offered to the reader is sterling: there is nothing meretricious or catch-penny about it; and, when it has been tossed about by fair hands the usual time in the drawing-room, it may retire with dignity into the library, and there assume a very distinguished place among classic histories. It is nothing more (but that nothing more embraces a great deal more than the generality of annals) than a portion of well-written history of the Indian empire, embellished by excellent engravings, from pictures of that highly-talented artist, the royal academican, Daniels. The pictorial and the scriptorial walking thus hand in hand cannot fail to make a lively and indelible impression upon the imagination and the memory of the reader. The proceedings of Timur Beg, a greater conqueror and a winner of more battles than the Grecian Alexander, will be read with intense interest. The life of the Sultan Baber, of whom there is an exquisite portrait, gives us an exalted idea of the oriental character, when that character chooses to turn towards the amiable. Why does Mr. Caunter spell so many eastern words after a new fashion? The answer, that it is the right one, will not be the right answer. It cannot be right to be generally misunderstood.

Fisher's Juvenile Scrap-Book. By AGNES STRICKLAND and BERNARD BARTON. 1837.

The accomplished editors rightly disclaim this well-produced volume being considered merely as an annual. Its contents deserve surely more than one year's existence. Miss Strickland, under the denomination of Cousin Ellen, whose portrait forms the frontispiece, whether of the real or the imaginary person we know not, commences the volume in a very beautifully told tale, called "The Midnight Funeral—A true story." It is certainly founded upon a most impressive fact, that must be deeply interesting to all juvenile readers, and leave upon their minds a lasting and beneficial impression. The verses to Emma which follow, are very fair annual verses. The "Roman Fugitives," is also another extremely good piece, from the pen of Miss Strickland. There is some good poetry by William Martin. The lighter pieces of prose are well calculated to amuse. In "The Regatta," we think that the father of the offending lads, Mr. Wilmot, should not have punished them by the means of the injustice of the extortionate hotel-keeper at Plymouth. His robbing of two children goes unvisited, which surely does not tend to make the moral of the tale the most perfect. All the engravings are of the first description, yet we cannot help thinking that it would have been as well had the lines by Agnes Strickland, or the portrait of Prince George of Cumberland, been omitted. In the verses the young reader is told that the prince is blind, but, that his heavenly Father has sent the infliction in mercy, to fill him with inward light, and the engraving shows him encumbered with all the vain panoply with which men deck themselves when they go out to slaughter each other. This is not consistent, and is also abhorrent to Christian morality. O Miss Strickland, how could you tell little children, for whom this book is meant, that a God had turned his eyes from vanities," whilst his portrait shows him vainly glorious in all the gaudy trappings of an officer of hussars? The rest of the work has our hearty commendation, and we sincerely hope that its success will equal its merits.

Ireland; Picturesque and Romantic. By LEITCH RICHIE, Esq., Author of "The Magician," &c. With twenty Engravings, from Drawings by D. McCLISE, Esq., A.R.A. and T. CRESWICK, Esq.

This volume forms Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1837, and carries with it recommendations to patronage of the highest order. The tour is written in the noblest and most comprehensive spirit of philanthropy, and, we hope, it will awaken a corresponding sympathy in the higher classes, who will necessarily be the readers of this work. We hardly ever perused a volume in which we could find so little to object to, so much to commend. As mere composition, the style will be found to be at once pleasing and energetic, and, when the author is warmed by the contemplation of the debasement and misery of Ireland's millions, he rises into genuine eloquence. Mr. Richie is an excellent describer of scenery, for he not only feels acutely the noble and the beautiful, but he has the power of communicating his own glowing sensations to his readers. As to the romantic, it is actually overshadowed by the real, and, yet, in good truth, not sufficiently; for we would have gladly exchanged his beautifully-told vanities about pookas and fairies, for more of his honestly-expressed expositions of the state of the country, and able disquisitions into the characters of classes and individuals. For all the grievous evils that afflict Ireland, the author has suggested a half-page only of remedies, and with these he appears himself to be dissatisfied. Truly has he said that hope is dead in the national bosom. In the mass of the Irish population, disguise the fact as we will, the European human character has degenerated. When the mind has once passed through the bitterness of despair, a depraved taste for recklessness is acquired that never leaves the character. There is no hope within the peasant's bosom, and we see no redress for him from without. The cancer that is eating away the heart of Ireland must destroy itself in its own mortality. Of the embellishments of this interesting volume, we cannot speak too highly: with some of the views we are ourselves acquainted, and we vouch for their accuracy. All of the engravings are exquisitely finished. To add to its other attractions, the volume is most elegantly bound, and the covers have a rich appearance: but its great charm is where it ought to be—in the interior. The letter-press should be republished in a cheaper form; indeed, humanity demands it.

The Laird of Logan, or Wit of the West: being a collection of Anecdotes, Jest, and Comic Tales. Second Series. By the Contributors to the First Series, and several new hands.

What a bad title to a work so pleasant! However, many a clumsy string has tied up a good pudding, and a bad label is no great subject of complaint, if the wine be good. We duly paid meet panegyric to the former series, and this, the second, assisted by several new hands, (we rather suspect heads had something to do with it,) may fairly take rank as to wit and variety with its predecessor. All the jokes are not good, neither are they all new; and it would be a joke to call some of them jokes at all, notwithstanding their pretensions to the title, yet, taken as a whole, the book is a most pleasant one. Though wit is often wanting, almost without exception, every fragment is marked by humour. There is something provocative of this quality in the Scottish idiom, and what it so constantly provokes, it most excellently sustains. We prefer Scotch to Irish drollery—the latter is generally too coarse and blatant for our taste; we laugh at it, but it does not cut so deeply as that of our canny brothers of the north. This book must needs become a great favourite.

The German Tourist. Edited by Professor O. L. B. WOLFF and Dr. H. DOERING. Translated by H. E. LLOYD, Esq. Illustrated by Seventeen Drawings, by A. G. VICKERS, Esq.

The active and very intelligent competition among these beautiful visitations, the Annuals, necessarily makes our remarks upon them appear like a tissue of praise, hardly honest, because so general. But general as it may seem, it is just. For interest, for the beauty of the views, and for the force and delicacy of the engravings, "*The German Tourist*" will surely be entitled to rank with the most splendid of these periodicals. The information that the letter-press conveys, will be found to be both useful and authentic; but it certainly is not conveyed in the most fascinating form. But we have no right, fairly considered, to expect the graces of style from a work almost wholly statistic. Now that we and the Germans are amalgamating so much in character, and her rivers, her cities, and her forests, are become almost constant objects of our visits, this volume will have an increased merit. It will please those who have seen the places described, and tempt others to see them who have not, by the vivid representations so plentifully scattered through the work.

Tales in Verse. By MARY HOWITT.

This is a Christmas present, bound up in all the glory of Russia and gold, thus emulating the Annuals in the outside, whilst its contents are rich in poetry, simplicity, and pathos. There is here great intellect, (we had been almost entrapped to use the word stooping,) great intellect most worthily employed in fanning the first emotions of the young bosom into that pure love of the Creator and the creation, that should govern poor weak humanity through all its transient, but too often terrible, struggles. The embellishments are only wood-cuts. We think that this beautiful little volume deserves better illustrations. We have no room to specify the various merits of the numerous pieces that fill the book; but we can conscientiously say, that we have always found the longest to be the best. The work has our earnest recommendation, and we hope that it will circulate largely among the future men and women of our refined empire.

The Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman. Illustrated by six Female Portraits, from highly-finished Drawings, by E. T. PARRIS. By the COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

And does it require one with the wisdom of Solomon, and the beauty of the queen of Sheba, to repeat to us in these march-of-intellect times, that all is "vanity and vexation of spirit?" Indeed it does; for we have the all-engrossing vanity to suppose that each, individually, is not vain. But, before we proceed, we must disclaim the idea of comparing the wisdom of Solomon, or the beauty of the queen of Sheba, with the wisdom and beauty of the accomplished and highly-gifted authoress of these Confessions; for the wisdom of Solomon could not prevent him very egregiously playing the fool; and of the beauty of the queen, we can be sure that she possessed only so much, as all queens do, by royal prerogative. The countess has, in a sprightly tone, read us a very melancholy lesson of six passions; five prove to be the passions only of a

violent self-conceit, and the remaining one, the first, though born of a better parent, was certainly nursed into strength by mutual vanity. The philosophy of the authoress is a true one; and grace it as we will, (and who can grace it more than the countess?) it is a bitter—a humiliating one. Candidly, we do not like this old gentleman, though we dwell with delight upon each of his stories, and that delight is a great deal enhanced by his five successive discomfitures. The old gentleman is all too calculating; and, though so self-provident, never possessing more than an idea and a half of any value, upon any one subject, the unit being exclusively devoted to himself, and the fraction at the service of the lady upon whom he was practising—making love. We must be a little mad to love truly. The first love of this hateful old fellow was Louisa Sydney, charmingly portrayed both by author and artist, and he actually slays her by his overweening self-adulation, and vanity of power. Against entreaty, and against common sense, he forces her upon a water excursion, that rapidly destroys her. Did he ever after expect to be virtuously fortunate with the sex? It would have been a great moral injustice if his historian had made him so. In his second love he was fairly matched; but really, of the two, she, jilt as she was, was certainly the more respectable character—she only wanted a heart; the old gentleman fancied he had one, but it was only a throbbing bump of inordinate selfishness. In his third love, the only time that he appears to be actuated by a generous and self-denying devotion, he places it upon an immoral basis. After the third love, the little deity seems to have permitted an interregnum, and he becomes *un homme de bonnes fortunes*; which he, or rather his biographer for him, leaves to the imaginations of her readers; we suppose that none of them were sufficiently *piquantes* for narration. However, he endeavours again to overleap the matrimonial fence with the Lady Elmescourt, who, from the first, resolves only to sin mentally; she is a perfected beauty, and the mother of his fifth love, who is totally unconscious that such an old *blasé* ever thought of making love at all, and she remains for ever unconscious of his passion. The sixth and last fit of vanity seizes him on the stairs of a boarding-house; and the lady, too, though the delusion continues some twelve or fourteen years, is to the last unconscious of the honour he means to do her. We will despatch the engravings at once, by saying, that they are as nearly perfect as the advanced state of the arts can make them. The book, as a work of literature, may be, and no doubt will be, according to the temperament of the reader, considered under either one of three views, two of which will be considered highly advantageous to the work, and one will involve a failure. To the generality of the world it will appear a series of exquisite tales, and be hailed by them with delight. To that portion of readers—and they are increasing daily—who accustom themselves to look beneath the surface, it will seem an elegant and cutting satire upon the pride of the sterner sex, and the system of love-making on both sides; and it will be deemed a failure by those exacting few, who look for “sermons in stones,” and who, believing that they possess more sense, wit, and talent than other people, think they could write a better book, and do not.

Friendship's Offering and Winter Wreath: a Christmas and a New Year's Present for 1837.

This annual is introduced to the public by a melancholy, yet graceful, preface, which, contrary to the practice of readers, we recommend to be read. There seems to be a fatality attached to the editor of these eph-

mera, making them almost as ephemeral as themselves. This annual is undoubtedly good this year. It commences with a tale from the powerful pen of Mr. James, entitled, "The Bridal of Gertrude," at once romantic and playful, and enriched by the graces of a sweet style of narration. "Donna Elena" is highly amusing, and not only highly improbable, but the events it details, morally and physically impossible. It is a pity the author did not leave us a single peg whereon we might have hung our credulity: he certainly cannot mean it as a burlesque, for, if he do, he has failed most signally. The contributions of Agnes Strickland are very good indeed, and Miss Land, in particular, excels. "The Lord of the Passes," and "The Widow," are pieces deserving of high commendation. The poetry by Thomas Mather is very correct and very common-place. What does Mr. Francis mean by the last four lines of his energetic "Call to Battle?"

Onward—axe and spear in grasp,—
Fling the scabbard from your clasp,
Sate in blood, and cries, and tears,
All the gathered hate of years.

What sort of scabbards have axes and spears? and is not the hilt and the handle generally clasped in preference to the scabbard? There's a mystery also in "All the gathered hate of years," sitting down in blood, and cries, and tears: but, perhaps, the author wrote "slake," and then the "gathered hate of years" will be treated after the manner of hot lime. We think the whole of this verse to be a jumble of the "devils," as all the other parts of the ode breathe the true poetic spirit, and redound to the credit of the highly-talented writer. The "Two Streams" of Mr. Challis flow from the genuine Helicon. Mr. Harrison has also two good pieces in this volume. The engravings are not so good as those of some of the annuals, but they are far above mediocrity.

Fisher's Drawing-room Scrap-book, 1837. With Poetical Illustrations, by L. E. L.

We have very little to say on the subject of this annual. It well serves the purposes for which it was produced,—the making pleasant a spare half hour by turning over its leaves. The plates are very numerous, very varied, and mostly very good. There is much beautiful poetry by L. E. L., that sometimes illustrates them and sometimes does not. Talking about the versification of this highly-gifted lady, we cannot help observing, that we think that she writes too hastily. "Fine thoughts by dint of being repeated, cease to become fine," is an aphorism that we can remember as far back as when we first conned our "Enfield's Speaker" at school. The world is indebted to L. E. L. for many beautiful images; we wish that she would allow the world still to think them beautiful, by not turning them into common-places by repetition. Her introductory verses are good, and instinct with poetry; but even these have the usual jingle upon the past, the present, and the future. We hope that no wag will maliciously count how often her verses have danced to the same tune, even in this one single volume; but we trust that, on her part, this mania for repetition is *past*, so, all that we shall say at *present* is, that, for the *future*, we hope she will no more ring the changes on the present, *past*, and future. We really give this caution in the kindest spirit; for we have always been a sincere, though not a sycophantic admirer both of Miss Landon's poetry and prose.

The Floral Telegraph; a New Mode of communicating by Floral Signals.

We are as much struck at the novelty of the idea, as pleased with the manner in which it is worked out in this tastefully got-up little volume. It actually reduces the art of communicating, by floral emblems, to a science; and the thought is at once beautiful and original. We need not be told, as long as flowers and ladies have bloomed, that significations have been given to the former, in compliment to the latter; and that the offer of a certain flower was presumed to convey a certain sentiment. This is as old as roses, or the hills upon which they grow. But these significations have been always unsettled and arbitrary, vary both in country and in town, and being arbitrary, not easily remembered, and are thus even to the most initiated of very limited use. But the method before us has created a new, an intelligent, and a comprehensive language; indeed so comprehensive, that it can only be bounded by the patience or the inclinations of those who may correspond in it. It may be said, however, why take the trouble to gather flowers and knot them into bouquets to convey a message or to express a sentiment, when pen, ink, and paper, so plentifully abound? To this we make three several answers;—firstly, it is pleasant to gather flowers and knot them into bouquets;—secondly, a good reason is stated in the introductory tale; and, thirdly, it is not in the power of every one to make a flowery speech either orally or graphically; but every one must allow that the most common-place phrase, if conveyed by the means of this telegraph, must be a flowery production. It is a ready-made method of talking in poetry. We will say nothing of the ingenuity that it will exercise, and the *tedium vite* that it will disperse. It will assuredly beget a love of flowers, and induce innocent and healthful recreation, and, we doubt not, lead many a fair lady to the study of botany. The introductory romance should be read for its own sake, for it is a cleverly told, witty, and playful fiction, admirably adapted to usher in the pleasing invention. Though no name is found in the title-page, it is evident that the work is from a practised and popular writer. We commend it heartily, with our good wishes to all our young readers of either sex; but throw it more especially upon the patronage of that half of humanity of whom flowers are emblems at once so graceful and so appropriate. We cannot conclude, without paying a just tribute to the botanical part of the work, and find that the artist and the engraver have done their parts skilfully. We have only to regret that there are not more coloured plates, and more ample illustrations, not that the present number are insufficient fully to develop the scheme, but that we like to have as much as we can of that which pleases us.

Sir Thomas Lawrence's Cabinet of Gems, with Biographical and Descriptive Memoirs. By P. G. PATMORE. 1837.

There is no doubt but that this volume will be precious in the sight of all who have a feeling for the fine arts, and glory in the high station the nation has assumed as their patron. The sketches are master-pieces, and will afford the student delightful exemplars for copying. We cannot, however, help saying, that the biography is written in too ardent a style of panegyric. Sir Thomas Lawrence was a great artist, and an elegant courtier. We feel that his fondest admirers cannot justly give him praise beyond this. This volume is certainly a great boon to the public; and we offer, with the rest of the community, our mite of gratitude to Mr. Patmore for having produced it.

Heath's Book of Beauty, 1837. With Nineteen beautifully-finished Engravings, from Drawings by the first Artists. Edited by the COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

When we see the name of the Countess of Blessington, we naturally expect to find things of beauty connected with it. We do not mean this as a personal compliment—we speak only of the numerous works which she has produced, or over which she has presided, the distinguishing epithet of all of them being beautiful. This reputation has placed in her hands the magic wand of Might, and she has but to wave it, and the finest spirits of the age come, and bowing down before her, lay their delicate offerings at her feet. What wonder, then, that, with such ministers as these, she can produce a "Book of Beauty?" Yet, in the circle of the talented that have gathered round her, there are some, who have not only not "the wedding garment" to distinguish them, but have clapped on the cap and bells. "O Day! O Night!" which is a very good apostrophe considering what we are talking about. How did these intruders manage to place themselves in such honourable company? We wonder how they dare come between "the wind and genuine nobility" of the two Bulwers, Walter Savage Landor, D'Israeli, and the other magnates of the mind. "Spots in the sun," common-place, and no apology. We never knew any one assert that the sun would not have been better without them. However, we need not dwell upon, and certainly shall not specify, them. Let us turn to a more agreeable office, and call the attention of the reader to "The Honeymoon" of the Countess of Blessington, and her *consequent* "Felicité;" as every body may suppose, they are both delightful. The sketch of "Juliet's Tomb in Verona," by Edward Lytton Bulwer, has all the depths of his poetic feeling. We were much pleased with the perusal of the paper by Sir William Gell, on "The Romantic History of the Moors in Spain," and we wish that some clever writer would carry out the subject into the length that it deserves. The "Eastern Story," by Mr. Wilkinson, the author of that curious and valuable book, "The Biography of Thebes," is one of the best features of the Annual. Walter Savage Landor's writings we have always admired, nor do we see less cause for our approbation in his "Imaginary Conversation," and his "Farewell to Italy," than in his other very original productions. But we have no space even to enumerate the sterling pieces that grace this book. This "Book of Beauty" has nobly sustained its appellation by the pencil and the burin; indeed, we have throughout, all styles of loveliness presented to us, from the severely chaste and the matronly, to the very, very voluptuous. If we were asked to which of these representations we give preference, we must answer, to that particular one which happens to be displayed before us—with one exception. This is altogether the best "Book of Beauty" of the series.

The Vale of Lanherne, and other Poems. By HENRY SEWELL STOKES.

These poems had lain by us for three or four months, and as often as its title-page met our eye, we put it aside with procrastinating peevishness, dreading the infliction that the reading of modern poetry generally proves to be, and resolving to defer reading it to the last possible opportunity. But, as ever and anon it would intrude upon us its neat chocolate-coloured binding in silent remonstrance, we were determined by a desperate effort to go through the "Vale of Lanherne," fully anticipating that it would be to us, a vale of misery. To say that we were agreeably disappointed, would be weakly stating the satisfaction that we experienced as

we read on. We found it not to be a vale either of dulness or sterility, but one lovely in the most beautiful flowers of poetry. It is a descriptive poem, and discursive, but at the same time, sweetly rural. Nor is it wanting in the higher attributes of inspiration, for the continued address to the sea, will be found to be an apostrophe equalled perhaps, by some of our best poets, but not surpassed. The minor poems at the conclusion of the volume are many, and various in their excellence, and show a great versatility, as well as extent of talent. We shall finish our brief notice by saying, that this work has every requisite for success, excepting the aptitude of the public to appreciate it.

Forget-Me-Not; a Christmas, and New Year's, and Birthday Present for 1837. Edited by FREDERICK SHOBERL.

The contents of this annual are all sterling articles, and from the pens of good writers, and the engravings keep pace with the talents of the authors. This volume has, like the "Friendship's Offering," a charming tale from Mr James, and one, only one, copy of verses from Mary Howitt,—"The Use of Flowers." "The Widow and her Child," by Mrs. Abdy, cannot be spoken of too highly. We were also very much pleased and amused by the story of "Puss and the Poetess," though we must call the gallantry of the author in question, for placing the feline before the inspired animal in the title. If Miss Tabby is known by her mews, so is the lady,—orthography going for nothing,—but, perhaps, the nine lives turned the balance against the sacred Nine, and thus Pussay carried the precedence. The piece called "The Rigour of the Law," is also extremely good. Taken as a whole, this annual is, this year, a spiritualized volume.

Jenning's Landscape Annual; or, Tourist in Spain for 1837. Biscay and the Castilles.

Mr. Roscoe has given the world another graphic description of an important division of Spain, including its celebrated and anomalous capital, Madrid. The style is lively and graceful, and, although most of the scenes which the author describes are already familiar to the general reader, it is impossible to grow weary over these fascinating pages. But not all the ground that Mr. Roscoe has gone over is the every-day track of the tourist. The ancient city of Toledo, as it now is, was almost unknown to the public, until the account of it, in this annual, had appeared. The plates are excessively beautiful, and the localities they portray rather romantic, or stupendous, and often both. We never beheld an engraving, as we believe, more picturesque. Mr. Roscoe, though by no means pronounced, is liberal, and thus his work is neither a panegyric on one or the other royal party, who are depopulating the greatest part of Spain, in order to govern the wretched remainder. But with persons of all degrees of political opinion, we find a wonderful coincidence as to the estimate of the Spanish character. Whether the writer be Whig, Tory, or Radical, he is sure to pronounce the Spaniard plunged so deeply in moral, religious, and scientific ignorance, that he does not see that his pride is nothing more than a splashing in the mud. For ourselves, we feel assured that, for the present, they are unfit for anything but a pure despotism, if they can get a paternal one, so much the better for them, but it is more than they deserve. This annual is also one that will take its station in the library, after having decorated the drawing-room. Mr. Roberts has proved, by his illustrations of this work, that he is not only an elegant artist, but one gifted with the true poetic feeling.

Astoria, or, Enterprises beyond the Rocky Mountains. By WASHINGTON IRVING, Author of "The Sketch Book," "The Alhambra," &c.

This is a history of a mercantile expedition, its disasters, reverses, and final ruin; an expedition that evinces much enterprise in the originator, and great resolution and aptitude of endurance on the part of those whose office it was to carry it into execution. It is a record of great interest, and the author has made the most of the materials that were at his command; yet there is a sameness, and we had almost said a tame-ness, in the isolated incidents of those bold adventurers, each so like the other. The strain of panegyric lavished upon Mr. Astor, we also think rather too lofty. His scheme, vast as it was, and highly beneficial as it would have been to America, had it been successful, was founded purely on the calculations of self-interest; and worked out, as far as it went, with an utter disregard of human suffering, and a recklessness of human life. At a very moderate computation, it will be found that not less than two hundred lives, including of course the Indians, were sacrificed in this unsuccessful endeavour to establish a petty depot, on a spot, where America had no right to attempt to make a settlement. Nor can we conscientiously subscribe to all the praises that Mr. Irving has bestowed upon the sagacity of Mr. Astor. The projected and miserably accomplished overland journey over the Rocky Mountains, taking more than a year to complete them, at a great expense, are, we think, proofs of this. The information acquired during these perilous exploits, were but a poor indemnification for the miseries endured, and the loss of life that accrued. Indeed, it was only by a succession of miracles, or the author has been making a book, that any of these parties survived. If it were so necessary to convey to New York rapid and punctual information, when the schooner had been finished at Astoria, she should have taken the most direct route down the eastern coast south until they had reached some narrow part of the Isthmus of Darien, they should have left her there, and crossing over that narrow neck of land, they could easily have found light craft in the Bay of Honduras, and thus speedily, and without hardships or dangers, reach New York. But the whole enterprise was one tissue of failures, privations, and discomfitures, very exciting to read about, but very horrible to endure. The principal party set out in a very well-formed ship under the command of Lieutenant Thorn, a martinet of the American navy, who really proved more than a thorn in the sides of the civilians, scavengers, men of commerce, and clerks. This stern and unyielding character is well drawn by Washington Irving. This is the way that they begin their voyage.

"The pride of the partners was immediately in arms. This was an invasion of their rights and dignities not to be borne. They were on board of their own ship, and entitled to consult their ease and enjoyment. M'Dougal was the champion of their cause. He was an active, irritable, fuming, vainglorious little man, and elevated in his own opinion, by being the proxy of Mr. Astor. A violent altercation ensued, in the course of which Thorn threatened to put the partners in irons should they prove refractory; upon which M'Dougal seized a pistol and swore to be the death of the captain, should he ever offer such an indignity. It was some time before the irritated parties could be pacified by the more temperate bystanders.

"Such was the captain's outset with the partners. Nor did the clerks stand much higher in his good graces; indeed, he seemed to have regarded all the landmen on board his ship as a kind of live lumber, continually in the way. The poor voyageurs, too, continually irritated his spleen by their 'lubberly' and unseemly habits, so abhorrent to one accustomed to the cleanliness of a man of war. These poor fresh water sailors, so vainglorious on shore, and almost amphibious when on lakes and rivers, lost all heart and stomach the moment they were at sea. For days they suf-

fered the doleful rigours and retchings of sea sickness, lurking below in their berths in squalid state, or emerging now and then like spectres from the hatchways, in capotes and blankets, with dirty nightcaps, grizzly beards, lantern visage and unhappy eye, shivering about the deck, and ever and anon crawling to the sides of the vessel, and offering up their tributes to the windward, to the infinite annoyance of the captain.

"His letters to Mr. Astor, wherein he pours forth the bitterness of his soul, and his seamanlike impatience of what he considers the 'lubbard' character and conduct of those around him, are before us, and are amazingly characteristic. The hottest captain is full of vexation on his own account, and solicitude on account of Mr. Astor, whose property he considers at the mercy of a most heterogeneous and wasteful crew.

"As to the clerks, he pronounces them mere pretenders, not one of whom had ever been among Indians, nor farther to the north-west than Montreal, nor of higher rank than bar-keeper of a tavern or marker of a billiard-table, excepting one, who had been a schoolmaster, and whom he emphatically sets down for 'as foolish a pedant as ever lived.'

"Then as to the artisans and labourers who had been brought from Canada and shipped at such expense, the three most respectable, according to the captain's account, were culprits, who had fled from Canada on account of their misdeeds; the rest had figured in Montreal as daymen, barbers, waiters, and carriage drivers, and were the most helpless, worthless beings, 'that ever broke sea biscuit.'

"It may easily be imagined what a series of misunderstandings and cross purposes would be likely to take place between such a crew and such a commander. The captain, in his zeal for the health and cleanliness of his ship, would make sweeping visitations to the 'lubber nests' of the unlucky 'voyageurs' and their companions in misery, ferret them out of their berths, make them air and wash themselves and their accoutrements, and oblige them to stir about briskly and take exercise.

"Nor did his disgust and vexation cease when all hands had recovered from sea-sickness, and become accustomed to the ship, for now broke forth an alarming keenness of appetite that threatened havoc to the provisions. What especially irritated the captain was the daintiness of some of his cabin passengers. They were loud in their complaints of the ship's fare, though their table was served with fresh pork, hams, tongues, smoked beef, and puddings. 'When thwarted in their cravings for delicacies,' said he, 'they would exclaim that it was d-d hard they could not live as they pleased upon their own property, being on board their own ship, freighted with their own merchandise. And these,' added he, 'are the fine fellows who made such boast that they could "eat dogs."'

"In his indignation at what he termed their effeminacy, he would swear that he would never take them to sea again 'without having Fly-market on the fore-castle, Covent Garden on the poop, and a cool spring from Canada in the main-top.'

We certainly think, if honest Thorn's word is to be taken, that these gentlemen had a great predilection for making fools of themselves. The captain thus writes to his employer respecting their behaviour in the Sandwich Islands,

"'It would be difficult,' he writes, 'to imagine the frantic gambols that are daily played off here; sometimes dressing in red coats, and otherwise very fantastically, and collecting a number of ignorant natives around them, telling them they are the great ones of the north-west, and making arrangements for sending three or four vessels yearly to them from the coast with spars, &c.; while those very natives cannot even furnish a hog to the ship. Then dressing in Highland plaids and kilts, and making similar arrangements, with presents of rum, wine, or anything that is at hand. Then taking a number of clerks and men on shore to the very spot on which Captain Cook was killed, and each fetching off a piece of the rock or tree that was touched by the shot. Then setting down with some white man or some native who can be a little understood, and collecting the history of those islands, of Tamaah-mah's wars, the curiosities of the islands, &c., preparatory to the histories of their voyages; and the collection is indeed ridiculously contemptible. To enumerate the thousand instances of ignorance, filth, &c., or to particularise all the frantic gambols that are daily practised, would require volumes.'

At length they arrive at their destination, the mouth of the river Columbia, and landing, there erected a stockaded fort, on English ground, discovered and taken possession of long before, by Vancouver, in the name of the British nation. The Tonquin then sailed farther north, in order to trade along shore for furs, but getting into a squabble with the barbarian natives, the ship is surprised, and all hands, with the exception of five, massacred. Four of these five clear the ship by means of their fire-arms, the fifth, a partner, and a hero worthy of the straits of Thermopylæ, takes a signal and bloody revenge upon the treacherous savages. This courageous gentleman was wounded, and, having made the other four attempt their escape in the boat, he enticed the numerous hordes of his enemies on board, and when the ship was completely filled with them, firing the powder-magazine, blew them all up with himself. After this catastrophe, disaster crowded upon disaster so thickly that this settlement might have been aptly called "Misfortune's Frolic." The ships that were sent round to them were lost, the parties that went up the river were robbed and shockingly maltreated by the Indians, and internal dissensions, and more than suspected treachery in the chief, seemed to stamp its ruin. But the fatal blow was struck by the war between England and America. The Racoon, Capt. Black, was sent out by the British government to take possession of the settlement, but the English North Western Fur Company were too sharp for the officer, for they bought what the British force had come to take without that ceremony. However, the stars of America were hauled down, and the English ensign hoisted, and Astoria became Fort George. Thus ended this enterprise. It has furnished Mr. Irving an opportunity of writing these very amusing, though rather spun-out volumes: and has added a little to geographical knowledge of the interior of North America; but we cannot help thinking these advantages dearly purchased by the loss of capital and of life that they have cost. It is our duty also to remark, that throughout this very clever work there are many evidences of hurry in the composition. Take the following for an example. It is an interview between Mr. Bradbury and an Indian. The dark skin asks the white man in the Osage language, whether he was a Big Knife or an American. "He answered in the affirmative." This strongly reminds us of Molière's sceptic philosopher, who got well thrashed because his conscience or his dogma would not permit him to give a direct answer. There are many more minor inaccuracies scattered through these volumes, indicative of no greater fault than haste. Altogether, this work will not become so popular as are others with which Mr. Irving has delighted the public, but it will be very generally read, if only partially admired: in fact, it is more adapted to the American than to the European side of the Atlantic.

Posthumous Memoirs of his own Time. By Sir W. WRAXALL, Bart.,
Author of "Memoirs of my own Time." 3 vols.

Taking these volumes collectively, we hold them to be the most important, as well as the most interesting, work that has appeared for some years; and, notwithstanding the wicked epigram that was bestowed on him during his life, one of the most accurate. These volumes are a collection of anecdotes of all the principal characters that played conspicuous parts during the latter part of the life of George III. and the subsequent regency. The anecdotes are told in an elegant, and often epigrammatic style, and as they are generally arranged as to their respective dates, they enlighten the history of the author's times, and become a very necessary commentary to them. One of the baronet's most important relations is that in which he tells us how he was employed, tacitly sanctioned

by George the Third, to revolutionize Denmark, in order to put the reins of the government into the hands of that monarch's sister. The whole is a romance of state. Were it not for its great length, we would extract it. Sir Nathaniel himself seems to have been a clever, but a venal man, — we use the word venal in its political sense only. He generally contrived to get his reward for what he did, and he well earned it. From the very abundance of its materials we are almost at a loss what portion to extract. Let us take an account of the manner in which the third George passed his time at Cheltenham.

"Here his majesty found himself, for the first time since his grandfather's decease, transformed in some degree from a sovereign into a country gentleman. No minister or secretary of state attended him. During near eight-and-twenty years of a stormy and calamitous reign, marked with the greatest national disasters, though set off by some days of glory, he had scarcely seen any part of his dominions. The Nora, Coxe Heath, Portsmouth, and Oxford, formed almost the extent of his travels. At Cheltenham, he had left a hundred miles behind him the

'Fumus et opes, strepitumque Romæ.'

His mode of living might be deemed patriarchal; more suited to the first ages of the world, than to the dissipated state of society towards the close of the eighteenth century. He visited the spring at so early an hour, that few of his subjects were found there to meet him. Constantly on horseback, when the weather permitted, from eleven to three, he sat down at four to dinner; strolled out, like a citizen, with his wife and daughters on the public walk soon after seven; and by eleven at night, everything was as completely hushed at Bays Hill Lodge as in a farm-house.

"The king was not even accompanied on this excursion by any of his usual attendants; neither by a lord of the bedchamber, nor by an equerry. The Earl of Courtown, an Irish nobleman, who held the office of treasurer of the household; himself a man of very moderate faculties, but of polite and easy manners; followed his majesty to Cheltenham, by special invitation. So did the Honourable Stephen Digby, vice-chamberlain to the queen. They usually were his companions when he rode; but he delighted to emancipate himself from all restraint, to walk out alone in the fields, and to enter into conversation with the persons who accidentally fell in his way. He made likewise some excursions of pleasure and curiosity; particularly to Gloucester, where, when visiting the cathedral, he appeared to contemplate with much interest the tomb of one of his unfortunate predecessors, on which is extended his recumbent figure. I mean, Edward the Second; who, after his inhuman murder at Berkeley Castle, was conveyed for interment to Gloucester. The king, queen, and princesses drove over likewise, on a morning visit, to the classic seat of Lord Bathurst, the friend of Pope, at Oakley Grove. But on that occasion, as on every other, the king invariably declined all dinners or entertainments. Lord Fauconberg himself could not have paid more assiduous attention to the Cheltenham spring than did George the Third. He drank of it indeed so profusely, and its effects on him were so violent, that many persons, not without apparently good cause, attributed his subsequent temporary loss of reason to the irritation produced by the waters on his nervous system."

An attentive perusal of these volumes will make the reader quite *au fait* to all the intrigues, and all the secret springs of action, that were at work during a very momentous period in our history, and form no unimportant study for the politician of the present day. Then, as now, expediency of the most devious character was the only principle that governed the actions of all parties, and the pretensions to integrity on all sides were lofty in proportion to the want of it. We recommend to earnest attention the author's spirited account of the struggle about the regency: it is a politico-moral lesson, and the best history of it extant. Sheridan cuts a brilliant, but too often a contemptible, figure in these memoirs. Not to give some anecdote concerning this erratic genius, the father of anecdotes, would be an unpardonable omission. But where to

choose? So many of them have enriched Joe Miller; and when once uttered, these things fly over the world like thistle down, and we find them, though disfigured, in every corner of the empire. We shall quote, however, the following.

"Few men of genius since Sir Richard Steele's time have undergone greater difficulties; and none have had recourse to more extraordinary modes for the purpose of raising money, or obtaining credit than Sheridan. Some were so ludicrous as to excite mirth, and can hardly obtain belief. He resided during several years in Bruton Street, Berkeley Square, where the house was frequently so beset with duns or bailiffs, that even the provisions requisite for his family were introduced over the iron railing down the area. In the course of the year 1786, while living there, he entertained at dinner a number of the opposition leaders, though he laboured at that time under almost insurmountable pecuniary embarrassments. All his plate, as well as his books, were lodged in pawn. Having, nevertheless, procured from the pawnbroker an assurance of the liberation of his plate for the day, he applied to Beckett, the celebrated bookseller in Pall Mall, to fill his empty bookcases. Beckett not only agreed to the proposition, but promised to ornament the vacant shelves with some of the most expensive and splendid productions of the British press, provided that two men, expressly sent for the purpose by himself, should be present to superintend their immediate restoration. It was settled finally that these librarians of Beckett's appointment should put on liveries for the occasion, and wait at table. The company having assembled, were shown into an apartment, where the bookcases being opened for the purpose, they had leisure, before dinner was served, to admire the elegance of Sheridan's literary taste, and the magnificence of his collection. But, as all machinery is liable to accidents, so in this instance a failure had nearly taken place, which must have proved fatal to the entertainment. When everything was ready for serving the dinner, it happened that, either from the pawnbroker's distrust, or from some unforeseen delay on his part, the spoons and forks had not arrived. Repeated messages were despatched to hasten them, and they at last made their appearance; but so critically and so late, that there not being time left to clean them, they were thrown into hot water, wiped, and instantly laid on the table. The evening then passed in the most joyous and festive manner. Beckett himself related these circumstances to Sir John Macpherson."

These volumes are indispensable to every collection of books even short of what may properly be called a library. The plates, portraits of distinguished persons, are very good, and the whole getting-up of the work is most creditable to its publisher. The index at the end is also a great recommendation to it, an example that we should wish to see much more generally followed. It is a pity that we have not more works published similar to this of Wraxall's, it would have a good effect upon the public morals. Vice is so ingenious that she can generally contrive to sin, not only with impunity, but under the name of any virtue that she may assume to suit her purpose, with much temporal advantage. Exposure is the only thing she dreads, and the only antagonist that she fears. How many crooked actions recorded in these volumes would never have been enacted at all, had it been for a moment surmised that they would have been thus fearlessly laid before the public. We speak only of public deeds, or those private deeds of public persons that operate for or against the public good: domestic character should be sacred.

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

Analysis of the Bible, with reference to the Social Duty of Man. By MONTGOMERY MARTIN.—Very good, and highly creditable to the heart and intellect of the author.

Oliver and Boyd's Penny Almanack and Pocket Companion for 1837. And Oliver and Boyd's Threepenny Almanack and Daily Remembrancer.—Happy combinations of cheapness and utility.

The Cheltenham Looker-On, a Note Book of Fashionable Sayings and Doings. Second Series.—Well, not only to be looked on, but to be looked through.

Owing to the great number of Annuals that are to make the new year glorious, we have been prevented from noticing many valuable works which we have lately received, but which shall meet the attention that they deserve in our next number.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- Observations on Derangement of the Digestive Organs. By William Law. Third edition. 8vo. 6s.
- Dr. James Thompson's Elements of Euclid. Second edition. 8vo. 8s.
- The Principles of Surgery. By James Syme, F.R.S.E. Second edition. 8vo. 14s.
- Evidence relating to the Art of Engraving, taken before the Committee of the House of Commons. 8vo. 2s.
- The Oxford English Prize Essays. New edition to the Present Time. 5 vol. post 8vo. 2l. 5s.
- Sturn's Morning Communings with God. Fourth edition. In 1 vol. fcap. 8vo. 8s.
- The German Tourist. Edited by Wolff and Doering. Translated by H. E. Lloyd. 15s.
- Essays on Conversation and Quackery. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- The Great Metropolis. By the Author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons." 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.
- Raumer's Political History of England. Vols. I. and II. 8vo. 30s.
- Portugal and Galicia. By an English Nobleman. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.
- Morison's Family Prayers for every Morning throughout the Year. Imp. 8vo. 21s.
- Sentiment of Flowers. Second edition. 6s. cloth; 7s. 6d. silk.
- Cruikshank's Comic Almanack, 1837. 2s. 6d.
- A Tribute of Affection to the Memory of a Beloved Sister. Fcap. 2s. 6d.
- De Tocqueville's Democracy in America. Second edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.
- The Knights of Aristophanes, with Notes, by Mitchell, 8vo. 18s.
- Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, 2 vols. 8vo. new edition, 24s.
- Joplin's Examination of Report of Joint Stock Bank Committee, 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- Wiseman's Lectures on the Doctrine and Practice of the Roman Catholic Church, 12mo. 4s.
- Whewell's Elementary Treatise on Mechanics. Fifth edition. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Carleton's Traits and Stories, Vols. IV. and V. 18mo. 5s.
- Flowers and Fruit from the Old English Garden, royal 32mo. 2s.
- A Whisper to a Newly Married Pair. Seventh edition. fcp. 3s. 6d.
- Todd's Johnson's Dictionary, 18mo. New edition. 3s.
- Esther More. By Mrs. Godwin. 18mo. 2s.
- Basil Harlow. By Mrs. Godwin. 18mo. 2s.
- Nature Considered as a Revelation. By the Rev. R. Bayley. 12mo. 4s.
- Backwell's (Mrs.) Mother's Practical Guide. New edition. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

The representation and publication of Mr. E. L. Bulwer's new Tragedy, "*THE DUCHESS DE LA VALLIERE*," will take place, we understand, on Monday, the 5th instant.

"*THE MEMOIRS OF GEN. LAFAYETTE*," written by himself, and edited by his Son, are in preparation, and may be expected early in the ensuing year.

A little publication on Flowers has just appeared, entitled the "*FLORAL TELEGRAPH*:" it is an adaptation of the principle of naval signals to communications by flowers, and is susceptible of endless variety: it is said to be the production of a popular naval writer.

"*THE STATE PRISONER*;" a Tale, by Miss Mary Boyle, is nearly ready for publication.

Few recent works of fiction have met with greater success than Mr. James's beautiful novel, "*THE DESULTORY MAN*:" it is worthy of the author of "*Richieu*."

A vigorous effort is making, both in this country and in America, to obtain in the approaching Session of Congress, the passing of a law to secure to English Authors their right of property in their works in America. An Address from the Authors of England has been prepared, which will receive the signatures of the first writers in this country.

The Lady's Cabinet Lawyer; a Summary of the exclusive and peculiar Rights and Liabilities of Women.

The Wonders of Geology. By Dr. Mantell, F.R.S., &c.

First Part of the Pilgrims of the Thames in Search of the National. By Pierce Egan, Author of "*Life in London*."

Little Tales for Little Heads and Little Hearts: companion to "*The Story without an End*;" with Cuts.

Floral Sketches, Fables, and other Poems. By Agnes Strickland.

Henrietta Temple; a Love Story. By the Author of "*Vivian Grey*."

Rambles in Egypt and Candia; with Details of their Military Power and Resources, &c. By Captain C. Rochfort Scott, h. p. Royal Staff Corps.

In one volume, 12mo. and in separate Plays. *Select Plays from Shakspeare*, chiefly adapted for the Use of Schools and Young Persons, with Notes, selected from the best Commentators. By E. Slater. This selection comprises the following admired plays, viz.—*Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Richard III.*, *King John*, *Coriolanus*, and *Julius Caesar*. The object of the editor has been to furnish a class-book, worthy the attention of the more advanced pupils in the higher schools, and generally to introduce Shakspeare to the cultivated youth of both sexes. The principal that has guided him in the conduct of the work has been to preserve the inviolability of Shakspeare in the utmost degree, consistent with the object of producing a book designed peculiarly for young people. In some instances it has been necessary, in pursuance of this object, to sacrifice parts involving real beauties. These parts, however, bear but a very small proportion to the beauties that have been retained—beauties that by being disencumbered of questionable, though specious associations, may shine out in all their splendour, and command the delight and admiration of all hearts.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—*King Lear*.—Mr. Forrest.—Mr. Forrest has not escaped from the usual fate of eminent actors, to suffer alike from the enthusiasm of their friends, and the hypercriticism of their opponents; at first, we were apprehensive that between the two parties, (the critics we mean, for in the house all is unanimity,) he would not get justice done to his real merits. If there be anything more abominable than the cant of criticism, it is its presumption. After witnessing efforts of ability or genius, the chief duty of a critic is to express the pleasure he has experienced, and his reasons for it, not to defile an actor's reputation by exposing trifling errors of detail, or slight imperfections of judgment. Mr. Forrest has greatly added to his reputation during the past month; principally by his performance of

King Lear. No actor has, and we may safely affirm ever will, realise the actual Lear of Shakespeare. To exhibit the passions of the king, the father, "the infirm, weak, despis'd old man," in all their barrenness, and with all the force of reality, would be intolerable: the mind would shrink in horror from the sight: it is beyond the highest efforts of an imitative art, they may be preserved, as if faintly, in a mirror, or seen through the atmosphere of a dream. So far then as his art will permit, Mr. Forrest's Lear is not unworthy of the part. The only error (we are almost forgetting our own censure of critics) of judgment we observed in the performance, is where the passionate old monarch so suddenly changes his intentions towards Cordelia, in consequence of her apparent coldness; this change does not, as Mr. Forrest seems to suppose, arise from the outraged feelings of a parent, but from the wounded pride of a king, by long subserviency, in those around him, accustomed to consider his wishes and will the sole motives of action or feeling in his family. In those scenes where the insulted king overwhelms with the lava of his passion, the objects of his rage, Mr. Forrest is invariably great and energetic. The dreadful curse was given with great force: it appeared to proceed from a source independent of the will, the physical exertions to have momentarily triumphed over the mental faculties, and towards the close, cause the frame of the aged king to give way under its supernatural exertion. The transition, when Lear sends for Regan, from "Bid 'em come forth and hear me," &c. to "O! are you come?" was perhaps the most effective burst in the play. The mad scene was a very difficult piece of acting, in a most difficult part: in correct outline of action it has rarely been excelled; the management of his hands was a delicate touch of nature, they were fully as unsettled and wandering as his mind. This idea, however, was one of Kean's effusions of genius, whose conception of this character Mr. Forrest strictly adheres to. The interview between Lear and Gloucester completely realised

"Matter and impertinency mixt:
Reason in madness."

In the short scene where Lear, through the affectionate care of Cordelia, revives and recognises her, the actor is not so effective: he is deficient in mild pathos of voice, and simplicity of manner. The whole performance is unaffected, correct, and untheatrical; and in the present state of the stage, deserves every encouragement and support. Great care and skill have been observed in the getting up of the tragedy: we never saw Cooper to more advantage than in Edgar; he played with exquisite discrimination and fine feeling. The performers generally have taken great pains with their respective parts, although we cannot admire Miss Taylor's Cordelia. This lady performs the character of a hoyden with great spirit and humour; but she wants gentleness, simplicity, and dignity, for the part of the suffering Cordelia. There is a tremulous tenderness of voice wanted, which is not to be supplied by hysteric sobs, and an earnest anxiety of expression, a deficiency which cannot be compensated for by a sorrowful or demure countenance. Miss Taylor should preserve the action of her character, on leaving the stage, until she is out of sight of the audience, otherwise the illusion is broken in upon; as it is, on coming near the sides, she huddles her garments together, and hurries behind the scenes.

The manager here has produced an English version of the *Maid of Corinth*, the original music of which is by Rossini, entitled *The Siege of Corinth*. It is most beautifully got up, with more than Mr. Bunn's ordinary splendour, and, with the assistance of Duvernay's charming dancing, forms a magnificent after-piece. This and Mr. Forrest in Shakespeare attract, as they deserve, excellent houses.

COVENT GARDEN.—*Julius Cæsar*.

—"On the tip of his subduing tongue,
All kinds of arguments and questions deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect, and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will."

In none of his plays has Shakespeare exhibited more dramatic skill than in *Julius Cæsar*, of which the strongest proof is his making Brutus the hero of the piece, and

rendering the assassination of Cæsar a secondary event in the drama. Shakspeare might, and inferior minds doubtless would, have portrayed the ambitious steps by which Cæsar attempted to arrive at kingly power, the rise and growth of the conspiracy against him, and crowned the whole by his death "i' th' Capitol." This would undoubtedly have been an interesting historical event, but would have afforded few opportunities of creating sympathy or exciting the feelings. Shakspeare has assumed Cæsar's offence against Roman liberty, has introduced the conspiracy already formed, and has drawn a most amiable character of the great avenger of Roman freedom. Brutus is described as possessing a sweet and gentle disposition, sincerely attached to his friends, and devoted to his wife, of whom he declares she is

"As dear to him, as are the ruddy drops
That visit his sad heart:"

kind and attentive to his domestics, unwilling to shed one drop of blood unless compelled by stern necessity: urged by patriotism and a conscientious love of justice, he participates in the death of his friend, but how different are his motives to that act, from those of his associates!

"All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar:
He only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them,"

His very virtues destroy him; acting himself with the purest intentions, he is unfit to lead a corrupt party to a triumphant issue, and falls, at last, an offering to his own generosity of mind, in sparing Antony, and his confidence in the goodness of the cause he is engaged in. Could anything reconcile the mind to the indifference of the Stoic philosophers, it would be the affecting incident of Portia's death; there are few finer passages in Shakspeare than the one alluded to; it is after the reconciliation of Brutus and Cassius.

"Brutus. O, Cassius, I am sick of many griefs,
"Cassius. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
"Brutus. No man bears sorrow better:—*Portia is dead.*"

During his quarrel with Cassius, he makes no mention of his own griefs; he debates on the general affairs, points out with warmth and earnestness the errors of Cassius, whilst he is sick at heart from the loss of his beloved wife. He relates with simplicity and tenderness the manner of her death, uttering no unavailing regrets, or torturing himself with no sentimental recollections, he requests his friend to "speak of her no more," attends the council of generals, where Massala, having laid his loss before him, he exclaims with touching and thrilling firmness,

"Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Massala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now!"

and turns to the discussion of the plans for the ensuing engagement. The genuine love of liberty and pure motives of Brutus, are finely opposed to the mixed character of Cassius, whose patriotism is alloyed by jealousy, irritability, and passion. If to these we add Marc Antony, in whom friendship and debauchery, oratorical powers and great ambition, are strangely combined, there are few plays, even of Shakspeare himself, which are adorned with three such noble characters. In witnessing the representation of *Julius Cæsar*, there is a melancholy regret comes over the audience in the last two acts, arising from deep sympathy with the motives of the conspirators, and a sad consciousness of the unavoidable result of their glorious enterprise.

We sincerely congratulate the manager of this house on the spirit and taste which he has displayed in the revival of this play. The Brutus of Mr. Macready is an admirable performance, and fully sustains his high character. He invariably plays a classical part *con amore*, and in the present case had evidently taken more than ordinary pains in preparing himself for it, and, consequently, produced a most noble and complete piece of acting; full of deep pathos, and intense energy, both of con-

ception and execution, and exquisite judgment. The Cassius of Mr. Vandenhoff, although by no means a finished, is a thoughtful and correct piece of acting; the celebrated description of Cæsar, in the second scene, was given with great effect and good taste, being neither too colloquial nor declamatory. The Marc Antony of Mr. C. Kemble, is, as it always has been, the most finished performance of its kind on the stage; it is almost impossible fully to appreciate Antony's address to the people over the dead body of Cæsar without hearing Mr. Kemble in the character. Mrs. W. West's Portia, and Mr. H. Wallack's Casca were judicious and painstaking performances. We have rarely seen a character better understood than Casca by Mr. Wallack.

Massinger.—*A New Way to pay Old Debts.* Although Massinger, we are told, maintained a constant struggle with adversity, enjoying no gleam of sunshine, his life being all one wintry day, "shadow clouds and darkness" resting upon it, yet his works appear to have been more popular among his contemporaries than in subsequent times. His friend, Sir Aston Cockayne, whose critical powers Mr. Gifford attests, on one occasion thus pours forth his admiration:—

"Thou more than poet! our Mercury that art
Apollo's messenger, and dost impart
His best expressions to our care, live long
To purify the alighted English tongue,
That both the nymphs of Tagus and of Po
May not henceforth despise our language so.
Nor could they do it, if they e'er had seen
The matchless features of the "Fairy Queen;"
Read Jonson, Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, or
Thy neat limned pieces, skilful Massinger."

Mr. Gifford's attempt to revive the popularity of Massinger, was partially successful in the closet, but did not produce any effect on the stage; nor can this excite surprise. The plays of Massinger are replete with eloquent passages and spirited descriptions, abound in strong and defined character, and are possessed of well-developed plots, but they are too full of horrors and butchery, unrelieved by one pathetic scene or tender emotion, "ne'er opening the sacred source of sympathetic tears," to excite deep interest in an audience. His language is never uncouth or obsolete, yet it is frequently inappropriate and weak; his knowledge of mankind is correct and intimate, but conveyed in periods too lofty and stately for the stage; in portraying historical events, he offends by the introduction of extravagant fable; if commendation be due to Massinger for the excellence of the moral intended to be inculcated, he must stand condemned for indecency of expression, and licentiousness of thought. His works, notwithstanding that fault, may be perused with profit, but we venture to assert with little pleasure, he but rarely touches the feelings, and seldom excites the imagination. He displays great strength of understanding, and a considerable share of learning, but generally in a harsh and repulsive form.

The comedy of a "*A New Way to pay Old Debts*," is no exception to these general remarks on Massinger: to us it is a most disagreeable play; there is nothing pleasing, nothing touching in it; throughout, the only feeling produced is disgust. The character of Sir Giles Overreach is strongly drawn, highly characteristic of its author, but has not one redeeming point of moral excellence in it: a low-born, upstart, and purse-proud tyrant, an extortioner and an oppressor, he glories in publicly worshipping the odious god of his idolatry, self-interest, and immolates on its shrine those around him, without regard to kindred, sex, or age. This play has had a temporary popularity in our times, owing to the dreadful delineation of Sir Giles Overreach by Kean, who was doubtless led to the study of this character from a similarity between it and Richard III.; the Sir Giles of Massinger is the Richard of Shakspeare reduced to ordinary life. Those who remember the "rising" of the pit, the screams of ladies in the boxes, and the sickening sensation produced in their own minds by Kean, will recognize little of the Sir Giles in that actor, in the less horrible portrait of Mr. Vandenhoff. The Sir Giles Overreach of Kean had, doubtless, faults, but after witnessing him it became painful to dwell on the play. Mr. Vandenhoff's Sir Giles is a sensible, unpretending performance, which, if it display not many excellences, is entirely free from errors in taste: he is rather too quiet in some of the early scenes; his contempt for everything, but the power arising from wealth, might, without injuring the part, be rendered more palpable, and

the prospect of his daughter becoming a "right honourable" more gloating. With Farren as Marrall, Webster as Justice Greedy, and Pritchard as Wellborn, the comedy was very efficiently cast, but until another Kean shall represent the chief character, we doubt whether it will ever again be very popular in our times.

The management of the two large theatres bids fair this season to become a subject of national congratulation; Shakspeare and the legitimate drama, are once more restored to their natural home, and only require public support to become permanent residents.

THE OLYMPIC.—The affairs of this theatre are going on well. There have lately been some very talented additions made to its corps dramatique, among whom we must mention that popular and very clever actress, Mrs. Fitzwilliam. We hear that great exertions are making to produce the Christmas novelties with *éclat*.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

Though our transactions in the manufacturing districts have been a little hampered by the unsettled state of the money market, and the withholding of the usual numbers of orders from America, we see no cause for despondency. The harvest has not turned out so badly as at first it was anticipated. Prices of the necessaries of life have certainly increased a little, but such an event is not uncommon at this season of the year. If we may judge from the reports from the Custom House, our foreign trade is still on the increase, and the shipping interest has certainly not deteriorated very lately, though it is not in that flourishing state that every lover of his country would wish. The money panic still continuing, it is impossible just now to say what effect this disarrangement of the public credit will have ultimately on our inland trade, commerce, and manufactures. We have, however, the greatest reliance on the resources of the country, and the energies of the English character. A few months will shortly decide many important questions concerning the stability of our vast fabric of commerce. We see, we repeat, no grounds for any real alarm.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS.

On Monday, 28th of November.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 202 one-half.—Consols for Account, 87 one-eighth.—Three per Cent., Reduced, 86 one-eighth.—Three and a Half per Cent., Reduced, 94 three-eighths.—Exchequer Bills, 2 p.—India Bonds, 3 p.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese Regency, Five per Cent., 48.—Columbian Bonds, 20, three-quarters.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 52 three-eighths.—Spanish Bonds, Active, 17 one-half.

MONEY MARKET REPORT.—During the whole month of November, the money market has been in the most unsettled state, and the repetition of so many small shocks to general confidence has overthrown many of our weaker mercantile houses, and caused the failure, or temporary suspension of payment of a few of our provincial banking establishments. It is no use specifying them by name. We have great hopes that the latter will recover themselves. Towards the latter end of the month, the foreign exchanges seemed to be making some progress in our favour. The Exchequer Bill market has been very firm, though about the 25th, sales of these securities, to the amount of 300,000*l.* was made by the Bank privately. The above is the state of the funds on the 28th.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM OCTOBER 26, TO NOVEMBER 18, 1836, INCLUSIVE.

Oct. 25.—W. and W. Balley, Whitecross Street, carriers.—S. Bates, Derby, grocer.—W. H. Pilpson, Birmingham, coffee house-keeper.—J. Gardiner, Gloucester, smokejack maker.—H. Smith, Ledbury, Herefordshire, grocer.—J. H. Cook, Birmingham, licensed beer retailer.—J. Clark, Crooks, Sheffield, Yorkshire, builder.—T. Williamson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, draper.—S. Cheetham and T. Wadsworth, Macclesfield, Cheshire, silk throwsters.—R. McClure, Manchester, general merchant.

Oct. 28.—T. Whytall, Upper Street, Islington, cabinet maker.—J. Newson, Rising Sun Brewery, Davies Place, Chelsea, brewer.—W. Winsor, Dodbrooke, Devonshire, beer seller.—R. H. Gripeard, Oxford, grocer.—T. Price and G. H. Powell, Bay, Brecon.—J. Wood, Stowmarket, Suffolk, ironfounder.—D. Macdonnell, Liverpool, factor.—J. Livers, Manchester, corn dealer.

Nov. 1.—J. Webb and G. W. Collison, Quadrant, Middlesex, linen drapers.—S. Couchman, Strand, Kent, grocer.—J. Hill, Montagu Mews, Montagu Square, hackneyman.—J. T. Tidd and J. Mallandaine, Marlborough Road, Chelsea, candle manufacturers.—J. Elliott, Finsbury Place, Finsbury Square, livery stable keeper.—J. G. Peacock, Albion Lane, merchant.—T. Lacy and W. Hellwell, Stanfield, Yorkshire, cotton spinners.—J. Dale and E. Atkin, Manchester, chemists.—E. Darbyshire, and M. Barlow, Manchester, power loom cloth manufacturers.—W. Kent and H. Green, Liverpool, woollen drapers.—D. Davies, Newbridge, Glamorganshire, dealer.—J. Eamer, Preston, Lancashire, hop merchant.

Nov. 4.—T. Thompson, Brydges Street, Covent Garden, wine and spirit merchant.—T. Smith, Southampton Street, Strand, wine merchant.—J. Tanner, Grenada Terrace, Stepney, master mariner.—A. Elmick, Long Lane, Southwark, chemist.—W. Barthold, Great Tower Street, merchant.—J. Duncan, St. Mary Axe, cheesemonger.—J. Haylmore, Abchurch Lane, carrier.—H. Wilson, Wigan, Lancashire, tailor.—J. Drewe, Keynasham, Somersetshire, scrivener.—J. Miller, Durham Down, Bristol, nurseryman.

Nov. 8.—J. Mathews, High Holborn, wax chandler.—S. H. Jonas, Well Street, Wellclose

Square, sugar refiner.—E. Bowler, Paddington Street, Marylebone, hackneyman.—G. Jermyn, Oxford Street, haberdasher.—J. Tripp, Kingston-upon-Hull, sawyer.—J. Royle and J. M. Constable, Manchester, corn merchants.—W. Wright, Harrow-on-the-Hill, banker.—C. Drury, Sheffield, timber merchant.—W. Turner, Leamington Priory, Warwickshire, builder.—W. Denby, Manchester, fusian manufacturer.—H. O. Cadney, Halifax, Yorkshire, corn dealer.—S. Pearce, Oreston, Devonshire, quarryman.

Nov. 11.—C. Danvers, Rotherhithe, merchant.—R. Wilby, Park Street, Islington, shipowner.—J. Middleton, Bread Street, Cheapside, warehouseman.—S. Harris, Wardour Street, Soho, timber merchant.—W. Brooks, Hatton Garden, jeweller.—J. Ward, Woolsich, banker.—J. Smith, James Street, Covent Garden, potato salesman.—J. Everard, Naseby, Northamptonshire, ale and beer seller.—J. J. Holyoake, Redditch, Worcestershire, needle manufacturer.—W. Boam, Buxton, Derbyshire, draper.—J. Peters, Littlehampton, Sussex, corn merchant.—C. Roberts, Oxford, victualler.—C. Eldridge, Brighton, builder.—J. York, Thorne, Yorkshire, tanner.—J. Stringer, Northampton, scrivener.—B. Heman, St. Leonard's, Hastings, builder.

Nov. 15.—R. J. Adams, Chelmsford, cabinet maker.—R. Webster, Cornhill, watch and clock maker.—E. Coaker, Blackheath Road, Greenwich, grocer.—E. Seari, Bodmin, Cornwall, linen draper.—J. Hyatt, Commercial Road, Fimlico, victualler.—B. Noman, St. Leonard's, Hastings, builder.—W. Maibum, Brighton, coachmaker.—T. Davies, Ledbury, Herefordshire, victualler.—J. C. Lee, Leeds, carpet and coverlet manufacturer.—S. Pearce, Oreston, Devonshire, quarryman.—G. Orme, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire, bookseller.—J. Smith, Scitcliffe Mill, Lancashire, corn miller.—J. Marshall, Coventry, ribbon manufacturer.

Nov. 18.—T. Nicholls, Dowgate Hill, carman.—T. Wildish, Crutched Friars, wine merchant.—S. Roberts, Hastings, Sussex, shoemaker.—A. Haslem, Radcliffe, Lancashire, victualler.—T. Enoch and H. Jacob, Leicester, grocers.—R. Moore, Hoxne, Suffolk, broker.—J. Bakewell, Manchester, size manufacturer.

NEW PATENTS.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's Inn, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in anchors, and in friction rollers, to facilitate the lowering and raising such and other anchors, which friction rollers are applicable to other purposes. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. September 15th, 6 months.

W. P. Green, of Falmouth, Cornwall, Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, for improvements on capstans applicable to ships and other purposes, and for methods or contrivances to reduce manual labour at capstans used at mines, such methods or contrivances strengthening capstans, prevents them being overpowered, and are improvements on the modes hitherto resorted to for the performance of work, such capstans, methods, and contrivances, being used conjointly or separately, and for raising ore and men from mines. September 28th, 6 months.

J. I. Hawkins, of Chase Cottage, Hampstead Road, Middlesex, Civil Engineer,

for an improvement in the blowing pipe of blast furnaces and forges. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. September 28th, 6 months.

G. Crane, of Ynicedwyn Iron Works, near Swansea, Iron Master, for an improvement in the manufacture of iron. September 28th, 6 months.

W. N. Clay, of West Bromwich, Staffordshire, Manufacturing Chemist, for improvements in the manufacture of sulphate of soda. September 28th, 6 months.

R. Pearson, of Saint Giles, Oxford, Organist of Carfax Church, Oxford, for certain improvements in drags or apparatus for retarding carriages. September 28th, 6 months.

J. L. Phillips, of Melksham, Wiltshire, Cloth Manufacturer, for an improvement in the manufacture of woollen cloths. October 4th, 2 months.

J. White, of Lambeth, Surrey, Engineer, for certain improvements on railways. October 4th, 6 months.

C. W. Stone, of Finchley, Middlesex, Mechanic, for improvements in harness for weaving purposes, and in the apparatus for making the same. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. October 4th, 6 months.

H. H. Mohun, of Walworth, Surrey, Doctor in Medicine, for improvements in the manufacturing of fuel. October 4th, 6 months.

S. T. Jones, of Manchester, Lancashire, Merchant, for certain improvements in the tanning of hides and skins. October 6th, 6 months.

M. Berry, of 66, Chancery Lane, in the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, Middlesex, Mechanical Draftsman, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for making or manufacturing metal screws. October 6th, 6 months.

J. Sharp, of Dundee, Forfarshire, in North Britain, Flax Spinner, for certain machinery for converting ropes into tow, and certain improvements in certain machinery for preparing hemp or flax for spinning, part of which improvements are also applicable to the preparing of cotton, wool, and silk for spinning, October 8th, 6 months.

H. Scott, jun., and R. S. Oliver, Hatters, both of the city of Edinburgh, for a certain improvement or improvements in the manufacture of hats, caps, and bonnets. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. October 13th, 6 months.

F. B. Geithner, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Brass Founder, for improvements applicable to the drawing or winding up of window and other roller-blinds or maps, which improvements are also applicable to other useful purposes. October 13th, 6 months.

J. Hemming, of Edward Street, Portman Square, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of white lead. October 13th, 6 months.

T. Lutwyche, of Liverpool, Lancashire, Manufacturing Chemist, for certain improvements in the construction of apparatus used in the decomposition of common salt, and in the mode or method of working or using the same. October 13th, 6 months.

J. Ruthven, of Edinburgh, for improvements in the formation of rails or rods for making railways, and in the method of fixing or joining them. October 13th, 6 months.

C. P. Devaux, of Fenchurch Street, Merchant, in the city of London, for a new or improved apparatus for preventing the explosion of boilers or generators of steam. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. October 13th, 6 months.

J. J. C. Sheridan, of Peckham, Surrey, Chemist, for certain improvements in the several processes of saccharine, vinous, and acetous fermentation. October 20th, 6 months.

W. B. Adams, of Brecknock Crescent, Camden Town, Middlesex, Coach Maker, for certain improvements in wheel carriages. October 20th, 6 months.

C. Nickels, of Guildford Street, Surrey, Manufacturer of Caoutchouc, for improvements in preparing and manufacturing caoutchouc, applicable to various purposes. Communicated partly by a foreigner residing abroad. October 21st, 6 months.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 33" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1836.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches.	Prevailing Weather.
Oct.					
23	57-32	30.29-30.26	N. W.		Generally clear, except the morning.
24	64-41	30.30-30.26	W. & W. b. N.		Generally cloudy.
25	62-46	30.18-30.13	W. & W. b. N.		Cloudy, rain in the morning.
26	64-46	30.11-30.06	W. b. S.		Cloudy, a little rain in the evening.
27	52-37	30.05-30.02	N. W.	.0125	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
28	62-31	30.07-30.73	N. W.	.075	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
29	48-24	30.72-30.43	N. b. W.		Cloudy, snowing generally the whole of the day.
30	37-26	30.07-30.03	N. b. W.		Generally clear.
31	29-23	30.03-30.07	N. b. W.		Generally clear.
Nov.					
1	48-38	30.02-30.04	W. b. S.		Generally cloudy, rain in the afternoon.
2	53-30	30.00-30.04	W. b. S.	.125	Generally cloudy, rain in the afternoon.
3	50-34	30.70-30.59	W. b. S.	.025	Cloudy; rain & hail, thunder & light in the even.
4	46-36	30.53-30.39	S. W.	.1	Gen. clear, a little rain the afternoon.
5	45-36	30.34-30.14	W. b. N.	.075	Generally clear, except the morn. rain with hail.
6	45-36	30.30-30.04	W.	.05	Generally clear, a little rain in the afternoon.
7	41-27	30.73-30.52	W. b. N.	.025	Generally clear.
8	30-21	30.01-30.57	W. b. S.		Generally clear.
9	50-25	29.94-30.77	S. b. W.	.075	Generally cloudy, with rain.
10	53-42	29.57-30.53	S. W.	.375	Generally cloudy, with rain in the morn. & even.
11	51-30	29.40-30.00	S. b. E.	.15	Generally cloudy, with rain and fog in the even.
12	45-38	29.78-30.74	S. W.	.025	Generally cloudy, except the evening.
13	50-43	29.05-30.05	S. W.	.055	Cloudy, with rain in the morning.
14	45-34	29.07-30.54	W. b. S.		Generally clear.
15	49-26	29.08-30.57	W. b. S.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in aftern.
16	31-30	29.06-30.05	S. W.	.0125	Generally cloudy, rain in the evening.
17	47-41	29.44-30.28	S. W.	.025	Morn. & even. cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
18	43-33	29.15-30.02	W. b. S.	.35	Generally clear, except morn. showers of rain.
19	40-27	29.18-30.15	W. b. S.	.075	Generally cloudy, with rain, morning clear.
20	42-31	29.05-30.03	N. b. E.	.375	Generally clear, except the morning.
21	41-25	30.01-30.04	N. E. & S. E.		Generally cloudy.
22	41-32	29.85-30.00	N. & S. E.	.05	Cloudy, a shower of rain about 10 o'clock. P.M.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.—The first meeting for the present session was held on the 17th inst. at its apartments in Somerset House, Francis Bailey, Esq., V.P. in the chair. As usual on this occasion, the auditors for the present year were elected, who were Professor Airy, Astronomer Royal; Dr. Bostock, W. H. Pepys, Esq., and Rev. Professors Peacock and Sedgwick. Dr. Roget, the secretary, read an analysis of the papers communicated the preceding session, after which the meeting adjourned.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—At the usual meeting the monthly report was read. Balance in favour of the society on the proceedings of October, 566l. The number of visitors to the gardens and museum during the last month, upwards of 9000. Ten fellows were elected. Amongst the additions to the menagerie is a monstrous variety of the Indian tortoise, (*Testudo Indica*, Linn.) It is remarkable for the great irregularity of the surface of its shell, each of the plates being raised into high

conical eminences. A note addressed to Col. Sykes, by Lieut. Henning, R.N., read lately, notices the capture of an albatross by a hook; and states that the bird, while so attached, was fastened on by another of the same species; but whether with the intention of endeavouring to release it, or with the view of taking advantage of its helpless condition, the writer did not attempt to determine. Some conversation took place at the meeting respecting the appointment of a successor to the late Mr. Bennett, who officiated as secretary. Mr. Gordon, M.P. spiritedly argued in favour of a liberal salary being allowed, so as that the situation might be worth the acceptance of a man of real science. The king of the vultures would have been exhibited here, from Macaribo, whence his majesty was sent by our vice-consul, Mr. Mackay, but he died on his passage. The chairman read observations on the morbid appearances of animals which had recently died in the gardens.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.—The session opened, Earl Stanhope, president, in the chair. Dr. Sigmond read a paper on the progress of the science of botany in relation to medicine, from the earliest periods of which we have any records. Known, however, as medical botany was in the time of the Britons, it was not until after the invention of printing that it became universally studied. Many manuscripts on the subject existed of the 13th and 14th century, but the first published work appeared in 1516, under the title of "The Great Herbal." The originator of the science was Dr. Turner. Next came a history of plants in the Dutch language, and some works on plants and herbs, in the Spanish tongue. The translations from the latter were extensively circulated, and read with avidity; and it was found that mankind could procure from the vegetable kingdom, remedies in vain sought after elsewhere. Dr. Sigmond trusted that the time was not far distant when herbs would be in more general use as medicine. He was sure the science of medical botany would amply repay those who had time to investigate it. Several specimens of narcotics employed in medicine, principally plants, and gathered by Mr. Batley, were on the table. Among them were specimens of Turkish opium; and it was a matter of satisfaction to the society and the public to know that the opium in the English was superior to that in the French market; indeed, he might say that it was infinitely more pure than that found in any other part of Europe.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Wednesday, Nov. 16th. Mr. Lyell, president, in the chair.—The following papers were read:—1. On indications of change in the relative level of land and water, in the estuary of the Clyde, by Mr. Smith, of Jordan Hill, F. R. S. and G. S. In the west of Scotland are two superficial deposits; the lowest locally called "tile," consisting of unstratified clay confusedly mixed with boulders, and rarely contains organic remains, but stags' horns, tusks and bones of the elephant, sometimes associated with marine shells, have been found. The upper deposit is composed of finely laminated clay, overlaid by sand and gravel, and marine remains of existing species occur in every part of it, but most abundantly in the clay. This stratum, Mr. Smith has traced on both sides of the Clyde, from Glasgow to Rosemeath and Greenock, at points varying from thirty to forty feet above the level of the sea; and he gives detailed accounts of its characters and organic contents, at the following localities:—a brick-yard in Glasgow, thirty feet above high-water mark, where he procured remains of six species of living marine shells; the canal from Glasgow to Paisley and Johnstown, in excavating which, twenty-six species of existing marine testacea were found imbedded in the clay; the brick and tile yards around Paisley, and in the adjoining parishes; a farm and hill near Renfrew, which are called Cockle Farm and Cockle Hill, in consequence of the great abundance of cockles; Johnstown eight miles from the sea, where, in making a well, the bones of sea-fowls and fishes, crabs' claws, sea-weeds, and numerous recent shells were found; Helensburgh, Loch Lomond, on the shores of which oyster-shells occur at the height of seventy feet; Dalmuir; and the banks of the Firth of Forth. With respect to the origin of these superficial deposits, Mr. Smith is of opinion, that the lower, or "tile," was accumulated by the violent, though transitory action of a body of water; but that the upper was gradually deposited at the bottom of a sea of sufficient depth to protect the sediment from the agitation of waves: and he conceives that the change of level was effected gradually, in a manner analogous to that now taking place on the coast of Sweden, and described by Mr. Lyell, in a memoir recently published in the Transactions of the Royal Society. Of the period at which the change occurred the author offers no conjecture; but that it was anterior to the occupation of Britain by the Romans, is evident, as the terminations of their wall,

on the shores of the Forth and Clyde, were constructed with reference to the present level of the sea; and it is worthy of remark, that no human remains, or works of art, have been discovered in the deposits. The important question, whether the Fauna and Flora of the period when the clay bed was deposited were identical with those of the present epoch, Mr. Smith says, it would be premature now to determine. A very great proportion of the species of shell, about seventy in number, abound in the adjacent seas, but a few appear to have become rare, if not extinct, with reference to the coast of Scotland. The author concluded by observing, that, as the deposits belong to the newer pliocene, or most recent formations, every circumstance connected with them ought to be carefully observed and recorded, in order that our researches in the more ancient portions of the earth's crust may be conducted on a sure basis and with proportionate success. 2. A paper by Mr. W. C. Williamson, curator of the Manchester Natural History Society, on the distribution of organic remains in the oolitic formations on the coast of Yorkshire. The principal object of this communication is to give observers in other parts of the kingdom a measure of comparison, by which they may determine the extent of change in the organic remains of the oolitic formations, either with respect to the horizontal range of a bed, or the recurrence of species in different members of the oolitic series. The formations were described in ascending order: and, for the inferior oolitic, the chief locality mentioned was Blue Wick; for the lower sand-stone and shale, the cliffs between Cloughton Wyke and Blue Wick; and for the great or Bath oolitic, the principal localities were Cloughton, White Nab, and Cayton and Gristhorpe Bays. It is impossible to give in a brief notice an analysis of the paper, as the details had reference chiefly to the enumeration of species, and the relative abundance of each fossil in different beds.—*Lit. Gaz.*

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Sir John Barrow in the chair, and the first meeting of the present session, on Monday evening.—It afforded us great gratification to be present on this occasion. From its institution we augured well of this society. The greatest commercial, colonial, and naval nation in the universe, it behoved us to take a prominent part in the cultivation of this science; and, with all the means at our command, it seemed only necessary to give a judicious direction to the effort, in order to render it eminently honourable to Great Britain, and beneficial to the civilised world. The proceedings on Monday evening, fraught with interesting intelligence from expeditions in every quarter of the globe, showed that the right road had been pursued, and that time alone was wanting to render the Geographical Society all that its warmest friends have anticipated. We regret that our report can do them but scanty justice. Lord Yarborough, Vice-Admiral Sir John Beresford, Captain the Hon. Dudley Pelham, and other distinguished individuals, foreign as well as native, were elected fellows. Various donations, of considerable value, made during the recess, were enumerated. Read, a very interesting sketch of the surveying voyages of his majesty's ships *Adventure* and *Beagle*, 1825—1836, commanded by Captains P. P. King, P. Stokes, and R. Fitzroy, R. N.; communicated by the president. Part of eastern Patagonia, the greater portion of the Strait of Magellan, and a considerable extent of the western shores of Patagonia, had been examined, when the death of Captain Stokes caused a suspension of operations. Lieutenant Skyring, whose life has since been sacrificed, was temporarily appointed to the *Beagle*, by Captain King, but soon afterwards superseded by the commander-in-chief on the station, who placed the writer of these sketches in the vacancy. During 1829 and 1830, the two vessels continued the survey, assisted by a tender, whose commander was Lieutenant Thomas Graves. In the latter part of 1830 they returned to England, having added charts of the south-western and southern shores of Tierra del Fuego, besides those of a multitude of interior sounds and passages, to the acquisitions above mentioned. At the end of 1831, the *Beagle* again sailed from Plymouth. One particular object being the measurement of meridian distances, by a large number of chronometers, she was ordered to make her voyages by the shortest steps, touching land frequently, for the purpose of obtaining observations, and ascertaining the rates of the chronometers. The author, after thus giving a general idea of the means employed, and the course pursued, during these voyages, adds a few sketches of those places less known, or more interesting, than others. One naturally asks, observes the writer, why eastern Patagonia should be condemned to perpetual sterility, while the western side of the same country, in the same parallel of latitude, is injured by too much rain? The prevailing westerly winds and the Andes, are the causes. The winds bring much moisture from the Pacific, but they

leave it all (condensed) on the west side of the mountains. After passing the Cordillera, those same winds are very dry. Easterly winds are very rare upon the east coast; they are the only ones which carry rain to the utmost deserts of Patagonia. Westward of the Andes, an east wind is dry and free from clouds. All this country is exposed to severe cold in winter, and to excessive heat in summer; great and sudden changes of temperature take place when, after very hot weather, cold winds rush northwards, with the fury of a hurricane. Even the wandering Indians avoid this region, and only cross it to get salt, or visit their burying-places. In a twenty days' excursion up the river Santa Cruz, our gallant surveyors passed through a similar country, without variety, until extensive beds of lava were found overlaying the whole surface. Of the dress of the Patagonians, whose great height has been long proverbial, the author, states, that nothing is worn upon the head except their rough, lank, and coarse black hair, which is tied above the temples by a fillet of plaited or twisted sinews. A large mantle made of skins, sewed together, loosely gathered about them, hanging from the shoulders to their ankles, adds so much to the bulkiness of their appearance, that one ought not to wonder at their having been called gigantic. Among two hundred or three hundred natives of Patagonia, scarcely half-a-dozen men are seen whose height is under five feet nine or ten inches: the women are proportionably tall. On their feet and legs are boots, made of the skins of horses' hind legs. Wooden (if they cannot get iron) spurs, sets of balls, connected by a thong of hide, which they throw at animals or men, to entangle or disable them; a long tapering lance, and a knife (if one can be procured,) complete their equipment. The women are dressed and booted like the men, with the addition of a half petticoat. They clean their hair, and plait it into two tails. The eastern portion of Tierra del Fuego is a better country than any south of forty-five. The wooded mountains of the west there sink into hills, and those again into level land, partially wooded. The climate is a mean between that of Eastern Patagonia and Western Tierra del Fuego; which with the Southern, may be briefly described by saying, that deep but narrow arms of the sea, intersect high mountainous islands, whose summits are covered with snow; while their steep and rocky shores are more than partially covered with evergreen woods. Throughout the year cloudy weather, rain, and much wind, prevail. The wretched natives are low in stature, ill-looking, and ill-proportioned; speaking of them generally in their savage state. Their colour is darker than that of copper; it is like old mahogany or rusty iron.

The trunk of their body is large, in proportion to their cramped and rather crooked limbs; rough, coarse, and extremely dirty black hair, half hides, yet heightens, a villanous expression of ugly features. Sometimes these outcasts wear a piece of seal, otter, or guanaco-skin upon their backs; and, perhaps, the skin of a penguin, or some such covering, is used in front; but often nothing is worn except a scrap of hide, which is tied to their waist. Even this is only for a pocket, in which they may carry pebbles for their slings. The women usually wear more covering; perhaps a whole skin of a seal. The author then describes the wigwams, canoes, &c., of these wretched people, and goes on to notice Western Patagonia, which is like the worst part of Tierra del Fuego. The mountain-tops form multitudes of islands, barren to seaward, but impenetrably wooded towards the main land; and always drenched with the waters of incessant rain, never dried up by evaporation. The Chonos Archipelago is very little better than the country just mentioned. None of the mountains in this part of the Andes, or to the southward, which have been measured, exceeds 9,000 feet in height. About Valdivia the climate is similar, and must always be an obstacle to cultivation. Northward of Valdivia, towards Concepcion, is one of the finest countries in the world, in a very healthy climate. While the *Beagle* was here, the great earthquake of the 20th February, last year, took place. The author gives a very vivid description of this awful visitation, which has already been noticed in our columns. Strange extremes of injury and harmlessness were among the effects of the overwhelming waves, occasioned by the earthquake. Buildings were levelled, heavy twenty-four-pound guns were moved some yards and upset; yet a child was carried to sea uninjured; and window-frames, with the glass in them, were thrown ashore, upon the island of Quiriquina, without a pane being broken. — *Lit. Gaz.*

MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

NEW LIFE-BUOY.—It is intended to be hung over a ship's stern, as those at present are, and to display a light as they now do; but the improvement consists in the capability it affords of one, two, or three persons getting into it, and sitting in perfect safety, without the possibility of injury from sharks, without tiring themselves as they must do with the present life-buoys, which they can only hold on by, but cannot get upon. The proposed buoy is the invention of T. T. Grant, Esq., the storekeeper of Weevil Victualling Yard, and consists of a double copper basin, about $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet diameter, and contains sufficient air between the two basins to float three men; this air-tight space is separated into four compartments, to secure its buoyancy in case either one should accidentally leak, and a man can lay hold of it and seat himself on the upper rim, with his legs in the basin, without any great effort, and when there, cannot be thrown out, as he has the upright staff to hold on by.

IODINE.—An eminent French chemist, Vauquelin, has lately discovered that silver ore contains a large portion of iodine. Mineralogists hitherto had no idea that this mineral was imbedded in ore; all that was known being that it came from Mexico. From some inquiries made by M. Vauquelin of some natives of Mexico, now in Paris, it appears that the mineral comes from the mine of Alberdes, in the mountains called Cetto-Temerosa, and that iodine is likewise found connected with the ore of the carbonated lead. What is curious, is, that it has also been discovered in two plants, which grow far from the sea—viz. in an aloe, called there *Sebila*, and in a species of *barilla* growing in the floating islands of the fresh water lakes of Mexico.

ANCIENT CHARACTERS ON MARBLE.—Mr. Brown, Professor of Geology at Philadelphia, communicates to the French Academy of Sciences, that a cavity, full of a black pulverulent substance, has been discovered when sawing through a block of marble. This substance, which Mr. Brown calls primitive carbon, being removed, the flat surface of the cavity presented several lines in relief, the union of which distinctly formed two letters of the Hebrew alphabet.

WELSH MANUSCRIPTS.—Of all the various branches and nations still distinctively remaining of the great Celtic race, the Welsh, unquestionably, possess the most extensive remains of national literature. We have, ourselves, seen, in the possession of one person in our immediate neighbourhood, several voluminous ancient manuscripts of Welsh poetry, that contain a more comprehensive collection than could have possibly been made of English poetry before the era of Dryden; and the most recent composition of this collection may fairly be dated, at least, a hundred years prior to that great poet. But the volumes we refer to do not contain one fourth of similar literature, still extant, in the various libraries of Wales, of the universities, and of our great depositaries throughout the kingdom. We say,—still extant;—but how would our comparative estimation have been enhanced, in favour of the CYMMRY, could the creative science of a Davy or a Crosse recompose from their widely scattered ashes the countless volumes consumed in the literary conflagrations of Raglan, (the Alexandrine library of Wales, destroyed by Cromwell's incendiaries,) of learned Havod, &c. &c.! Next to the Raglan library, the Vann family (ancestors of the Plymouth family, and, maternally, of our Bruces and Knights,) is said to have been the largest collection in Siluria. We are not sufficiently informed on the subject, to ascertain its fate, further than that—it is gone! The library of the literary Stradlings, of St. Donat's, is said, on the authority of the late Mr. Vaughan, of Lanelay, to have been, after various removals, burnt at Dublin. A fire, of no very distant date, consumed several important papers and books at Aberpergwm, the seat of the chieftain descendants of the Royal House of Iestyn ap Gwrgan. The 'Boke of Nethe' that bore the autographs of some of the grandsons of Iestyn and of the De Granvilles, the founders of Neath Abbey, disappeared about ninety years ago. Rhys Meirig quotes it frequently; and his extracts testify its importance. Where is the original 'Liber Landavensis'? We ask—where? from no idle curiosity, for it contained very important records of many centuries long gone by. This invaluable MS.

has been perused by many persons now living. We are credibly informed that a considerable number of the Glamorganshire MSS., transcribed by the late ingenious bard, and profound antiquarian, Iolo Morganwg, for the third volume of the *Myvyrian Archaeology*, are not now in existence. We will pursue this disastrous catalogue now no further; the retrospection is painful. Seeing, however, that from year to year, from day to day, the monuments of ancient British literature successively perish, we would zealously proffer our auxiliary advocacy in furtherance of *Gwladwr's* important object, which, he says, 'is to create a fund to be exclusively dedicated to the publication of Welsh manuscripts.' The poems of the distinguished poet, *Lewys Glyn Cothi*, are now in the press, under what auspices we know not; but we hail this good omen, as a prelude to a generous co-operation of the affluent in the good work, until the press rescue from the possibility of annihilation, the contents of the *whole* of our remaining MSS.; and they are still extensive and important, in prose as well as poetry.

COPYRIGHT.—At length a stir is beginning to be made among us, regarding the question of universal copyright. The first step may be said to have been already taken in a petition addressed to the American Congress, which has been recently drawn up, and will be forwarded so soon as it has received a sufficient number of signatures. In this, the glaring absurdity and injustice of the present state of things, which permits the English author's work to be republished, mutilated in a foreign land, without profit to himself, or power of hindrance on his part, is briefly and ably set forth: the recent efforts (as yet fruitless) made by an English firm of publishers in New York, to secure his rights to the writer, are instanced, to prove that in spite of intentions most positively expressed, and precautions most warily taken, this international robbery continues to be hourly committed. It is further well urged, (to quote the precise words of the petition)—“That American authors are injured by the non-existence of the desired law. While American publishers can provide themselves with works for publication by unjust appropriation, instead of by equitable purchase, they are under no inducement to afford to American authors a fair remuneration for their labours: under which grievance American authors have no redress but in sending over their works to England to be published, an expedient which has become an established practice with some of whom their country has most reason to be proud.” The force of this clause has been already felt on the other side of the water, and the evil ably pointed out in the *Sketches of Transatlantic Literature* by the Rev. T. Flint, which appeared last year in our columns.

This is all as it should be; but the matter ought not to rest here: corresponding petitions should be presented to our houses of legislation, not merely for the revision of the copyright law at home, but for the wider purpose of protecting the interests of the English author on the continent, and the continental author in England. An unanimous effort on the part of our literary men is all that is required. The subject has been lately under consideration, both in France and Germany, and the governments of these countries would, we believe, be willing to co-operate with us.—*Athenæum*.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

MEMOIRS OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

CHARLES THE TENTH.

It becomes our duty to record the demise of his Most Christian Majesty Charles the Tenth, King of France and Navarre, which event took place at Goritz on the 6th of November. His Majesty was apparently in perfect health two days before his death, which was at first thought to have been caused by cholera, although there was no appearance of the disease in the town; the physician of Goritz, who was called in, still maintains it was so. His Majesty's medical attendant attributes the fatal accession of putrid fever to a cold and disorganization of the bowels, to which the King had not paid sufficient attention. M. de Clermont Tonnerre, formerly Minister of War, had arrived at Goritz on the 3rd, and considered his Majesty in better health, and looking stronger than he did in 1830, the last time he had seen his Majesty.

LORD VISCOUNT FORBES.

We regret to announce the death of Lord Viscount Forbes, eldest son of the Earl of Granard. His Lordship was Lord Lieutenant and M.P. for the County of Longford, which he represented since 1806, with a very slight interruption, when Messrs. Halpin and Rorke sat for the county, but were turned out on petition. He was also Custos Rotulorum, and Colonel of the Militia. He was in his 52nd year, having been born in May 1785. He married, about five years ago, Frances, daughter of the late Territt, formerly Judge of the Admiralty Court at Bermuda, by whom he has left two sons, the eldest of whom, George Arthur, now Viscount Forbes, is in his fourth year. He died at Noel House, Kensington Gore, the residence of his aunt, the Dowager Marchioness of Hastings. His Lordship was a Major-General in the army. He entered the service June 21, 1794, in the 108th Foot, and was appointed one of the Aides-de-Camp to George III. in February 1811.

LIEUTENANT MURPHY.

Died at Bassorah, on the 9th of August, of typhus fever, Lieutenant Hastings Fitz-Edward Murphy, of the Royal Engineers, astronomer to the Euphrates expedition.

It is with sincere regret that we have to record the death of another valuable officer (Lieutenant Murphy, of the Royal Engineers) who was attached to the expedition under Colonel Chesney, for exploring the navigation of the Euphrates river. The loss of this officer is deeply to be lamented, on account of his high scientific attainments and indefatigable perseverance, which rendered him peculiarly fitted to perform the duties of astronomer to the expedition, for which he had been so judiciously selected, having for several years previously been employed upon the scientific branch of the Ordnance Trigonometrical Survey, under Colonel Colby. The estimable character and amiable manners of Lieutenant Murphy had endeared him to all his companions embarked in this hazardous and laborious enterprise; and, although his loss in so remote a country cannot readily be replaced, it is satisfactory to learn, from Colonel Chesney's and Captain Estcourt's letters, that his astronomical observations had been brought to a conclusion; so as to form, when reduced, a series of true positions, from the Bay of Scanderoon, in the Mediterranean, to Birdjeck, on the Euphrates, and thence down the river to Bassorah.

Previously to the lamented death of Lieutenant Murphy, he, Captain Estcourt, Mr. Ainsworth, Mr. Thompson, and Mr. Staunton, had completed a trigonometrical survey of the Great River. Ali Pasha was still at war with the Kurdish chief, Roomandoo, and, as his officers and agents purchase their appointments, they commit every oppression and outrage to repay themselves, which greatly adds to the confusion and misrule in these parts, and, consequently, to the difficulties in traversing the country. Annah was the only part on the river where the females did not dye their lips a purple colour. The natives everywhere else did so, but the Annah ladies wore rings through their right nostrils and on their great toes! So much for fashions! At Jubbee, Lieutenant Murphy made some curious observation on the extensive bitumen springs. He tested the waters under the bitumen, and found them salt, bitter, and acrid, and the temperature 88° and 95°, while the atmosphere in the shade was 97½°.—*Lit. Gaz.*

EARL OF DUNMORE.

Intelligence has been received at Edinburgh of the decease of the Earl of Dunmore, who was found dead in his bed. His Lordship was born on the 30th of April 1762, succeeded in 1809, and was married in 1803 to Lady Susan Hamilton, third daughter of Archibald, ninth Duke of Hamilton, by whom, who was born July 1774, he had issue Alexander Edward, Viscount Fincastle, and two other sons. His Lordship was brother to Lady Augusta D'Ameland, who, as Lady Augusta Murray, was married at Rome in April 1793, and at St. George's, Hanover Square, the December following, to his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, which marriage was declared null in the Prerogative Court, in August 1794.

GEORGE COLMAN, Esq.

Who for so many years occupied a large portion of public attention, as a literary man and the critic of dramatic literature, died, aged seventy-four, and has been in-

tered at Kensington. It is too early to attempt even a sketch of his career. He was the son of George Colman, the translator of Terence, and well-known author. His education was begun at Westminster school, whence he was transferred to Christ Church, Oxford, and thence, for a finish, or rather, perhaps, to prevent a finish, to King's College, Aberdeen. On his return to town he entered at the Temple, but soon evinced a more decided predilection for poetry than for law; and the literary path being opened to him by his father's maledy in 1789, he assumed his theatrical shoes, and in 1794, at his death, succeeded to his patent. So early as 1784, he had produced "Two to One," the songs of which were, we believe, his first publication. Other minor dramatic and lyric compositions followed, till "Inkle and Yarico" was brought out with immense success in 1787. In 1788, "Ways and Means" appeared, and other popular productions extended the fame of Colman, in something like this routine:—"Sylvester Daggerwood," and "The Mountaineers," in 1795; "Iron Chest," (with its famous dispute with J. Kemble,) in 1796; "Night-gown and Slippers," volume of comic poetry, 1797; "Blue Beard," 1798; "Broad Grins," an enlarged edition of "Night-gown and Slippers," 1802, and the "Poor Gentleman;" in 1805, "John Bull" and "Who wants a Guinea!" in 1806, "We Fly by Night;" in 1808, "Battle of Rosham," "Surrender of Calais," "Heir at Law," "Blue Devils," "The Review," "Gay Deceivers," "Africans," "Love Laughs at Locksmiths," *en suite*; in 1812, "Poetical Vagaries;" and, before and since, several other works would complete this prolific list. But it is not, as we have said, the time for remark; and we shall only add, that, on his decease, the Lord Chamberlain appointed Mr. Charles Kemble his successor, as Licensor of Plays; an appointment so discriminating, that we never knew of another which gave such universal satisfaction.

JOHN BANNISTER, Esq.

Another "junior" has soon followed his compeer for half a century, the "younger" Colman. Jack Bannister died, at his residence in Gower Street, in the 77th year of his age. He had long retired from the stage, of which he was one of the greatest comic and natural ornaments,—for he was not more eminent for his lively humour than for his touching pathos. With a countenance remarkably fine and expressive, an eye of extraordinary beauty, a good person, an excellent voice, and every other requisite for the stage, he ran through a long list of parts in our sterling comedies; he plunged with irresistible comicality into travesty and farce, and he imaged forth with exquisite simplicity and truth the tenderest feelings of humanity, in a manner which raised him to the head of his profession. Never can we forget his last appearance, when, taking leave of the stage, his *Walter*, in the *Babes of the Wood*, left scarcely a dry eye in the theatre. We will not even allude to his other most popular performances, nor to his delightful social qualities, nor to his honourable estimation as a private citizen. These are not, and cannot be forgotten, though years of absence from the public arena have taken from the event some of that sorrow which would otherwise have eclipsed the harmless gaiety of nations. During these years Mr. Bannister has been a martyr to gout, and we have heard that the too free use of the *eau medicinale*, to mitigate its pains, probably hastened the lamentable catastrophe it was meant to protract. Be that as it may, he has died beloved by his nearest connexions, and esteemed and respected by all who knew him.

Married.—At Twickenham, the Hon. Thomas Barnswall, only son of Lord Trimlestown, to Margaret Randalina, daughter of the late Philip Roche, Esq., of Donore, in the county of Kildare, sister of the Right Hon. Lady Louth, and niece of Lord Dunsany.

At Dover, the Hon. James Butler, fifth son of the Right Hon. Lord Danboyne, to Emily, only daughter of Sir William Fitzgerald, Bart., of Carrigoran, county Clare.

At Ashford, in Kent, the Hon. Lady Louisa Finch Hutton, only daughter of the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, to Mr. Turner, a wealthy commoner.

Died.—In York Street, Portman Square, Major-Gen. Sir T. Bligh St. George.

Capt. George Harris, R.N. G.E.

Vice-Admiral Matthew Henry Scott, in the 71st year of his age.

At Penn House, near Amersham, the Countess Howe.

At Bath, in the 85th year of her age, Lady Sydney, relict of the Right Hon. Sydney Cosby, Lord Sydney of Leiz.

M. Malibran, the former husband of the celebrated songstress, died at Paris in his 54th year.

In Hanover Square, Capt. James Green, R.N., of Wallington, Hants, aged 68 years.

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